

Ben. Johnson's *K*

PLAYS.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

<i>VOLPONE;</i>	{	<i>BARTHOLO-</i>
<i>or, the Fox.</i>		<i>MEW Fair.</i>
<i>CATILINE his</i>		<i>SEJANUS his</i>
<i>CONSPIRACY.</i>	}	<i>FALL.</i>

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK,
GEORGE EWING, and
WILLIAM SMITH,

} Bookfellers,
in
Dame's-street.

MDCCXXIX,

9



VOLPONE,

OR, THE

F O X.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita.

Horat.

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MDCCXXIX.

VOLUME

OF THE

FOURTH

COMEDY

BY

THE



BY

THE

FOURTH

COMEDY

BY

PROLOGUE.

NOW, Luck yet send us, and a little Wit
Will serve, to make our Play hit;
(According to the Palates of the Season)
Here is Rhyme, not empty of Reason,
This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,
Whose true Scope, if you would know it,
In all his Poems still hath been this Measure,
To mix Profit with your Pleasure;
And not as some (whose Throats, their Envy failing)
Cry hoarsely, All he writes is Railing:
And, when his Plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a Year about them.
To these there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,
Which was two Months since no Feature;
And, though he dares give them five Lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five Weeks fully penn'd it;
From his own Hand, without a Co-adjutor,
Novice, Journey-man, or Tutor;
Yet thus much I can give you, as a Token
Of his Plays Worth, no Eggs are broken,
Nor quaking Custards with fierce Teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your Rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,
To stop Gaps in his loose Writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd Action,
As might make Beth'lem a Faction:
Nor made he his Plays for Fests stol'n from each Table,
But makes Fests to fit his Fable;
'And so presents quick Comedy refined,
As best Criticks have designed:
The Laws of Time, Place, Persons, he observeth,
From no needful Rule he swerveth.
All Gall and Coppres from his Ink he draineth,
Only a little Salt remaineth.
Wherewith he'll rub your Cheeks, till (Red with Laughter)
They shall look fresh a Week after.

Dramatis Personæ.

VOlpone, *a Magnifico.*
Mosca, *his Parasite.*

Voltore, *an Advocate.*

Corbaccio, *an old Gentleman.*

Corvino, *a Merchant.*

Avocatori, *four Magistrates.*

Notario, *the Register.*

Nano, *a Dwarf.*

Castrone, *an Eunuch.*

Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*

Peregrine, *a Gentleman Traveller.*

Bonario, *a young Gentleman.*

Fine Madam Would-be, *the Knight's Wife.*

Celia, *the Merchant's Wife.*

Commandadori, *Officers.*

Mercatori, *three Merchants.*

Androgyno, *a Hermaphrodite.*

Servitore, *a Servant.*

Grege. Women.

THE SCENE *VENICE.*

VOL-



VOLPONE,

OR, THE

F O X.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
Offers his State to Hopes of several Heirs,
Lies languishing: His Parasite receives
Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
Other cross Plots, which ope' themselves, are told:
New Tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: When bold,
Each tempts th' other again, and all are sold.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Vol. **G**OOD Morning to the Day; and next, my Gold:
Open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint.
Hail the World's Soul, and mine! more glad
than is

The teeming Earth to see the long'd for Sun
Peep through the Horns of the celestial *Ram*,
Am I, to view thy Splendor, darkning his;
That lying here, amongst my other Hoards,
Shew't like a Flame by Night, or like the Day

Struck out of *Chaos*, when all Darkneſs fled
 Unto the Center. O thou Son of *Sol*,
 (But brighter than thy Father) let me kiſs,
 With Adoration, thee, and every Relick
 Of ſacred Treafure in this bleſſed Room.
 Well did wiſe Poets by thy glorious Name
 Title that Age which they would have the beſt;
 Thou being the beſt of things, and far tranſcending
 All Stile of Joy, in Children, Parents, Friends,
 Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
 Thy Looks when they to *Venus* did aſcribe,
 They ſhould have given her twenty thouſand *Cupids*;
 Such are thy Beauties and our Loves! dear Saint,
 Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ſt all Men Tongues,
 That can ſt do nought, and yet mak'ſt Men do all Things;
 The Price of Souls; even Hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth Heav'n. Thou art Virtue, Fame,
 Honour, and all things elſe. Who can get thee,
 He ſhall be noble, valiant, honeſt, wiſe—

Mof. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in Fortune.
 A greater Good, than Wiſdom is in Nature.

Vol. True, my beloved *Mofca*. Yet I glory
 More in the cunning Purchase of my Wealth,
 Than in the glad Poſſeſſion, ſince I gain
 No common way; I uſe no Trade, no Venture;
 I wound no Earth with Plow-ſhares, I ſat no Beaſts
 To feed the Shamblers; have no Mills for Iron,
 Oyl, Corn, or Men, to grind 'em into Powder:
 I blow no ſubtil Glaſs, expoſe no Ships
 To Threatnings of the furrow-faced Sea;
 I turn no Monies in the publick Bank,
 Nor Uſure private. *Mof.* No. Sir, nor devour
 Salt Prodigals. You ſhall ha' ſome will ſwallow
 A melting Heir as glibly as your *Dutch*
 Will Pills of Butter, and ne'er purge for't;
 Tear forth the Fathers of poor Families
 Out of their Beds, and coffin them alive
 In ſome kind claſping Priſon, where their Bones
 May be forth-coming, when the Fleſh is rotten:
 But your ſweet Nature doth abhor theſe Courſes;
 You loath the Widows or the Orphans Tears

Should

Should wash your Pavements, or their piteous Cries
Ring in your Roofs, and beat the Air for Vengeance.

Vol. Right, *Mosca*, I do loath it. *Mos.* and besides, Sir,
You are not like a Thresher, that doth stand
With a huge Flail, watching a Heap of Corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest Grain,
But feeds on Mallows, and such bitter Herbs;
Nor like the Merchant, who hath fill'd his Vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* Wines,
Yet drinks the Lees of of *Lombards* Vinegar:
You will not lie in Straw, whilst Moths and Worms
Feed on your sumptuous Hangings and soft Beds.
You know the Use of Riches, and dare give now
From that bright Heap, to me, your poor Observer,
Or to your Dwarf, or your Hermaphrodite,
Your Eunuch, or what other household Trifle
Your Pleasure allows Maint'nance ———

Vol. Hold thee, *Mosca*.

Take of my Hand; thou strik'st on Truth in all,
And they are envious term thee Parasite:
Call forth my Dwarf, my Eunuch, and my Fool,
And let 'em make me Sport. What should I do,
But cocker up my *Genius*, and live free
To all Delights my Fortune calls me to?
I have no Wife, no Parent, Child, Allie,
To give my Substance to; but whom I make
Must be my Heir; and this makes Men observe me:
This draws new Clients daily to my House,
Women and Men, of every Sex and Age,
That bring me Presents, send me Plate, Coin, Jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy Minute) it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; while some, covetous
Above the rest, see to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in Gifts, as they would seem in Love:
All which I suffer, playing with their Hopes,
And am content to coin 'em into Profit,
And look upon their Kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,

Letting the Cherry knock against their Lips,
And draw it by their Mouths, and back again. How now!

Nano, Androgyno, Castrone, Volpone, Mosca.

Nan. Now Room for fresh Gamesters, who do will you to know,

They do bring you neither Play, nor University Show;
And therefore do entreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false Pace of the Verse.

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass;
For know, here is inclos'd the Soul of *Pythagoras*,
That Juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;

Which Soul (fast and loose, Sir) came first from *Apollo*,
And was breath'd into *Æthalides*, *Mercurius* his Son,
Where it had the Gift to remember all that ever was done.

From thence it fled forth, and made quick Transmigration
To Goldy-lockt *Euphorbus*, who was kill'd in good Fashion,

At the Siege of old *Troy*, by the Cuckold of *Sparta*.

Hermotimus was next (I find it in my *Charra*)

To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one *Pyrrhus* of *Delos* it learn'd to go a fishing;
And thence did it enter the Sophist of *Greece*.

From *Pythagore*, she went into a beautiful Piece,
Hight *Aspasia*, the *Merostrix*; and the next Toss of her
Was again of a Whore she became a Philosopher,
Crates the *Cynick*, (as it self doth relate it)

Since Kings, Knights, and Beggars, Knaves, Lords, and
Fools get it,

Besides Ox and Ass, Camel, Mule, Goat, and Prock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the Cocker's Cock.

But I come not here to discourse of that Matter,

Or his *One, Two, or Three*, or his great Oath, By *Quater*,
His *Musicks*, his *Trigon*, his golden Thigh,
Or his telling how Elements shift; but I

Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered Translation,
And shifted thy Coat in these Days of Reformation?

And. Like one of the Reformed, a Fool, as you see,
Counting all old Doctrine *Herésie*.

Nan.

Nan. But not on thine own forbid Meats hast thou ventur'd?

And. On Fish, when first a *Carthusian* I enter'd.

Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical Silence hath left thee?

And. Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft me.

Nan. O wonderful Change! When Sir Lawyer forsook thee,

For *Pythagore's* sake, what Body then took thee?

And. A good dull Moyl. Nan. And how! by that means

Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beans?

And. Yes. Nan. But from the Moyl into whom didst thou pass?

And. Into a very strange Beast, by some Writers call'd an As;

By others, a precise, pure, illuminate Brother;

Of those devour Flesh, and sometimes one another;

And will drop you forth a Libel, or a sanctified Lie,

Betwixt every Spoonful of a Nativity-Pie.

Nan. Now quit thee, for Heaven, of that profane Nation;

And gently report thy next Transmigration.

And. To the same that I am. Nan. A Creature of Delight?

And (what is more than a Fool) an *Hermaphrodite*?

Now pry'thee, sweet Soul, in all thy Variation,

Which Body wouldst thou chuse, to keep up thy Station?

And. Troth, this I am in; even here would I tarry.

Nan. 'Cause here the Delight of each Sex thou canst vary?

And. Alas, those Pleasures be stale and forsaken;

No, 'tis your Fool wherewith I am so taken,

The only one Creature that I can call blessed;

For all other Forms I have prov'd most distressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in *Pythagoras* still.

This learned Opinion we celebrate will,

Fellow Eunuch, (as behoves us) with all our Wit and Art,

To dignifie that whereof our selves are so great and special a Part.

Vol. Now very, very pretty: *Mosca*, this

Was thy Invention? *Mos*. If it please my Patron,

Not else. Vol. It doth, good *Mosca*.

Mos. Then it was, Sir.

S O N G.

FOOLS, they are the only Nation
 Worth Mens Envy or Admiration;
 Free from Care, or Sorrow-taking,
 Selves and others merry making:
 All they speak or do is Sterling.
 Your Fool he is your Great Man's Darling,
 And your Ladies Sport and Pleasure;
 Tongue and Babble are his Treasure.
 E'en his Face begetteth Laughter,
 And he speaks Truth free from Slaughter;
 He's the Grace of every Feast,
 And sometimes the chiefest Guest;
 Hath his Trencher and his Stool,
 When Wit waits upon the Fool.

O, who would not be
 He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Vol. Who's that? Away, look, *Mosca*.

Mos. Fool, be gone, 'tis Signior *Voltore* the Advocate,
 I know him by his Knock. *Vol.* Fetch me my Gown,
 My Furs, and Night-caps; say, my Couch's changing:
 And let him entertain himself a while
 Without i' th' Gallery. Now, now, my Clients
 Begin their Visitation! Vulture, Kite,
 Raven, Gorgew, all my Birds of Prey,
 That think me turning Carcass, now they come:
 I am not for 'em yet. How now? the News?

Mos. A Piece of Plate, Sir.

Vol. Of what Bigness? *Mos.* Huge,
 Massie, and Antique, with your Name inscrib'd,
 And Arms engraven. *Vol.* Good! and not a Fox
 Stretch'd on the Earth, with fine delusive Sleights,
 Mocking a gaping Crow? ha, *Mosca*? *Mos.* Sharp, Sir.

Vol. Give me my Furs. Why dost thou laugh so, Man?

Mos. I cannot chuse, Sir, when I apprehend
 What Thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
 That this might be the last Gift he should give;
 That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
 And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;

What

What large Return would come of all his Venters ;
How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd ;
Ride, with his Furs, and Foot-clothes ; waited on
By Herds of Fools, and Clients ; have clear way
Made for his Moile, as letter'd as himself ;
Be call'd the great, and learned Advocate :
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Vol. Yes, to be learned, *Mosca*. *Mos.* O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an Ass with reverend Purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious Ears,
And he shall pass for a Cathedral Doctor.

Vol. My Caps, my Caps, good *Mosca* ; fetch him in.

Mos. Stay, Sir, your Ointment for your Eyes.

Vol. That's true :

Dispatch, dispatch : I long to have possession
Of my new Present. *Mos.* That, and thousands more,
I hope, to see you Lord of. *Vol.* Thanks, kind *Mosca*.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended Dust,
And hundred such as I am, in Succession —

Vol. Nay, that were too much, *Mosca*.

Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these *Harpies*. *Vol.* Loving *Mosca*,
'Tis well, my Pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my feign'd Cough, my Phthisick, and my Gout,
My Apoplexy, Palsie, and Catarrhs,
Help, with your forced Functions, this my Posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their Hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh.) O.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Mos. You still are, what you were, Sir. Only you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:

And you do wisely, to preserve it thus,
With early Visitation, and kind Notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, Sir,
Here's Signior *Voltore* is come — *Vol.* What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come, this Morning,
To visit you. *Vol.* I thank him. *Mos.* And hath brought
A Piece of antique Plate, bought of S. Mark,
With which he here presents you. *Vol.* He is welcome.

Pray

Pray him, to come more often. *Mos.* Yes.

Volt. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

Vol. Mosca. *Mos.* My Patron?

Vol. Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his Hand. *Mos.* The Plate is here, Sir.

Volt. How fare you, Sir?

Vol. I thank you, Signior *Voltore*.

Where is the Plate? mine Eyes are bad. *Volt.* I'm sorry.

To see you still thus weak. *Mos.* That he is not weaker.

Vol. You are too munificent.

Volt. No, Sir, would to Heaven,

I could as well give Health to you, as that Plate.

Vol. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you. Your
Hath Taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd. (*Love*

I pray you see me often. *Volt.* Yes, I shall, Sir.

Vol. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, Sir?

Vol. Harken unto me still: It will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy Man, Sir, know your Good.

Vol. I cannot now last long——

(*Mos.* You are his Heir, Sir.

Vol. Am I?) *Vol.* I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

I am failing to my Port, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

And I am glad, I am so near my Haven.

Mos. Alas, kind Gentleman, well, we must all go——

Volt. But *Mosca*—— *Mos.* Age will conquer.

Volt. Pry'thee, hear me.

'Am I inscrib'd his Heir, for certain? *Mos.* Are you?

I do beseech you, Sir, you will vouchsafe

To write me i' your Family. All my Hopes,

Depend upon your Worship. I am lost,

Except the rising Sun do shine on me.

Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, *Mosca*.

Mos. Sir,

I am a Man, that have not done your Love

All the worst Offices: here I wear your Keys,

See all your Coffers, and your Caskets lockt,

Keep the poor inventory of your Jewels,

You Plate, and Monies; I'm your Steward, Sir,

Husband your Goods here. *Volt.* But am I sole Heir?

Mos.

The F O X.

9

Mof. Without a Partner, Sir, confirm'd this Morning;
The Wax is warm yet, and the Ink scarce dry
Upon the Parchment. *Volt.* Happy, happy, me!
By what good Chance, sweet *Mofca*?

Mof. Your Desert, Sir;
I know no second Cause. *Volt.* Thy Modesty
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mof. He ever lik'd your Course, Sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large Profession, that could speak
To every Cause, and things meer Contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be Law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And re-turn; make Knots, and undo them;
Give forked Counsel; take provoking Gold
On either Hand, and put it up: These Men,
He knew, would thrive, with their Humility.
And (for his part) he thought, he should be blest
To have his Heir of such a suffering Spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a Tongue,
And loud wishal, that could not wag, nor scarce
Lye still, without a Fee: when every Word
Your Worship but lets fall, is a *Cechine*!

[*Another knocks*]

Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you seen, Sir.
And yet ——— pretend you came, and went in Haste;
I'll fashion an Excuse. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to swim; in golden Lard,
Up to the Arms, in Honey, that your Chin
Is born up stiff, with Fatness of the Flood,
Think on your Vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of Clients. *Volt.* *Mofca*——

Mof. When will you have your Inventory brought, Sir?
Or see a Copy of the Will? (anon)
I'll bring e'm to you, Sir. Away, be gone,
Put Business i' your Face. *Vol.* Excellent *Mofca*!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mof. Keep you still, Sir.
Here is *Corbaccio*. *Vol.* Set the Plate away,
The Vulture's gone, and the old Raven's come.

Mofca,

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Mos. Betake you, to your Silence, and your Sleep;
Stand there, and multiply. Now, shall we see
A Wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his Grave. Signior *Corbaccio*!
Yo' are very welcome, Sir.

Corb. How do's your Patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends.

Corb. What? mends he?

Mos. No, Sir: he is rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his Couch, Sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Do's he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, Sir, all this Night:
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! He shall take

Some Counsel of Physicians: I have brought him
An Opiate here, from mine own Doctor—

Mos. He will not hear of Drugs.

Corb. Why? I my self

Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all th' Ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My Life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Vol. I, his last Sleep, if he wou'd take it. *Mos.* Sir,
He has no Faith in Physick. *Corb.* Say you? 'say you?

Mos. He has no Faith in Physick: he do's think,
Most of your Doctors are the greater Danger,
And worse Disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your Physician
Should never be his Heir. *Corb.* Not I his Heir?

Mos. Not your Physician, Sir. *Corb.* O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mos.* No, Sir, nor their Fees
He cannot brook: he says, they slay a Man,
Before they kill him. *Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then, they do it by Experiment;
For which the Law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great Reward: and, he is loth
To hire his Death, so. *Corb.* It is true, they kill,
With as much License as a Judge. *Mos.* Nay, more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the Law condemns,

And

And these can kill him too. *Corb.* I, or me;
Or any Man. How do's his Apoplex?
Is that strong on him still? *Mos.* Most violent,
His Speech is broken, and his Eyes are set,
His Face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——

Corb. How? how?
Stronger, than he was wont? *Mos.* No, Sir: his Face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont. *Corb.* O, good.

Mos. His Mouth
Is ever gaping, and his Eye-lids hang. *Corb.* Good.

Mos. A freezing Numbness stiffens all his Joints,
And makes the Colour of his Flesh like Lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His Pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good Symptoms still.

Mos. And from his Brain——

Corb. Ha? how? not from his Brain?

Mos. Yes, Sir, and from his Brain——

(*Corb.* I conceive you, good)

Mos. Flows a cold Sweat, with a continual Rhume,
Forth the resolved Corners of his Eyes.

Corb. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the swimming of his Head?

Mos. Oh, Sir, 'tis past the *Scotomy*; he now
Hath lost his Feeling, and hath left to snort:

You hardly can perceive him, that he breaths.

Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me young again, a Score of Years.

Mos. I was a coming for you, Sir.

Corb. Has he made his Will?

What has he giv'n me? *Mos.* No, Sir. *Corb.* Nothing? ha?

Mos. He has not made his Will, Sir. *Corb.* Oh, oh, oh.

What then did *Voltore*, the Lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a Carcass, Sir, when he but heard
My Master was about his Testament;

As I did urge him to it, for your Good——

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.

Mos. Yes and presented him this Piece of Plate.

Corb. To be his Heir?

Mos. I do not know, Sir. *Corb.* True,
I know it too. *Mos.* By your own Scale, Sir.

Corb.

Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See *Mosca*, look,
Here, I have brought a Bag of bright *Cecchines*;
Will quite weigh down his Plate.

Mos. Yea, marry, Sir.
This is true Physick, this your sacred Medicine;
No talk of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.

Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
It shall be minister'd to him, in his Bowl.

Corb. I, do, do, do. *Mos.* Most blessed Cordial.
This will recover him. *Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, Sir.

Corb. What? *Mos.* To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, Sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my ven
Give me't again. *Mos.* At no Hand; pardon me;
You shall not do your self that wrong, Sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How?

Mos. All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no Man
Can claim a Part: 'tis yours, without a Rival,
Decreed by destiny. *Corb.* How? how, good *Mosca*?

Mos. I'll tell you, Sir. This fit he shall recover.

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And, on first Advantage
Of his gain'd Sense will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his Testament,
And shew him this. *Corb.* Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, Sir. *Corb.* Yes, with all my Heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My Master your sole Heir. *Corb.* And disinherit
My Son? *Mos.* O, Sir, the better: for that Colour
Shall make it much more taking. *Corb.* O, but colour?

Mos. This will, Sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your Cares, your Watchings, and your many Prayers,
Your more than many Gifts, your this day's Present,

And

And last, produce your Will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper Issue;
A Son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my Master, and made him your Heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of Conscience, and meer Gratitude——

Corb. He must pronounce me his?

Mos. 'Tis true. *Corb.* This Plot

Did I think on before. *Mos.* I do believe it.

Corb. Do you not believe it? *Mos.* Yes, Sir.

Corb. Mine own project.

Mos. Which when he hath done, Sir——

Corb. Published me his Heir?

Mos. And you so certain, to survive him—— *Corb.* I.

Mos. Being so lusty a Man—— *Corb.* 'Tis true.

Mos. Yes, Sir——

Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very O g n, to express my thoughts!

Mos. You have not only done your self a good——

Corb. But multiplied it on my Son. *Mos.* 'Tis right,
(Sir.

Corb. Still, my invention. *Mos.* 'Lafs, Sir, Heaven
(knows,

It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work things——

Corb. I do conceive, sweet *Mosca.* *Mos.* You are he,
For whom I labour here. *Corb.* I do, do, do:

I'll straight about it. *Mos.* Rook go with you, Raven.

Corb. I know thee honest.

Mos. You do lie, Sir—— *Corb.* And——

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your Ears, Sir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a Father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my Brother of his Blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?

Mos. Your Worship is a precious Ass——

Corb. What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your Worship, to make haste, Sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volp.* O, I shall burst;
Let out my fides, let out my fides—— *Mos.* Contain
Your flux of laughter, Sir: you know, this hope

Is such a bait, it covers any Hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good Rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee, in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, Sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour Oyl into their Ears: and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice, to it self? *Mos.* I, with our help, Sir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on Old-Age,
Yea, death, so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their Limbs faint,
Their Senses dull, their Seeing, Hearing, Going,
All dead before them; yea, their very Teeth,
Their Instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his Gout, nor Palsie, fains himself
Younger, by scores of Years, flatters his Age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With Charms, like *Æson*, have his Youth restor'd:
And with these thoughts so batters, as it Fate,
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns Air! Who's that there, now? a third?

[*Another knocks.*]

Mos. Close, to your Couch again: I hear his Voicé.
It is *Corvino*, our spruce Merchant. *Volp.* Dead.

Mos. Another bout, Sir, with your Eyes. Who's there?

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Mos. Signior *Corvino*! come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy Hour is come, Sir.

Corv. He is not dead? *Mos.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knows no Man. *Corv.* How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, Sir?

Corv. I have brought him here a Pearl.

Mos. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name.

Is in his Mouth: Is your Pearl Orient, Sir?

Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.

Volp. Signior *Corvino*. *Mos.* Hark.

Volp. Signior *Corvino*.

Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich Pearl.

Corv. How do you, Sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelf *Carest*. *Mos.* Sir,

He cannot understand, his Hearing's gone;

And yet it comforts him, to see you ——— *Corv.* Say,

I have a Diamond for him too. *Mos.* Best shew't, Sir,

Put it into his Hand; 'tis only there

He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.

See how he grasps it! *Corv.* 'Las good Gentleman!

How pitiful the Sight is! *Mos.* Tut, forget, Sir,

The weeping of an Heir should still be laughter,

Under a Visor. *Corv.* Why? am I his Heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the Will,

Till he be dead: But, here has been *Corbaccio*,

Here has been *Voltore*, here were others too,

I cannot number 'em, they were so many,

All gaping here for Legacies; but I,

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

(Signior *Corvino*, Signior *Corvino*) took

Paper, and Pen, and Ink, and there I ask'd him,

Whom he would have his Heir? *Corvino*. Who

Should be Executor? *Corvino*. And,

To any question, he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods, he made

(Through weaknefs) for consent: and sent home th' others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corv. O, my dear *Mosca*, Do's he not perceive us?

[*They embrace.*]

Mos. No more than a blind Harper. He knows no Man,

No Face of Friend, nor name of any Servant,

Who't was that fed him last, or gave him drink:

Not those, he hath begotten, or brought up,

Can he remember. *Corv.* Has he Children?

Mos. Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Beggars,

Gypsies and *Jews*, and black-Moors, when he was drunk,

Knew.

Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common Fable.
The Dwarf, the Fool, the Eunuch are all his;
H's the true Father of his Family,
In all, save me; but he has giv'n 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, Sir? why, look you, credit your own Sense.
The Pox approach, and add to your Diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, Sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the Plague to boot.
(You may come near, Sir) would you would once close
Those filthy Eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two Frog-pits; and those same hanging Cheeks,
Cover'd with Hide, instead of Skin: (nay, help, Sir)
That look like frozen Dish-clouts, set on end.

Corv. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the Rain
Ran down in streaks. *Mos.* Excellent Sir, speak out;
You may be louder yet: a Culvering,
Discharged in his Ear, would hardly bore it.

Corv. His Nose is like a common shewer, still running.

Mos. Tis good! and what his Mouth?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up—— *Corv.* By no means.

Mos. Pray you let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely, with a Pillow,
As well as any Woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Mos.* Be so;
It is your Presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you use no Violence. *Mos.* No, Sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? pray you, Sir.

Corv. Nay, at your Discretion. *Mos.* Well, good Sir, be
[gone.]

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearl.

Mos. Puh, nor your Diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here? whom you have made your Creature?
That owe my being to you? *Corv.* Grateful *Mosca*!

Thou art my Friend, my Fellow, my Companion,
My Partner, and shalt share in all my Fortunes.

Mos. Excepting one. *Corv.* What's that?

Mos. Your gallant Wife, Sir.

Now

Now, is he gone? we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this. *Volp.* My divine *Mosca*!
Thou hast to day out-gone thy self. Who's there?

[*Another knocks.*]

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me Musick, Dances, Banquets, all Delights;
The *Turk* is not more sensual in his Pleasures,
Than will *Volpone*. Let me see, a Pearl?
A Diamant? Plate? *Cecchines*? good mornings purchase;
Why, this is better than rob Churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a Month) a Man.
Who is't? *Mos.* The beauteous Lady *Would-be*, Sir,
Wife to the *English* Knight, Sir *Politique* *Would-be*,
(This is the stile, Sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to night,
And if you would be visited. *Volp.* Not, now.
Some three hours hence. _____

Mos. I told the Squire so much.

Volp. When I am high with Mirth, and Wine: then, then;
'Fore Heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose
Their Wives, to all encounters! *Mos.* Sir, this Knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,
And knows, how ere his Wife affect strange Airs,
She hath not yet the Face to be dishonest:
But had she Signior *Corvino's* Wives Face—

Vol. Has she so rare a Face? *Mos.* O, Sir, the Wonder,
The Blazing Star of *Italy*! a Wench
O'the first Year! a Beauty ripe as Harvest!
Whose Skin is whiter than a Swan all over!
Than Silver, Snow, or Lillies! a soft Lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of Kissing!
And Flesh that melteth in the touch to Blood!
Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold!

Volp. Why had not I known this before?

Mos. Alas, Sir— My self but yesterday discover'd it,

Volp. How might I see her? *Mos.* O, not possible;
She's kept as wairly as is your Gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes Air,
But at a Window. All her Looks are sweet,
As the first Grapes or Cherries, and are watch'd

As near as they are. *Volp.* I must see her—— *Mof.* Sir,
 There is a Guard of ten Spies thick upon her,
 All his whole Household ; each of which is set
 Upon his Fellow, and have all their Charge;
 When he goes out, when he comes in examin'd.

Volp. I will go see her, though but at her Window.

Mof. In some Disguise then. *Volp.* That is true: I must
 Maintain mine own Shape still the same: We'll think.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. **S**IR, to a wise Man all the World's his Soil.
 It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
 That must bound me, if my Fates call me forth.
 Yet, I protest, it is no salt Desire
 Of seeing Countries, shifting a Religion,
 Nor any disaffection to the State
 Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
 My dearest Plots) hath brought me out; much less
 That idle, antick, stale, grey-headed Project
 Of knowing Mens Minds and Manners, with *Ulysses*:
 But a peculiar Humour of my Wifes,
 Laid for this height of *Venice*, to observe;
 To quote, to learn the Language, and so forth——
 I hope you travel, Sir, with License. *Per.* Yes.

Pol. I dare the safest converse—— How long, Sir,
 Since you left *England*? *Per.* Seven Weeks. *Pol.* So lately!
 You ha' not been with my Lord Ambassador?

Per. Not yet, Sir.

Pol. Pray you, what News, Sir, vents our Climate?
 I heard last night a most strange thing reported
 By some of my Lord's Followers, and I long
 To hear how 'twill be seconded. *Per.* What was't, Sir?

Pol. Marry, Sir, of a Raven that should build
 In a Ship Royal of the King's. *Per.* This Fellow,
 Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your name, Sir?

Pol. My Name is *Politick Would-be*.

Per. O, that speaks him. A Knight, Sir?

Pol.

Pol. A poor Knight, Sir. *Per.* Your Lady
Lies here in *Venice*, for Intelligence
Of Tires, and Fashions, and Behaviour,

Among the Courtezans? the *Fine Lady Would-be*?

Pol. Yes, Sir, the Spider and the Bee, oft-times,
Suck from one Flower. *Per.* Good Sir *Politick*,
I cry you Mercy; I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, Sir, of your Raven. *Pol.* On your Knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your Lyon's Whelping in the Tower.

Pol. Another Whelp!

Per. Another, Sir. *Pol.* Now, Heaven!
What Prodigies be these? the Fires at *Berwick*!
And the new Star! These things concurring, strange!
And full of *Omen*! Saw you these Meteors?

Per. I did, Sir.

Pol. Fearful! Pray you Sir, confirm me,
Were there three Porpoises seen above the Bridge,
As they give out? *Per.* Six, and a Sturgeon, Sir.

Pol. I am astonish'd. *Per.* Nay, Sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater Prodigy than these—

Pol. What should these things portend!

Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from *London*
There was a Whale discover'd in the River,
As high as *Wolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many Months) for the Subversion
Of the *Stode-Fleet*. *Pol.* Is't possible? Believe it,
'Twas either sent from *Spain*, or the *Archdukes*!
Spinola's Whale, upon my Life, my Credit!
Will they not leave these Projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other News. *Per.* Faith, *Stone* the Fool is dead,
And they do lack a Tavern Fool extreamly.

Pol. Is *Mafs' Stone* dead.

Per. He's dead, Sir; why? I hope
You thought him not Immortal? O, this Knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our *English* Stage: He that should write
But such a Fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously. *Pol.* *Stone* dead!
Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, Sir, you apprehend it?
He was no Kinsman to you? *Pol.* That I know of

Well!

Well! that same Fellow was an unknown Fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems? *Pol.* I did so, Sir; I knew him one of the most dangerous Heads Living within the State, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, Sir? *Pol.* While he liv'd, in Action. He has receiv'd weekly Intelligence, Upon my knowledge, out of the *Low-Countries*, (For all Parts of the World) in Cabbages; And those dispens'd again to Ambassadors, In Oranges, Musk-melons, Apricots, Limons, Pomecitrons, and such-like; sometimes In *Colchester-Oysters*, and your *Selfey-Cockles*.

Per. You make me wonder!

Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge. Nay, I have observ'd him, at your Publick Ordinary, Take his Advertisement from a Traveller (A conceal'd Statesman) in a Trencher of Meat; And instantly, before the Meal was done, Convey an Answer in a Tooth pick. *Per.* Strange! How could this be, Sir? *Pol.* Why, the Meat was cut So like his Character, and so laid, as he Must easily read the Cypher. *Per.* I have heard He could not read, Sir. *Pol.* So 'twas given out (In polity) by those that did employ him: But he could read, and had your Languages, And to't, as sound a Noddle — *Per.* I have heard, Sir, That your *Babionns* were Spies, and that they were A kind of subtle Nation, near to *China*.

Pol. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had Their Hand in a *French* Plot or two; but they Were so extremely given to Women, as They made discovery of all: Yet I Had my Advices here (on *Wednesday* last) From one of their own Coat, they were return'd, Made their Relations, (as the Fashion is) And now stand fair for fresh Employment. *Per.* Heart! This Sir *Pol.* will be ignorant of nothing. It seems, Sir, you know all? *Pol.* Not all, Sir: But I have some general Notions: I do love To note, and to observe; though I live out Free from the active Torrent, yet I'd mark

The

The Currents and the Passages of Things,
 For mine own private use; and know the Ebbs
 And Flows of State. *Per.* Believe it, Sir, I hold
 My self in no small tie unto my Fortunes,
 For casting me thus luckily upon you,
 Whose Knowledge (if your Bounty equal it)
 May do me great Assistance, in Instruction
 For my Behaviour, and my bearing, which
 Is yet so rude, and raw——*Pol.* Why? came you forth
 Empty of Rules, for travail? *Per.* Faith, I had
 Some common ones, from out that vulgar *Grammar*,
 Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.

Pol. Why, this it is, that spoils all our brave Bloods,
 Trusting our hopeful Gentry unto Pedants,
 Fellows of out-side, and meer bark. You seem
 To be a Gentleman, of ingenious Race——
 I not profess it, but my Fate hath been
 To be, where I have been consulted with,
 In this high kind, touching some great Mens Sons,
 Persons of Blood, and Honour——*Per.* Who be these, Sir?

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Mos. Under that Window, there'r must be. The same.

Pol. Fellows, to mount a Bank! Did your Instructor
 In the dear Tongues, never discourse to you
 Of the *Italian* Mountebanks? *Per.* Yes, Sir. *Pol.* Why,
 Here shall you see one. *Per.* They are Quack-salvers,
 Fellows, that live by venting Oyls, and Drugs?

Pol. Was that the Character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember. *Pol.* Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing Men of *Europe*!
 Great general Scholars, excellent Physicians
 Most admir'd States-men, protest Favourites,
 And Cabinet-Counsellors to the greatest Princes!
 The only languag'd Men of all the World!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd Impostors;
 Made all of Terms and Shreds; no less Belyers
 Of great Mens Favours, than their own vile Med'cines;
 Which they will utter upon monstrous Caths:
 Selling that drug, for Two-pence, e're they part,
 Which they have valu'd at Twelve Crowns before.

Pol. Sir, Calumnies are answer'd best with Silence:

Your self shall judge. Who is it mounts, my Friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, Sir. Pol. Is't he? nay, then I'll proudly promise, Sir, you shall behold Another Man, than has been phant'ied to you. I wonder, yet, that he should mount his Bank, Here in this Nook, that has been wont t' appear In Face of the *Piazza*! Here, he comes.

Volp. Mount Zany. Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.

Pol. See how the People follow him! he's a Man May write 10000 Crowns in Bank here. Note, Mark but his Gesture: I do use to observe The State he keeps, in getting up! *Per.* 'Tis worth it, Sir.

Volp. Most noble Gent. and my worthy Patrons, it may seem strange, that I, your *Scoto Mantuano*, who was ever wont to fix my Bank in Face of the publick *Piazza*, near the shelter of the *Portico*, to the *Procuratia*, should now (after Eight Months absence, from this Illustrious City of *Venice*) humbly retire my self into an obscure Nook of the *Piazza*.

Pol. Did not I, now, object the same? *Per.* Peace, Sir.

Volp. Let me tell you: I am not (as your *Lombard Proverb* saith) cold on my Feet; or content to part with my Commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent Detractor, and shame to our Profession, (*Alessandro Bustrone*, I mean) who gave out in publick I was condemn'd a *Sforzato* to the Gallies, for poysoning the Cardinal *Bembo's*—Cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot endure to see the Rabble of these ground *Ciarlitani*, that spread their Clokes on the Pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy Tales out of *Boccacio*, like stale *Tabarine*, the Fabulist: some of them discoursing their Travels, and of their tedious Captivity in the *Turks* Gallies, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the *Christians* Gallies, where very temperately they eat Bread, and drunk Water as a wholsom Penance (enjoyn'd them by their Confessors) for base Pilgeries.

Pol.

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. These Turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousie-fartical Rogues, with one poor Groats-worth of unprepar'd *Antimony*, finely wrapt up in several *Scartoccios*, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a Week, and play; yet, these meager-starv'd Spirits, who have half stopt the Organs of their Minds with Earthy oppilations, want not their Favourers among your shrivell'd, sallad eating *Artizans*: who are overjoy'd, that they may have their Half-pe'rth of Physick, though it purge 'em into another World, 't makes no matter.

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better Language, Sir?

Volp. Well, let 'em go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen know, that for this time, our Bank, being thus remov'd from the Clamours of the *Canaglia*, shall be the Scene of Pleasure and Delight: For, I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.

Pol. I told you, Sir, his end. Per. You did so, Sir.

Volp. I protest, I, and my six Servants are not able to make of this pretious Liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging by Gentlemen of your City; strangers of the *Terraferma*; worshipful Merchants; I, and Senators too: who ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous Liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich Man to have his *Magazines* stuf't with *Moscadelly*, or of the purest grape, when his Physicians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but Water, costed with *Aniseeds*? O, health! health! the blessing of the Rich! the Riches of the Poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this World without thee? Be not then so sparing of your Pur-ses, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of Life—

Per. You see his end? Pol. I, is't not good?

Volp. For, when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the mutability of Air, falls from your Head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Duckat, or your *Cecchine* of Gold and apply to the place affected: see, what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed *Unguento*, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all

malignant Humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moist, or windy Causes——

Per. *I would he had put in dry to.*

Pol. *Pray you, observe.*

Volp. To fortifie the most indigest and crude Stomach, were it of one that (through extream weakness) vomited Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the place, after the Uction and Fricace; for the *Vertigone* in the Head, putting but a drop into your Nostrils, likewise behind the Ears, a most sovereign and approved Remedy: the *Mal-caduceo*, Cramps, Convulsions, Paralyties, Epilepsies, Tremor-cordis, retired Nerves, ill Vapours of the Spleen, stopping of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury, *Hernia vanto*, *Iliaca passio*; stops a *Dysenteria* immediately; easeth the Torision of the small Guts; and cures *Melancholica Hypochondriaca* being taken and applyed, according to my printed Receipt. [Pointing to his Bill and his Glass.] For, this is the Physician, this the Medicine; this Counsels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the Effect, and (in sum) both together may be term'd an abstract of the Theorick and Practick in the *Æsculapian* Art. 'Twill cost you Eight Crowns. And, *Zan Fritada*, pr'ythee sing a Verse *extempore* in Honour of it.

Pol. How do you like him, Sir? Per. Most strangely, I

Pol. Is not his Language rare? Per. But *Alchemy*, I never heard the like: or *Broughtons* Books.

S O N G.

HAD old *Hippocrates*, or *Galen*,
 (That to their Books put Med'cines all in)
 But known this Secret, they had never
 (Of which they will be guilty ever)
 Been murderers of so much Paper,
 Or wasted many a hurtless taper:
 No *Indian* drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, *Sassafras* not named;
 Ne yet, of *Guacum* one small stick, Sir,
 Nor *Raymund Lullies* great Elixir.
 Ne, had been known the *Danish* *Gonswart*,
 Or *Paracelsus*, with his long Sword.

Per. All this, yet, will not do; Eight Crowns is high.
 Volp. No more. Gentlemen, If I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my Oyl, furnamed *oglio del Scoto*; with the countles Catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more Diseases; the Patents and Priviledges of all the Princes and Common wealths of Christendom; or but the dispositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the Signiory of the *Sanità* and most learned Colledge of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable Vertues of my Medicaments, and mine own Excellency, in matter of rare and unknown Secrets, not only to disperse them publickly in this famous City, but in all the Territories, that happily joy under the Government of the most pious and magnificent States of *Italy*. But may some other gallant Fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented Receipts as yours: Indeed, very many have assay'd, like Apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this Oyl; bestow'd great cost in Furnaces, Stills, Alembicks, continual Fires, and preparation of the Ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it Six hundred several simples, besides, some quantity of human Fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the Anatomists) but, when these Practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in *fumo*: ha, ha, ha. Poor Wretches! I rather pity their Folly and Indiscretion, than their loss of Time and Money; for those may be recovered by industry: but to be a Fool born is a Disease incurable. For my self, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest Secrets, and book them; either in exchange or for Money: I spared nor cost, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of Chymical Art) out of the honourable Hat that covers your Head, to extract the Four Elements; that is to say, the Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, and return you your Felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the *Balloo*, I have been at my Book: and am now past the craggy Paths of Study, and come to the flowry Plains of Honour and Reputation.

Polp. I do assure you, Sir, that is his Aim.

Volp. But, to our Price. *Per.* And that withal, Sir *Pol.*

Volp. You all know, (honourable Gentlemen) I never valu'd this *Ampulla*, or *Villa*, at less than eight Crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; six Crowns is the Price; and less in Courtesie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your Service. I ask you not as the Value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand Crowns, so the Cardina's *Mortalto*, *Fernesé*, the great Duke of *Tuscany*, my Gossip, with divers other Princes have given me; but I despise Money: only to shew my Affection to you, honourable Gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the Messages of these Princes, mine own Offices, fram'd my Journey hither, only to present you with the Fruits of my Travels, Tune your Voices once more to the Touch of your Instruments, and give the honourable Assembly some delightful Recreations.

Per. What monstrous and most painful Circumstance Is here, to get some three or four *Gazzets*! Some Three-pence i' th' whole, for that 'twill come to.

S O N G.

Y O U that would last long, list to my Song,
 Make no more Coyl, but buy of this Oyl.
 Would you be ever fair and young?
 Stout of Teeth; and strong of Tongue?
 Tart of Palat? quick of Ear?
 Sharp of Sight? of Nostril clear?
 Moist of Hand? and light of Foot?
 (Or I will come nearer to't)
 Would you live free from all Diseases?
 Do the Act, your Mistress pleases?
 Yea fright all Aches from your Bones?
 Here's a Med'cine for the Nones.

Volp. Well, I am in a Humour (at this time) to make a Present of the small Quantity my Coffer contains: to the Rich in courtesie, and to the Poor, for God's Sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you six Crowns; and six Crowns, at other Times, you have paid me; you shall not give me
 fix

six Crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a Duckat; no, nor a *Muccinigo*: Six-pence it will cost you, or six hundred Pound—expect no lower Price, for by the Banner of my Front, I will not bate a *Bagatine*, that I will have only a Pledge of your Loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore now, toss your Handkerchiefs, chearfully, chearfully; and be advertis'd, that the first heroick Spirit, that deigns to grace me, with a Handkerchief, I will give it a little Remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double Pistol.

Per. Will you be that heroick Spark, Sir *Pol.*?
O, see! the Window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the Window throws down her Handkerchief.*]

Volp. Lady, I kiss your Bounty; and for this timely Grace you have done your poor *Scoto* of *Mantua*, I will return you over and above my Oil, a Secret of that high and inestimable Nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that Minute, wherein your Eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an Object. Here is a Pouder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I should speak to the Worth, nine thousand Volumes were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a Word: So short is this Pilgrimage of Man (which some call Life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the Price? why, the whole World were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purse to the Purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the Pouder that made *Venus* a Goddess (given her by *Apollo*) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her Wrinkles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Skin, colour'd her Hair; from her deriv'd to *Helen*, and at the Sack of *Troy* (unfortunately) lost: till now, in this our Age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious Antiquary, out of some Ruins of *Asia*, who sent a Moiety of it to the Court of *France* (but much sophisticated) wherewith the Ladies there, now, colour their Hair. The rest (at this present) remains with me; extracted to a Quintessence: So that where-ever it but touches, in Youth it perpetually preserves, in Age restores the Complexion; seats your Teeth,

did they dance like Virginal Jacks, firm as a Wall; makes them white as Ivory, that were black as——

Corvino, Politique, Peregrine.

Corv. Spight o' the Devil, and my Shame! come down, here;

Come down: no House but mine to make your Scene?

Signior *Flaminio*, will you down, Sir? down?

What is my Wife your *Franciscina*? Sir?

No Windows on the whole *Piazza*, here,

To make your Properties, but mine? but mine?

Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christen'd,

And call'd the *Pantalone Di Befognio*,

About the Town. *Per.* What should this mean, Sir *Pol*?

Pol. Some Trick of State, believe it. I will home.

Per. It may be some Design on you. *Pol.* I know not. I'll stand upon my Guard. *Per.* 'Tis your best, Sir

Pol. This three Weeks, all my Advices, all my Letters, They have been intercepted. *Per.* Indeed, Sir.

Best have a care. *Pol.* Nay, so I will. *Per.* This Knight, I may not lose him, for my Mirth, till Night.

Volpone, Mosca.

Vol. O I am wounded. *Mos.* Where, Sir?

Vol. Not without;

Those Blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.

But angry *Cupid*, bolting from her Eyes,

Hath shot himself into me like a Flame;

Where, now, he flings about his burning Heat,

As in a Furnace, some ambitious Fire,

Whose Vent is stop't. The Fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, *Mosca*;

My Liver melts, and I, without the Hope

Of some soft Air, from her refreshing Breath,

Am but a Heap of Cinders. *Mos.* 'Lafs, good Sir,

Would you had never seen her. *Vol.* Nay, would thou

Hadst never told me of her. *Mos.* Sir, 'tis true;

I do confess I was unfortunate,

And you unhappy: but I'm bound in Conscience,

No less than Duty, to effect my best

To your Release of Torment, and I will, Sir.

Vol. Dear *Mosca*, shall I hope?

Mos.

Mof. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of ought,
Within a human Compass. *Vol.* O, there spoke
My better Angel. *Mosca*, take my Keys,
Gold, Plate, and Jewels, all's at thy Devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coyn me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my Longings, *Mosca*?

Mof. Use but your Patience. *Vol.* So I have.

Mof. I doubt not
To bring Success to your Desires. *Vol.* Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late Disguise.

Mof. If you can horn him, Sir, you need not.

Vol. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my Heir,
Is not the Colour o' my Beard and Eye-brows
To make me known? *Mof.* No jot. *Vol.* I did it well,

Mof. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the Happiness, and yet I would
Escape your *Epilogue*. *Vol.* But, they were gull'd
With a Belief that I was *Scoto*? *Mof.* Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have no time to flatter you, now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my Art.

Corvino, Celia, Servitors.

Corv. Death of mine Honour, with the Cities Fool?
A juggling, Tooth-drawing, prating Mountebank?
And at a publick Window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd Action, and his dole of Faces,
To his Drug-lecture draws your itching Ears,
A Crew of old, unmarried, noted Letchers,
Stood leering up like *Satyrs*: and you smile
Most graciously! and fan your Favours forth,
To give your hot Spectators Satisfaction!
What, was your Mountebank their Call? their Whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his Copper Rings?
His Saffron Jewel, with the Toad-stone in't?
Or his imbroidered Sute, with the Cope-stitch,
Made of a Herse-cloth? or his old Tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd Beard? well! you shall have him, yes:
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The Fricace for the Moother. Or, let me see,

I think you had rather mount? would you not mount?
 Why, if you'll mount, you may; yestruly, you may:
 And so, you may be seen, down to th' Foot.

Get you a Cittern, Lady *Vanity*,
 And be a Dealer with the vertuous Man;
 Make one: I'll but protest myself a Cuckold,
 And save your Dowry. I am a *Dutchman*, I!
 For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
 You would be damn'd, e're you did this, you Whore:
 Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the Murder
 Of Father, Mother, Brother, all thy Race,
 Should follow, as the Subject of my Justice!

Cel. Good Sir, have Patience!

Corv. What couldst thou propose——
 Less to thy self, than in this Heat of Wrath;
 And stung with my Dishonour, I should strike
 This Steel into thee, with as many Stabs
 As thou wert gaz'd upon with Goatish Eyes?

Cel. Alas, Sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
 My being at the Window should more, now,
 Move your Impatience, than at other Times.

Corv. No? not to seek and entertain a Parle,
 With a known Knave? before a Multitude?
 You were an Actor with your Handkerchief!
 Which he, most sweetly, kist in the Receipt,
 And might (no doubt) return it with a Letter,
 And point the Place, where you might meet: your Sister's;
 Your Mother's, or your Aunt's might serve the turn.

Cel. Why, dear Sir, when do I make these Excuses?
 Or ever stir abroad, but to the Church?

And that so seldom——*Corv.* Well, it shall be less;
 And thy Restraint before was Liberty,
 To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
 First, I will have this bawdy Light dam'd up;
 And till't be done, some two or three Yards off,
 I'll chalk a Line: o'er which, if thou but chance
 To set thy desp'rate Foot; more Hell, more Horror,
 More wild remorseless Rage shall seize on thee,
 Than on a Conjuror, that had heedless left
 His Circle's Safety ere his Devil was laid.

Then here's a Lock, which I will hang upon thee;

And,

And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
 Thy Lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
 Thy Prospect all be backwards; and no Pleasure,
 That thou shalt know but backwards: Nay, since you
 My honest Nature, know, it is your own (force
 Being too open, makes me use you thus.
 Since you will not contain your subtil Nostrils
 In a sweet Room, but they must snuff the Air
 Of rank and sweaty Passengers.—One knocks,

[Knocks within,

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy Life;
 Not look toward the Window: if thou dost—
 (Nay stay, hear this) let me not prosper, Whore,
 But I will make thee an Anatomy,
 Dissect thee mine own self, and read a Lecture
 Upon thee, to the City, and in publick.
 Away. Who's there? Ser. 'Tis Signior Mosca, Sir.

Corvino, Mosca.

Corv. Let him come in, his Master's dead: There's yet
 Some Good, to help the Bad. My Mosca, welcome,
 I guess your News. *Mos.* I fear you cannot, Sir.

Corv. Is't not his Death? *Mos.* Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his Recovery? *Mos.* Yes, Sir.

Corv. I am curs'd,

I am bewitch'd, my Crosses meet to vex me.

How? how? how? how? *Mos.* Why, Sir, with *Scoto's*
Corbaccio, and *Voltore* brought of it, (Oyl!

Whilst I was busie in an inner Room——

Corv. Death! that damn'd Mountebank! but, for the
 Now, I could kill the Rascal: 't cannot be, (Law

His Oyl should have that Virtue. Ha' not I
 Known him a common Rogue, come fidling in

To th' *Ostleria*, with a tumbling Whore,

And, when he has done all his forc'd Tricks, being glad

Of a poor Spoonful of dead Wine, with Flies in't?

It cannot be. All his Ingredients

Are a Sheep's Gall, a roasted Bitch's Marrow,

Some few sod Earwigs, pounded Caterpillars,

A little Capon's Grease, and fasting Spittle:

I know 'em to a Dram. *Mos.* I know not, Sir,

But some on't, there, they powr'd into his Ears,

Some

Some in his Nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the Fricace. *Corv.* Pox o' that Fricace.

Mof. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his Health, there, they have had
(At extreme Fees) the College of Physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where one would have a Cataplasm of Spices,
Another a flayd Ape clapt to his Breast,
A third would ha' it a Dog, a fourth an Oyl
With wild Cats Skins: at last, they all resolv'd
That, to preserve him, was no other Means,
But some young Woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty and full of Juice, to sleep by him;
And, to this Service (most unhappily,
And most unwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your Advice since it concerns you most,
Because, I would not do that thing might cross
Your Ends, on whom I have my whole Dependance, Sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My Slackness to my Patron, work me out
Of his Opinion; and there, all your Hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
I do but tell you, Sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him. Therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly, conclude somewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can. *Corv.* Death to my Hopes!
This is my villanous Fortune! Best to hire
Some common Curtezan? *Mof.* I, I thought on that, Sir.
But they are all so subtil, full of Art,
And Age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance
Light on a Quean, may cheat us all. *Corv.* 'Tis true.
Mof. No, no: it must be one, that has no Tricks, Sir,
Some simple thing, a Creature made unto it:
Some Wench you may command. Ha' you no Kinswo-
man?
Gods fo——Think, think, think, think, think, think,
think, Sir.
One o' the Doctors offer'd there his Daughter,

Corv.

Corv. How! *Mof.* Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the Physician.

Corv. His Daughter? *Mof.* And a Virgin, Sir. Why?
Alas,

He knows the State of's Body, what it is;
That nought can warm his Blood, Sir, but a Fever;
Nor any Incantation raise his Spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that Part.
Besides, Sir, who shall know it? some one or two——

Corv. I pr'ythee give me Leave. If any Man
But I had had this Luck——The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing——Wherefore should not I
As well command my Blood and my Affections,
As this dull Doctor? in the point of Honour,
The Cases are all one of Wife and Daughter.

Mof. I hear him coming.

Corv. She shall do't: 'Tis done.
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless't be for his Counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his Daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him, Wretch!
Covetous Wretch! *Mosca*, I have determin'd.

Mof. How, Sir?

Corv. We'll make all sure. The Party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own Wife, *Mosca*. *Mof.* Sir, the Thing,
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have motion'd to you at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their Throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a Possession!
And, in his next Fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the Pillow from his Head,
And he is thratled: 't had been done, before,
But for your scrupulous Doubts. *Corv.* I, a Plague on't,
My Conscience fools my Wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him, with what Zeal,
And willingness, I do it; swear it was,
On the first hearing (as thou may'st do, truly)
Mine own free Motion. *Mof.* Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd Clients shall be banisht all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,

Until

Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen, for your Good (you must not know't.)

Corv. But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not.

Corvino, Celia.

Corv. Where are you, Wife? my *Celia*? Wife? what
blubbering?

Come, dry those Tears. I think thou thoughtest me in
earnest?

Ha? by this Light, I talk'd so but to try thee.

Me-thinks, the lightness of the Occasion

Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.

Cel. No? *Corv.* Faith, I am not, I, nor never was:
It is a poor unprofitable Humour.

Do not I know if Women have a Will,

They'll do 'gainst all the Watches o' the World?

And that the fiercest Spies are tam'd with Gold?

Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:

And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.

Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,

In all thy best Attire, thy choicest Jewels,

Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best Looks:

We are invited to a solemn Feast,

At old *Volpone's*, where it shall appear

How far I'm free, from Jealousie or Fear.

ACT III: SCENE I.

Mosca.

I Fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous Parts,
They do so spring, and burgeon; I can feel
A Whimfie i' my Blood: (I know not how)
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my Skin, now, like a subtil Snake,
I am so limber. O! your Parasite
Is a most precious thing, drop'd from above,
Not bred 'mongst Clods and Clot-pouls, here on Earth.

I muse, the Mystery was not made a Science,
 It is so liberally profest! almost
 All the wise World is little else, in Nature,
 But Parasites, or Sub-parasites. And, yer,
 I mean not those that have your bare Town-art,
 To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no House,
 No Family, no Care, and therefore mould
 Tales for Mens Ears, to bait that Sense; or get
 Kitchin-invention, and some stale Receipts
 To please the Belly, and the Groin; nor those,
 With their Court-dog tricks, that can fawn and fleece,
 Make their Revenue out of Legs and Faces,
 Eccho my Lord, and lick away a Moth:
 But your fine elegant Rascal, that can rise,
 And stoop (almost together) like an Arrow,
 Shot through the Air as nimbly as a Star:
 Turn short, as doth a Swallow; and be here,
 And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
 Present to any Humour, all Occasions;
 And change a Visor, swifter than a thought!
 This is the Creature had the Art born with him;
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
 Out of most excellent Nature: and such Sparks
 Are the true Parasites, others but their Zanies.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Who's this? *Bonario?* old Corbaccio's Son?
 The Person I was bound to seek. Fair Sir,
 You are happily met. *Bon.* That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, Sir?

Bon. Nay, pr'ythee know thy Way, and leave me:
 I would be loth to interchange Discourse,
 With such a Mate as thou art. *Mos.* Courteous Sir,
 Scorn not my Poverty. *Bon.* Not I, by Heaven:
 But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy Baseness.

Mos. Baseness? *Bon.* I, answer me, is not thy Sloth
 Sufficient Argument? thy Flattery?
 Thy Means of Feeding? *Mos.* Heaven, be good to me.
 These Imputations are too common, Sir,
 And easily struck on Virtue, when she's poor;
 You are unequal to me, and how e'er

Your

Your Sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in Censure :
St. *Mark* bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.

Bon. What ? does he weep ? the Sign is soft, and good !
I do repent me, that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong Necessity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful Bread
With too much Obsequy ; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor Rayment,
Out of my meer observance, being not born
To a free Fortune : but that I have done
Base Offices, in rending Friends asunder,
Dividing Families, betraying Counsels,
Whispering false Lyes, or mining Men with Praises,
Train'd their Credulity with Perjuries,
Corrupted Chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender Ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged, and laborious Course,
That might redeem my present Estimation ;
Let me here perish, in all Hope of Goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated Passion !
I was to blame, so to mistake thy Nature ;
Pr'ythee forgive me : and speak out thy Business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you ; and though I may seem,
At first to make a main Offence in Manners,
And in my Gratitude, unto my Master ;
Yet, for the pure Love, which I bear all right,
And Hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very Hour, your Father is in Purpose
To disinherit you——*Eon.* How !

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a meer Stranger to his Blood ; 'tis true, Sir :
The Work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an Interest in the general State
Of Goodness and true Virtue, which I hear
T' abound in you : and, for which meer respect,
Without a second Aim, Sir, I have done it.

Bon. This Tale hath lost thee much of the late Trust,
Thou hadst with me ; it is impossible :
I know not how to lend it any Thought,
My Father should be so unnatural.

Mos.

Mof. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your Piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own simple Innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But, Sir,
I now will tell you more. This very Minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your Ear shall be a witness of the Deed;
Hear your self written Bastard: and profest
The common Issue of the Earth. *Bon.* I'm, maz'd!

Mof. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just Sword,
And score your vengeance, on my front and Face;
Mark me your Villain: you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, Sir. My Heart
Weeps Blood in anguish— *Bon.* Lead, I follow thee.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

Mosca stays long methinks. Bring forth your sports
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Nan. Dwarf, Fool, and Eunuch, well met here we be.
A question it were now, whether of us three,

Being all the known delicates of a rich Man,
In pleasing him, claim the Precedency can?

Cas. I claim for my self. *And.* And so doth the Fool.

Nan. 'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to School.
First, for your Dwarf, he's little, and witty,

And every thing, as it is little, is pritty;
Else why do Men say to a Creature of my shape,

So soon as they see him, it's a pretty little Ape?

And why a pretty Ape? but for pleasing imitation

Of greater Mens Actions, in a ridiculous fashion.

Beside, this feat Body of mine doth not crave [will have]

Half the Meat, Drink, and Cloath, one of your bulks

Admit your Fool's Face be the Mother of laughter

Yet, for his Brain it must always come after:

And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful Case,

His Body is beholding to such a bad Face.

Vol. Who's there? my Couch, away, look, *Nano*, see:

[*One Knocks.*]

Give me my Caps, first— go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*

Send it by *Mosca*, and with fair return.

Nan.

Nan. It is the beauteous Madam——

Volp. *Would-be*—— is it? *Nan.* The same.

Volp. Now torment on me; Squire here in:
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.
Nay, quickly, that my Fit were past. I fear
A second Hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my Appetite to the other:
Would she were taking how her tedious leave.
Lord how it threatens me what I am to suffer.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women. 2.

I thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you signifie
Unto your Patron, I am here. This Band
Shews not my Neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my Women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I am drest
Most favourably, to day; it is no matter,
'Tis well enough. Look, see, these petulant things?
How have they done this! *Volp.* I do feel the Fever
Entring in at mine Ears; O, for a Charm,
To fright it hence. *Lad.* Come nearer: is this Curl
In his right Place? or this? why is this higher
Than all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your Eyes, yet?
Or do they not stand even i' your Head?
Where's your fellow? call her. *Nan.* Now. *St. Mark*
Deliver us: anon, she'll beat her Women,
Because her Nose is red. *Lad.* I pray you, view
This Tire, forsooth: are all things apt or no?

Wom. One Hair a little here, sticks out, forsooth.

Lad. Dos't so forsooth? and where was your dear sight
When it did so forsooth? what now? Bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'pray you both approach, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muse, yo'are not asham'd!
I, that have preach'd these things, so oft, unto you,
Read you the Principles, argu'd all the Grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings——

(*Nan.* More carefully than of your Fame or Honour.)

Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample Dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you Noble Husbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it?

Besides,

Besides, you seeing what a curious Nation
Th' *Italians* are, what will they say of me?
The *English* Lady cannot dress her self;
Here's a fine Imputation to our Country!
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next Room.
This *fucus* was too coarse too, it's no matter.
Good-Sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?

Volp. The Storm comes towards me.

Lad. How does my *Volp*?

Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange *Fury* entred, now, my House,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her Breath,
Did cleave my Roof asunder. *Lad.* Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful Dream, could I remember 't—

Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lad. Methought, the Golden mediocrity
Polite, and delicate— *Volp.* O, if you do love me,
No more; I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any Dream: feel how I tremble yet.

Lad. Alas, good Soul! the Passion of the Heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with Syrrup of Apples,
Tincture of Gold, and Corral, Citron-Pills,
Your Elicampane Root, Myrobalanes—

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'ne a Grass-hopper by the Wing.

Lad. Burnt Silk and Amber, you have Muscadell
Good i' the House— *Volp.* You will not drink, and part?

Lad. No, fear not that, I doubt, we shall not get
Some *English* Saffron (half a Dram would serve)
Your sixteen Cloves, a little Musk, dry'd Mints,
Bugloss, and Barly-meal— *Volp.* She's in again;

Be'ore I feign'd Diseases, now I have one.

Lad. And these aply'd, with a right Scarlet cloth—

Volp. Another Flood of words! a very Torrent!

Lad. Shall I, Sir, make you a Poultice?

Volp. No, no, no,

I'm very well: you need prescribe no more.

Lad. I have a little studied Physick; but now,
I'm all for Musick, save i' the Forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A Lady, indeed, t' have all, Letters, and Arts,

Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
 But principal (as *Plato* holds) your Musick
 (And so does wise *Pythagoras*, I take it)
 Is your true Rapture; when there is consent
 In Face, in Voice, and Clothes: and is indeed,
 Our Sexes chiefest Ornament. *Volp.* The Poet,
 As old in time as *Plato*, and as knowing,
 Says that our highest Female grace is silence.

Lad. Which o' your Poets? *Petrarch*? or *Tasso*? or *Dante*?
Guerrini? *Ariosto*? *Arctino*?

Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a Cause to my destruction?

Lad. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me!

Volp. The Sun, the Sea will sooner both stand still,
 Than her eternal Tongue! nothing can, scape it.

Lad. Here's *Pastor Fido*—

Volp. Profess obstinate silence;
 That's now my safest. *Lad.* All our *English* Writers,
 I mean such as are happy in th' *Italian*,
 Will deign to steal out of this Author, mainly;
 Almost as much, as from *Montaigne*:
 He has so modern and facile a Vein,
 Fitting the time, and catching the Court-car;
 Your *Petrarch* is more passionate, yet he,
 In days of sonnetting, trusting 'em, with much:
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
 But, for a desperate wit, there's *Arctino*!
 Only, his Pictures are a little obscene—

You mark me not? *Volp.* Alas, my Mind's perturb'd.

Lad. Why, in such Cases, we must cure our selves,
 Make use of our Philosophy— *Volp.* O'ye me.

Lad. And, as we find our Passions do rebel,
 Encounter 'em with Reason; or divert 'em,
 By giving scope unto some other Humour
 Of lesser danger: as, in Politick Bodies,
 There's nothing, more, doth over-whelm the Judgment,
 And clouds the Understanding, than too much
 Settling, and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding
 Upon one Object. For the incorporating
 Of these same outward things, into that part,
 Which we call mental, leaves some certain faces,

That

That stop the Organs, and, as *Plato* says,
 Assassinate our knowledge. *Volp.* Now, the Spirit
 Of patience help me. *Lad.* Come, in faith, I must
 Visit you more adays; and make you well:
 Laugh and be lusty. *Volp.* My good Angels save me!

Lad. There was but one sole Man in all the World,
 With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
 Would lye you often, three, four hours together,
 To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so rap't,
 As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
 Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse
 (And't be but only, Sir, to bring you asleep)
 How we did spend our time and loves together,
 For some six years. *Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Lad. For we were *coastanei*, and brought up ———

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

Mos. God save you, Madam. *Lad.* God Sir.

Volp. *Mosca*? welcome,

Welcome to my redemption. *Mos.* Why Sir? *Vol.* Oh,
 Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
 My Madam, with the everlasting Voice:
 The Bells in time of Pestilence, ne'er made
 Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
 The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my House,
 But now, steam'd like a Bath, with her thick Breath.
 A Lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
 Another Woman, such a hail of words
 She has let fall. For Hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented? *Volp.* O, I do not care,
 I'll take her absence, upon any price,
 With any loss.

Mos. Madam ——— *Lad.* I ha' brought your Patron
 A Toy, a Cap here, of mine own work ———

Mos. 'Tis well,
 I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight,
 Where you'd little think it ———

Lad. Where? *Mos.* Marry,
 Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
 Rowing upon the Water in a *gondole*,
 With the most cunning Curtizan of *Venice*.

Lad.

Lad. Is't true? *Mos.* Pursue 'em and believe your Eyes:
 Leave me, to make your Gift. I knew, 't would take.
 For lightly, they that use themselves most Licence,
 Are still most jealous. *Volp. Mosca,* hearty thanks,
 For thy quick fiction and delivery of me.
 Now, to my hopes, what sayst thou?

Lad. But do you hear, Sir?—

Volp. Again, I fear a *Paroxysm.* *Lad.* Which way
 Row'd they together? *Mos.* Toward the *Rialto.*

Lad. I pray you lend me your Dwarf.

Mos. I pray you, take him.

Your hopes, Sir, are like happy Blossoms, fair,
 And promise timely Fruit, if you will stay
 But the maturing; keep you at your Couch,
Corbaccio will arrive strait, with the Will:
 When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Volp.* My Blood,
 My Spirits are return'd; I am alive:
 And like you wanton Gamester, at *Primero,*
 Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less.
 Me thinks I lye, and draw— for an encounter.

Mosca, Bonario.

Sir, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But pray you
 Have patience, Sir; the same's your Father, knocks.

[*One knocks.*]

I am compell'd to leave you. *Bon.* Do so. Yet,
 Cannot my thought imagine this a Truth.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
 Did not I say, I would send, *Corv.* Yes, but I fear'd
 You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent? did e'er Man haste so for his Horns?
 A Courtier would not ply it so for a place.

Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;
 I'll presently return. *Corv.* Where are you, *Celia*?
 You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?

Cel. Not well, except you told me. *Corv.* Now, I will:
 Hark hither. *Mos.* Sir, your Father hath sent word,

[*To Bonario.*]

It will be half an hour ere he come;
 And therefore, if you please to walk the while
 Into that Gallery—at the upper end,

There

There are some Books, to entertain the time:

And I'll take care, no Man shall come unto you, Sir.

Bon. Yes I will stay there, I do doubt this Fellow.

Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his Father, I can keep him off.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back; and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed

It must be done. Nor, would move't afore,

Because I would avoid all Shifts and Tricks,

That might deny me. *Cel.* Sir, let me beseech you,

Affect not these strange Trials; if you doubt

My Chastity, why lock me up, for ever:

Make me the Heir of darkness. Let me live,

Where I may please your tears, if not your Trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such Humour, I.

All that I speak, I mean; yet I am not mad:

Not Horn-mad, see you? Go too, shew your self

Obedient, and a Wife. *Cel.* O Heaven! *Corv.* I say it.

Do so. *Cel.* Was this the Train?

Corv. I've told you Reasons;

What the Physicians have set down; how much,

It may concern me; what my Engagements are;

My means; and the necessity of those means,

For my recovery: wherefore, if you be

Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.

Cel. Before your Honour? *Corv.* Honour? tut, a breath;

There's no such thing, in Nature: a meer Term

Invented to awe Fools. What is my Gold

The worse for touching? Cloths for being look'd on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit Wretch,

That has no Sense, no Sinew; takes his Meat

With others Fingers; on'y knows to gape,

When you do scald his Gums; a Voice; a Shadow;

And, what can this Man hurt you? *Cel.* Lord! what Spirit

Is this hath entred him? *Corv.* And for your fame,

That's such a Jig; as if I would go tell it,

Cry it on the *Piazza*! who shall know it;

But he that cannot speak it, and this Fellow,

Whose Lips are i' my Pocket: save your self,

If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other,

Should come to know it.

Cel.

Cel. Are Heaven, and Saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?

Corv. How? *Cel.* Good Sir
Be jealous still, emulate them : and think
What hate they burn with toward every Sin.

Corv. I grant you: If I thought it were a Sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuscan* Blood,
That had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his Prints,
Knew every quirk within luffs labyrinth,
And were profess Critick in Lechery;
And I would look up on him, and applaud him,
This were a Sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious Work, meer Charity for Physick,
And honest Polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O Heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?

Volp. Thou art mine honour *Mosca*, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go, bring 'em.

Mos. Please you draw near, Sir. *Corv.* Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? by that Light—

Mos. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to see you.

Volp. Oh. *Mos.* And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to prostitute —

Corv. Thanks, sweet *Mosca*.

Mos. (As the true fervent instance of his Love)
His own most fair and proper Wife; the Beauty,
Only of price, in *Venice*— *Corv.* 'Tis well urg'd.

Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.

Volp. Alas, I am past already! 'pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst Heaven;
Applying Fire to a Stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh)
Making a dead Leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless!
Will him to pray for me; and r'use his Fortune,
With reverence when he comes to't.

Mos. Do you hear, Sir?

Go to him, with your Wife. *Corv.* Heart of my Father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee come.

Thou

Thou seest 'tis nothing. *Celi.* By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down Poyson,
Eat burning Coals, do any thing— *Corv.* Be dam'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the Hair;
Cry thee a Strumpet through the Streets; rip up
Thy Mouth, unto thine Ears; and slit thy Nose,
Like a raw Rotchet— Do not tempt me, come.
Yield, I am loth— (Death) I will buy some Slave,
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my Window, hang you forth: devising
Some monstrous Crime, which I, in Capital Letters,
Will eat into thy Flesh with *Aqua fortis*,
And burning Cor'sives, on this stubborn Breast.
Now, by the Blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.

Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your Martyr.

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. Pr'ythee, Sweet;
(Good faith) thou shalt have Jewels, Gowns, Attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him,
Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my suit.
This once. No? not? I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me, thus? do you thirst my undoing?

Mos. Nay, gent'e Lady, be advis'd. *Corv.* No, no
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skirvy,
'Tis very skirvy: and you are— *Mos.* Nay, good Sir.

Corv. An errant Locust, by Heaven, a Locust. Whore,
Crocodile, that hast thy Tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Mos.* Nay, pray
you, Sir,

She will consider. *Cel.* Would my Life would serve
To satisfy. *Corv.* (S' death) if she would but speak to him,
And save my Reputation, 'twere somewhat;
But, spitefully to affect my utter ruin.

Mos. I, now you have put your Fortune in her Hands.
Why, i'faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her;
If you were absent she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What Woman can before her Husband? pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here. *Corv.* Sweet *Celia*;
Thou mayst redeem all, yet; I'll say no more:

If not, esteem your self as lost. Nay, stay there.

Cel. O God, and his good Angels! whether, whether
Is shame fled human Breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your Honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a Cause of Life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest Circumstance?
And Modesty an exile made, for Money?

Volp. I, in *Corvino*, and such Earth-fed Minds,

[*He leaps off from his Couch.*]

That never tasted the true Heav'n of love.

Assure thee, *Celia*, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his Part of Paradise
For ready Money, had he met a Cope-man.

Why art thou maz'd, to see me thus reviv'd?

Rather applaud thy Beauties Miracle;

'Tis thy great Work: that hath, not now alone,

But sundry times, rais'd me, in several Shapes,

And but this Morning, like a Mountebank,

To see thee at thy Window. I, before

I would have left my Practice, for thy love,

In varying Figures, I would have contented

With the blue *Proteus*, or the horned *Flood*.

Now art thou welcome. *Cel.* Sir! *Volp.* Nay, fly me not,

Nor, let thy false imagination

That I was Bed-rid, make thee think, I am so:

Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,

As hot, as high, and in as jovial Plight,

As when (in that so celebrated *Scene*,

At recitation of our *Comedy*,

For entertainment of the great *Valoys*)

I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted

The Eyes and Ears of all the Ladies, present,

T'admire each graceful Gesture, Note, and Footing.

S O N G.

Come, my *Celia*, let us prove,
While we can, the Sports of Love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;

Spend

Spend not then his Gifts in vain,
 Suns, that Set, may rise again:
 But if once we lose this Light,
 'Tis with us perpetual Night.
 Why should we defer our Joys?
 Fame and Rumour are but Toys.
 Cannot we delude the Eyes
 Of a few poor Household-spies?
 Or his easier Ears beguile,
 Thus removed by our Wile?
 'Tis no Sin Love's Fruits to steal;
 But the sweet Thefts to reveal:
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have Crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some *Serene* blast me, or dire Lightning strike
 This my offending Face. *Volp.* Why droops my *Celia*?
 Thou hast in place of a base Husband, found
 A worthy Lover: use thy Fortune well,
 With Secrecy and Pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art Queen of; not in expectation,
 As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
 See, here, a Rope of Pearl, and each, more Orient
 Than that the brave *Egyptian* Queen carous'd:
 Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
 May put out both the Eyes of our St. Mark;
 A Diamond would have brought *Laullia Paulina*,
 Whe she came in like Star-light hid with Jewels,
 That were the spoils of Provinces; take these,
 And wear, and lose 'em: yet remains an Ear-ring
 To purchase them again and this whole State.
 A Gem but worth a private Patrimony,
 Is nothing: we will eat such at a Meal.
 The Heads of Parrots, Tongues of Nightingales,
 The Brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches
 Shall be our Food: and could we get the Phoenix,
 (Though Nature lost her kind) she were our Dish.

Cel. Good Sir, these Things might move a Mind affected
 With such Delights; but I, whose Innocence
 Is all I can think wealthy, or worth the enjoying,
 And which once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
 Cannot be taken with these sensual Bait:

If you have Conscience— Vo'p. 'Tis the Beggars Vertue,
 It thou hast Wisdom, hear me, *Celia*,
 Thy Bathes shall be the juice of July-flowers,
 Spirit of Roses, and of Violets,
 The Milk of Unicorne, and Panthers Breath
 Gather'd in Bags, and mixt with *Cretan* Wines.
 Our drink shall be prepared Gold and Amber;
 Which we will take, until my Root whirl round
 With the *Vertigo*: and my Dwarf shall dance,
 My Eunuch sing, my Fool make up the Antick,
 Whilst we, in changed Shapes, act *Ovid's* Tales,
 Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*,
 Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine*:
 So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
 And wearied all the Fables of the Gods.
 Then wil I have thee in more modern Forms,
 Attired like some sprightly Dame of *France*,
 Brave *Tuscan* Lady, or proud *Spanish* Beauty;
 Sometimes, unto the *Persian* *Sophies* Wife;
 Or the Grand Signior's Mistress; and, for change,
 To one of our most artful Courtizans,
 Or some quick *Negro*, or cold *Russian*;
 And I will meet thee in as many Shapes:
 Where we may so transfuse our wandring Sou's,
 Out at our Lips, and score up Sums of Pleasures,
That the curious shall not know
How to tell them, as they flow;
And the Envious, when they find
What their Number is, be pind.

Cel. If you have Ears that will be pierc'd; or Eyes,
 That can be open'd; a Heart may be touch'd;
 Or any Part that yet sounds Man about you:
 If you have touch of Holy Saints, or Heaven,
 Do me the Grace to let me scape. If not,
 Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
 I am a Creature, hither ill betray'd,
 By one, whose shame I would forget it were;
 If you will deign me neither of these Graces,
 Yet feed your Wrath, Sir, rather than your Lust;
 (It is a Vice comes nearer Manliness)
 And punish that unhappy Crime of Nature,

Which

Which you miscall my Beauty: Flea my Face,
Or Poyson it, with Ointments, for seducing
Your Blood to this Rebellion. Rub these Hands,
With what may cause an eating Leprosie,
E'en to my Bones and Marrow: any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my Honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly Vows, Sir, for your Health,
Report, and think you vertuous— *Volp.* Thing me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?

That I had *Nestor's Hernia*, thou wouldst think,
I do degenerate, and abuse my Nation,
To play with Opportunity thus long:
I should have done the Act, and then have parlee'd,
Yield, or I'll force thee. *Cel.* O! just God. *Volp.* In vain—

Bon. Forbear, foul Ravisher, libidinous Swine,
Free the forc'd Lady, or thou dy'st, Impostor.

[*He leaps out from where Mosca had placed him.*]

But that I am loth to snatch the Punishment
Out of the hand of Justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely Sacrifice of Vengeance,
Before this Altar, and this Dross, thy Idol.
Lady, let's quit the Place; it is the Den
Of Villany; fear nought, you have a Guard:
And he, e're long, shall meet his just Reward.

Volp. Fall on me, Roof, and bury me in Ruin;
Become my Grave, that wert my Shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to Beggary, to Infamy—

Mosca, Volpone.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched Shame of Men,
To beat out my unlucky Brains. *Volp.* Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed? *Mos.* O that his well driv'n Sword
Had been so covetous to have cleft me down
Unto the Navel, e're I liv'd to see
My Life, my Hopes, my Spirits, my Patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my Error.

Volp. Wo on thy Fortune. *Mos.* And my Follies, Sir. A

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable. *Mos.* And my self, Sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearkned so?

Volp. What shall we do? *Mos.* I know not, if my Heart
Could:

Could expiate the Mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my Throat?
And I'll requite you, Sir. Let's die like *Romans*,
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*.

Volp. Hark, who's there? [*They knock without.*]
I hear some Footing; Officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the Brand
Hissing already at my Forehead; now
Mine Ears are boring. *Mos.* To your Couch, Sir, you
Make that Place good however. Guilty Men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior *Corbaccio*!

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, *Mosca*?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, Sir!
Your Son (I know not by what Accident)
Acquainted with your Purpose to my Patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your Heir,
Entred our House with Violence, his Sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you Wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me? *Mos.* Yes, and my Patron.

Corb. This Act shall disinherit him indeed;
Here is the Will. *Mos.* 'Tis wel, Sir. *Corb.* Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me. *Mos.* My Life, Sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?

Mos. I fear, he'll out-last May.

Corb. To Day? *Mos.* No, last out May, Sir.

Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a Dram?

Mos. O, by no means, Sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you. *Volt.* This is a Knave, I see.

Mos. How, Signior *Volsore*? Did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite.

Mos. Who's that? O, Sir, most timely welcome—

Volt. Scarce, to the Discovery of your Tricks, I fear.
You are his only? and mine also? are you not?

Mos. Who? I, Sir! *Volt.* You, Sir. What Device is this
About a Will? *Mos.* A Plot for you, Sir. *Volt.* Come,
Put not your Foists upon me, I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it? —

Volt. Yes, I hear, *Corbaccio*

Hath

Hath made your Patron there his Heir. *Mos.* 'Tis true,
 By my Device, drawn to it by my Plot,
 With hope ——— *Vol.* Your Patron should reciprocate?
 And you have promis'd? *Mos.* For your good, I did, Sir.
 Nay more, I told his Son, brought, hid him here,
 Where he might hear his Father pass the Deed;
 Being perswaded to it by this Thought, Sir,
 That the unnaturalness, first, of the Act,
 And then his Father's oft disclaiming in him,
 (Which I did mean t'help on) would sure enrage him
 To do some Violence upon his Parent,
 On which the Law should take sufficient hold,
 And you be stat'd in a double Hope:
 Truth be my Comfort, and my Conscience,
 My only Aim was to dig you a Fortune
 Out of these two old rotten Sepulchers——

(*Vol.* I cry thee Mercy, *Mosca.*)

Mos. Worth your Patience,
 And your great Merit, Sir. And see the Change!

Vol. Why, what Success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, Sir.
 Whilst we expected th' old Raven, in comes
Corvino's Wife, sent hither by her Husband——

Vol. What, with a Present?

Mos. No, Sir, on Visitation:
 (I'll tell you how anon) and staying long,
 The Youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
 Seizeth the Lady, wounds me, makes her swear
 (Or he would murder her, that was his Vow)
 T'affirm my Patron to have done her Rape:
 Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence
 With that Pretext he's gone t'accuse his Father,
 Defame my Patron, defeat you ——

Vol. Where's her Husband?

Let him be sent for streight. *Mos.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Vol. Bring him to the *Scrutino*. *Mos.* Sir, I will.

Vol. This must be stop't. *Mos.* O, you do nobly, Sir.
 Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your good;
 Nor was there want of Counsel in the Plot:
 But Fortune can, at any time o'erthrow
 The Projects of a hundred Learned Clerks, Sir.

Corb. What's that?

Volt. Will't please you, Sir, to go along?

Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our Success.

Volp. Need makes Devotion: Heavens your labour bless.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. I Told you, Sir, it was a Plot; you see
What Observation is. You mention'd me

For some Instructions: I will tell you, Sir,
(Since we are met here in this Height of Venice)

Some few Particulars, I have set down,
Only for this Meridian, fit to be known

Of your crude Traveller; and they are these.

I will not touch, Sir, at your Phrase, or Clothes,

For they are old. *Per.* Sir, I have better. *Pol.*ardon,

I mean, as they are Themes. *Per.* O, Sir, proceed:

I'll slander you no more of Wit, good Sir.

Pol. First, for your Garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserv'd and lock'd; not tell a Secret

On any Terms, not to your Father; scarce

A Fable, but with Caution: Make sure choice

Both of your Company, and Discourse; beware

You never speak a Truth-- *Per.* How. *Pol.* Not to strangers,

For those be they you must converse with most:

Others I would not know, Sir, but at Distance,

So as I still might be a Saver in e'm:

You shall have Tricks else pass'd upon you Hourly.

And then, for your Religion, profess none,

But wonder at the Diversity of all;

And, for your Part, protest, were there no other

But simply the Laws o' th' Land, you could content you.

Nic. Machiavel, and Monsieur Bodine, both

Were of this Mind. Then must you learn the Use

And handling of your Silver Fork at Meals,

The Metal of your Glass: (these are main Matters

With your Italian) and to know the Hour

When you must eat your Melons and your Figs.

Per.

Per. Is that a Point of State too? *Pol.* Here it is:
For your *Venetian* if he see a Man
Prepost'rous in the least, he has him strait;
He has; he strips him I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis some fourteen Months)
Within the first Week of my Landing here,
All took me for a Citizen of *Venice*,
I knew the Forms so well — *Per.* And nothing else.

Pol. I had read *Contareno*, took me a House,
Dealt with my *Jews* to furnish it with Moveables —
Well, if I could but find one Man. One Man
To mine own Heart, whom I durst trust, I would —

Per. What? what, Sir?

Pol. Make him rich; make him a Fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.

Per. As how? *Pol.* With certain Projects that I have,
Which I may not discover. *Per.* If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay Odds now,
He tells me instantly. *Pol.* One is, (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the State
Of *Venice* with red Herrings for three Years,
And at a certain Rate, from *Rotterdam*,
Where I have Correspondence. There's a Letter,
Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that Purpose;
He cannot write his Name, but that's his Mark.

Per. He is a Chandler. *Pol.* No, a Cheesmonger.
There are some others too, with whom I treat
About the same Negotiation;
And I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: Your Hoy
Carries but three Men in her, and a Boy;
And she shall make me three Returns a Year:
So if there come but One of Three, I save;
If two, I can Defalk: But this is now,
If my main Project fail. *Per.* Then you have others?

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil Air
Of such a Place, without my thousand Aims.
I'll not Dissemble, Sir; where e'er I come,
I love to be Considerative; and, 'tis true,
I have at my free Hours thought upon
Some certain Goods unto the State of *Venice*,

Which I do call my Cautions; and, Sir, which I mean (in hope of Pension) to propound To the Great Counsel, then unto the Forty So to the Ten. My Means are made already——

Per. By whom?

Pol. Sir, that though his Place b' obscure, Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's A *Commandadore*. *Per.* What a common Serjeant?

Pol. Sir, such as they are, put it in their Mouths, What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater. I think I have my Notes to shew you—— *Per.* Good Sir.

Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on your Gentry, Not to anticipate—— *Per.* I, Sir? *Pol.* Nor reveal A Circumstance—— My Paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Pol.* My first is Concerning Tinder-boxes. You must know, No Family is here without its Box.

Now, Sir, it being so portable a Thing, Put case, that you or I were ill affected Unto the State, Sir, with it in our Pockets, Might not I go into the *Arsenal*,

Or you, come out again, and none the wiser?

Per. Except your self, Sir. *Pol.* Go to then. I therefore Advertise to the State, how fit it were, That none but such as were known Patriots, Sound Lovers of their Country, should be suffer'd To enjoy them in their Houses; and even those Seal'd at some Office, and at such a bigness As might not lurk in Pockets. *Per.* Admirable!

Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be resolv'd, By present Demonstration, whether a Ship, Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from Any suspected Part of all the *Levant*, Be guilty of the Plague: And where they use To lie out forty, fifty Days sometimes, About the *Lazaretto*, for their Trial,

I'll save that Charge and Loss into the Merchant, And in an Hour clear the Doubt. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?

Pol. Or—— I will lose my Labour.

Per. My faith, that's much.

Pol. Nay, Sir, conceive me, 'Twill cost me, in Onions, Some

Some thirty *Livres* — *Per.* Which is one Pound *Sterling*.

Pol. Beside my Water-works: For this I do, Sir.

First, I bring in your Ship 'twixt two Brick-walls;

(But those the State shall venture) on the one

I strain me a fair Tarpaulin, and in that

I stick my Onions, cut in halves; the other

Is full of Loop-holes, out at which I thrust

The Noses of my Bellows; and those Bellows

I keep, with Water-works, in perpetual Motion,

(Which is the easiest Matter of a hundred)

Now, Sir, your Onion, which doth naturally

Attract th' Infection, and your Bellows blowing

The Air upon him, will shew (instantly)

By his chang'd Colour, if there be Contagion,

Or else remain as Fair as at the first.

Now 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Per.* You are right, Sir.

Pol. I would I had my Note. *Per.* Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, Sir. *Pol.* Were I false,

Or would be made so, I could shew you Reasons

How I could sell this State now to the *Turk*,

Spite of their Gallies, or their — *Per.* Pray you, Sir *Pol.*

Pol. I have 'em not about me. *Per.* That I fear'd;

They are there, Sir. *Pol.* No, this is my *Diary*,

Wherein I note my Actions of the Day.

Per. Pray you, let's see, Sir. What is here? *Notandum*—

A Rat had gnawn my Spur-leathers; notwithstanding,

I put on new, and did go forth: but first

I threw three Beans over the Threshold. *Item*,

I went and bought two Tooth-picks, whereof one

I burst immediately, in a Discourse

With a *Dutch* Merchant, 'bout *Ragion del Stato*.

From him I went, and paid a *Moccinigo*

For piecing my Silk Stockings; by the way

I cheapned Sprats; and at St. *Mark's* I urin'd.

'Faith, these are Politick Notes! *Pol.* Sir, I do slip

No Action of my Life thus, but I quote it.

Per. Believe me, it is wise! *Pol.* Nay, Sir, read forth;

Lady, Natio, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lad. Where should this loose Knight be trow? Sure he's

Nan. Why, then he's fast.

(Hous'd.)

Lad. I, he plays both with me;

I pray you stay. This Heat will do more harm

To.

To my Complexion, than his Heart is worth. (I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)

How it comes off! *Wom.* My Master's yonder. *Lad.* Where?

Wom. With a young Gentleman.

Lad. That same's the Party!

In Man's Apparel. Pray you, Sir, jog my Knight:

I will be tender to his Reputation,

However he demerit. *Pol.* My Lady! *Per.* Where?

Pol. 'Tis she indeed, Sir; you shall know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a Lady of that Merit,

For Fashion and Behaviour; and for Beauty

I durst compare— *Per.* It seems you are not jealous,

That dare commend her. *Pol.* Nay, and for Discourse—

Per. Being your Wife, she cannot miss that. *Pol.* Madam,

Here is a Gentleman, pray you use him fairly;

He seems a Youth, but he is— *Lad.* None. *Pol.* Yes, one

Has put his Face as soon unto the World—

Lad. You mean, as early? but to Day? *Pol.* How's this!

Lad. Why in this Habit, Sir, you apprehend me.

Well, Master *Would-be*, this doth not become you;

I had thought, the Odour, Sir, of your good Name

Had been more precious to you; that you would not

Have done this dire Massacre on your Honour;

One of your Gravity, and Rank besides!

But Knights, I see, care little for the Oath—

They make to Ladies; chiefly, their own Ladies.

Pol. Now, by my Spurs, (the Symbol of my Knighthood)

(*Per.* Lord, how his Brain is humbled for an Oath!)

Pol. I reach you not. *Lad.* Right, Sir, your Politic

May bear it through thus. Sir, a Word with you.

I would be loth to contest publicly

With any Gentlewoman, or to seem

Froward, or violent, (as the Courtier says)

It comes too near Rusticity in a Lady,

Which I would shun by all Means; and however

I may deserve from Master *Would-be*, yet

'T have one fair Gentlewoman thus be made

Th' unkind Instrument to wrong another,

And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;

In my poor Judgment, is not warranted

From being a *Solacism* in our Sex,

It not in Manners. *Per.* How is this! *Pol.* Sweet Madam,
Come nearer to your Aim. *Lad.* Marry, and I will, Sir.
Since you provoke me with your Impudence,
And Laughter of your Land-Syren here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite*— *Per.* What's here?
Poetick Fury, and Historick Storms!

Pol. The Gentleman, believe it, is of Worth,
And of our Nation. *Lad.* I, your *White-Fryars* Nation?
Come, I blush for you Master *Would-be*, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more Forehead,
Than thus to be the Patron, or Saint George,
To a lewd Harlot, a base Fricatrice,
A Female Devil, in a Male Out-side. *Pol.* Nay,
And you be such a one, I must bid Adieu
To your Delights. The Case appears too liquid.

Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your State-face!
But for your Carnival Concupiscence,
Who here is fled for Liberty of Conscience,
From furious Persecution of the Marshal,
Her Will I disc'ple. *Per.* This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your Wits Exercise, 'gainst you have Occasion?
Madam—— *Lad.* Go to, Sir.

Per. Do you hear me, Lady?
Why, if your Knight have set you to beg Shirts,
Or to invite me Home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far. *Lad.* This cannot work you
Out of my Snare. *Per.* Why? am I in it, then?
Indeed your Husband told me, you were Fair,
And so you are; only your Nose inclines
(That Side that's next the Sun) to the Queen apple.

Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any Patience.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What's the Matter, Madam? *Lad.* If the Senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em,
To all the World, no *Aristocracy*.

Mos. What is the Injury, Lady? *Lad.* Why, the Callet
You told me of, here I have tane disguis'd.

Mos. Who? this? what means your Ladyship? the
Creature

I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,

Before

Before the Senate; you shall see her——*Lad.* Where?

Mof. I'll bring you to her. This young Gentleman, I saw him land this Morning at the Port.

Is't possible! how was my Judgment wander'd!

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;

And plead your Pardon? *Per.* What, more Changes yet?

Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the Malice to remember

A Gentlewoman's Passion. If you stay

In *Venice* here, please you to use me, Sir——

Mof. Will you go, Madam?

Lad. 'Pray you, Sir, use me: In faith,

The more you see me, the more I shall conceive

You have forgot our Quarrel. *Per.* This is rare!

Sir *Politick Would-be*? No, Sir *Politick Bawd*!

To bring me thus acquainted with his Wife!

Well, wise Sir *Pol.* since you have practis'd thus

Upon my Freshman-ship, I'll try your Salt-head,

What Proof it is against a Counter-plot.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Vols. Well, now you know the Carriage of the Business, Your Constancy is all that is requir'd

Unto the Safety of it. *Mof.* Is the Lie

Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?

Knows every Man his Burden?

Corv. Yes. *Mof.* Then shrink not.

Corv. But knows the Advocate the Truth? *Mof.* O, Sir,

By no means. I devis'd a formal Tale,

That salv'd your Reputation. But be valiant, Sir.

Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his Pleading

Should make him stand for a Co-heir——*Mof.* Co-halter!

Hang him, we will but use his Tongue, his Noise,

As we do Croakers here. *Corv.* I, what shall he do?

Mof. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corv. Yes. *Mof.* Why, we'll think:

Sell him for *Mummia*, he's half Dust already.

Do you not smile, to see this *Buffalo*

[To *Voltore*.]

How he doth sport it with his Head?——I should

If all were well, and past. Sir, only you

[To *Corbaccio*.]

Are he that shall enjoy the Crop of all,

And these not know for whom they toil. *Corb.* I peace.

Mof.

Mos. But you shall eat it. [To Corvino.
Much Worshipful Sir, [Then to Voltore again.

Mercury sit upon your thundring Tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your Language
As conquering as his Club, to beat along
(As with a Tempest) flat, our Adversaries;
But much more yours, Sir. Volt. Here they come, ha' done,

Mos. I have another witness, if you need, Sir.
I can produce. Volt. Who is it? Mos. Sir I have her.
Avocatori 4. Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino,
Mosca, Notario, Commandadori.

Avoc. The like of this the Senate never heard of.

Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them, when we
report it.

Avoc. 4. The Gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unproved Name. Avoc. 3. So the young Man.

Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his Father.

Avoc. 2. More of the Husband. Avoc. 1. I not know to
His Act a Name, it is so monstrous! [give

Avoc. 4. But the Impostor, he is a thing created
T' exceed Example! Avoc. 1. And all after-times!

Avoc. 2. I never heard a true Voluptuary
Describ'd, but him. Avoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?

Nota. All but the old Magnifico, Volpone.

Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your Fatherhoods,
Here is his Advocate: Himself's so weak,
So feeble—Avoc. 4. What are you?

Bon. His Parasite,
His Knave, his Pandar: I beseech the Court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave Eyes
May bear strong Witness of his strange Impostures.

Volt. Upon my Faith and Credit, with your Vertues;
He is not able to endure the Air.

Avoc. 2. Bring him, however.

Avoc. 3. We will see him. Avoc. 4. Fetch him.

Volt. Your Fatherhoods sit Pleasures be obey'd;
But sure, the Sight will rather move your Pities,
Than Indignation: May it please the Court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this Place most void of Prejudice,

And

And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our Truth should hurt our Cause.

Avoc. 3. Speak free.

Vols. Then know, most honoured Fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused Ears
The most prodigious and most frontless Piece
Of solid Impudence, and Treachery,
That ever vicious Nature yet brought forth,
To shame the State of *Venice*. This lewd Woman
(That wants no artificial Looks, or Tears,
To help the Vizard she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close Adulteress
To that lascivious Youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the Act
With him; and by this Man, the easie Husband,
Pardon'd; whose timely Bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent Person
That ever Man's own Goodness made accus'd.
For these, not knowing how to owe a Gift
Of that dear Grace, but with their Shame; being plac'd
So, above all Powers of their Gratitude,
Began to hate the Benefit; and, in Place
Of Thanks, devise t' extirp the Memory
Of such an Act: Wheein I pray your Fatherhoods
T' observe the Malice, yea, the Rage of Creatures,
Discover'd in their Evils, and what Heart
Such take, even from their Crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This Gentleman, the Father,
Hearing of this foul Fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his two tender Ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a Parent, (his Son's Ills
Growing to that strange Flood) at last decreed
To disinheric him. *Avoc. 1.* These be strange Turns!

Avoc. 2. The young Mans Fame was ever fair and honest.

Vols. So much more full of danger is his Vice,
That can beguile so, under shade of Vertue.
But, as I said, (my honour'd Sirs) his Father
Having this settled Purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this Day
Appointed for the Deed; that Parricide,

(I cannot stile him better) by Confederacy
 Preparing this his Paramour to be there,
 Entred *Volpone's* House, (who was the Man,
 Your Fatherhoods must understand, design'd
 For the Inheritance) there, sought his Father:
 But with what Purpose fought he him, my Lords?
 (I tremble to pronounce it, that a Son
 Unto a Father, and to such a Father,
 Should have so foul, felonious Intent
 It was to murder him: When, being prevented
 By his more happy Absence, what then did he?
 Not check his wicked Thoughts; no, now new Deeds;
 (Mischief doth ever End where it begins)
 An Act of horreur, Fathers! He dragg'd forth
 The aged Gentleman, that had there lien Bed-rid
 Three Years and more, out of his innocent Couch,
 Naked, upon the Floor, there left him; wounded
 His Servant in the Face, and, with this Strumpet,
 The Stale to his forg'd Practice, who was glad
 To be so Active, (I shall here desire
 Your Fatherhoods to note but my Collections,
 As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
 His Father's Ends, discredit his free Choice
 In the old Gentleman, redeem themselves,
 By laying Infamy upon this Man,
 To whom, with blushing, they should owe their Lives.

Avoc. 1. What Proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honour'd Fathers,

I humbly crave, there be no Credit given
 To this Man's mercenary Tongue. *Avoc.* 2. Forbear.

Bon. His Soul moves in his Fee.

Avoc. 3. O, Sir. *Bon.* This Fellow,
 For six *Soux* more, would plead against his Maker.

Avoc. 1. You do forget your self.

Volt. Nay, nay, Grave Fathers,
 Let him have scope: Can any Man imagine
 That he will spare his Accuser, that would not
 Have spar'd his Parent?

Avoc. 1. Well, produce your Proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a Creature.

Kolt. Signior Corbaccia.

Avoc. 4.

Avoc. 4. What is he? *Vol.* The Father.

Avoc. 2. Has he had an Oath?

Not. Yes. *Corb.* What must I do now?

Not. Your Testimony's crav'd.

Corb. Speak to the Knave?

I'll ha' my Mouth first stopt with Earth? my Heart
Abhors his Knowledge: I disclaim in him.

Avoc. 1. But for what Cause?

Corb. The meer portent of Nature:

He is an utter Stranger to my Loins.

Bon. Have they made you to this?

Corb. I will not hear thee,

Monster of Men, Swine, Goat, Wolf, Parricide,
Speak not, thou Viper. *Bon.* Sir, I will sit down,
And rather with my Innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the Authority of a Father.

Vol. Signior Corvino.

Avoc. 2. This is strange! *Avoc.* 1. Who's this?

Not. The Husband. *Avoc.* 4. Is he sworn?

Not. He is. *Avoc.* 3. Speak then.

Corv. This Woman (please your Fatherhoods) is a
Whore,

Of most hot Exercise, more than a Patrich,
Upon Record— *Avoc.* 1. No more.

Corv. Neighs like a Jennet.

Not. Preserve the Honour of the Court. *Corv.* I shall,
And Modesty of your most reverend Ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these Eyes
Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of Cedar,
That fine well-timber'd Gallant; and that here
The Letters may be read, thorow the Horn,
That make the Story perfect. *Mos.* Excellent! Sir.

Corv. There is no Shame in this now, is there?

Mos. None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward
To her Damnation, if there be a Hell
Greater than Whore, and Woman; a good Catholick
May make the Doubt.

Avoc. 3. His Grief hath made him frantick.

Avoc. 1. Remove him hence:

Avoc. 2. Look to the Woman.

[She swoons.
Corv.

Corv. Rare! prettily feign'd! again!

1. voc. 4. Stand from about her.

Avoc. 1. Give her the Air.

Avoc. 3. What can you say? *Mof.* My Wound
(May't please your Wifdoms) speaks for me receiv'd
In Aid of my good Patron, when he mist
His sought for Father, when that well taught Dame
Had her Cue given her, to cry out, a Rape.

Bon. O, most laid Impudence! Fathers——

Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent;

You had your Hearing free, so must they theirs.

Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' Imposture here.

Avoc. 4. This Woman has too many Moods.

Volt. Grave Fathers,

She is a Creature of a most profest
And prostituted Lewdness. *Corv.* Most impetuous!
Unsatisfied, Grave Fathers! *Volt.* May her Feignings
Not take your Wifdoms: But this Day she baird
A Stranger, a grave Knight, with her loose Eyes,
And more lascivious Kiffes. This Man saw 'em
Together on the Water, in a Gondola.

Mof. Here is the Lady her self, that saw 'em too,
Without; who then had in the open Streets
Pursu'd them, but for saving her Knights Honour.

Avoc. 1. Produce that Lady.

Avoc. 2. Let her come. *Avoc.* 4. These things,
They strike with Wonder. *Avoc.* 2. I am turn'd a Stone.

Mofca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mof. Be resolute, Madam. *Lad.* I, this time is she.
Out, thou Chamelion Harlot; now thine Eyes
Vie Tears with the Hyana: Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged Face? I cry your Pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) transgress'd
Against the Dignity of the Court——*Avoc.* 2. No, Madam,

Lad. And been exorbitant——

Avoc. 2. You have not, Lady.

Avoc. 4. These Proofs are strong.

Lad. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your Honours, or my Sexes.

Avoc. 3. We do believe it.

Lad.

Lad. Surely, you may believe it.

Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.

Lad. Indeed you may; my Breeding
Is not so Course—*Avoc.* 4. We know it. *Lad.* To offend
With Pertinacy—*Avoc.* 3. Lady. *Lad.* Such a Presence!
No surely. *Avoc.* 1. We well think it.

Lad. You may think it.

Avoc. 1. Let her overcome. What Witnesses have you,
To make good your Report? *Bon.* Our Consciences.

Cel. And Heav'n, that never fails the Innocent.

Avoc. 4. These are no Testimonies.

Bon. Not in your Courts,

Where Multitude and Clamour overcomes.

Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Vol. Here, here, [*Volpone is brought in as impotent.*]
The Testimony comes that will convince,
And put to utter Dumbness their bold Tongues.
See here, Grave Fathers, here's the Ravisher,
The Rider on Mens Wives, the great Impostor,
The grand Voluptuary! Do you not think
These Limbs should affect Venery? or these Eyes
Covet a Concubine? Pray you mark these Hands:
Are they not fit to stroke a Ladies Breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble? *Bon.* So he does.

Vol. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bon. I would have him prov'd.

Vol. Best try him then with Coads, or burning Irons;
Put him to the Strappado: I have heard
The Rack hath cur'd the Gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a Malady, be Courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd Fathers,
He shall have yet as many left Diseases,
As she has known Adulteries, or thou Strumpets.
O, my most equal Hearers, if these Deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant Strain,
May pass with Sufferance, what one Citizen
But owes the Forfeit of his Life, yea, Fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you
Are safe, my honour'd Fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave Fatherhoods) if their Plot
Have any Face or Colour like to Truth?

Of,

Or, if, unto the dullest Nostril here,
 It smell not rank, and most abhorred Slander?
 I crave your care of this good Gentleman,
 Whose Life is much endanger'd by their Fables;
 And as for them, I will conclude with this,
 That vicious Persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
 In impious Acts, their Constancy abounds:
 Damn'd Deeds are done with greatest Confidence.

Avoc. 1. Take 'em to Custody, and sever them.

Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such Prodigies should live.

Avoc. 1. Let the old Gentleman be return'd with care:
 I'm sorry our Credulity wrong'd him.

Avoc. 4. These are two Creatures!

Avoc. 3. I have an Earthquake in me.

Avoc. 2. Their shame (ev'n in their Cradles) fled their
 Faces.

Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy Service to the State, Sir,
 In their Discovery. *Avoc.* 1. You shall hear, e're Night,
 What Punishment the Court decrees upon 'em.

Volt. We thank your Fatherhoods.

How like you it? *Mos.* Rare.

I'd ha' your Tongue, Sir, tipt with Gold for this;

I'd ha' you be the Heir to the whole City;

The Earth I'd have want Men, e're you want Living;

They're bound to erect your Statue in St. Marks.

Signior Corvine, I would have you go

And shew your self, that you have conquer'd. *Corv.* Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should profess

Your self a Cuckold thus, than that the other

Should have been prov'd. *Corv.* Nay, I consider'd that:

Now it is her Fault. *Mos.* Then it had been yours.

Corv. True, I do doubt this Advocate still. *Mos.* I' faith

You need not, I dare ease you of that Care.

Corv. I trust thee, *Mosca.*

Mos. As your own Soul, Sir. *Corb.* *Mosca.*

Mos. Now for your Business, Sir.

Corb. How? ha' you Business?

Mos. Yes, yours, Sir. *Corb.* O, none else?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be caretul then.

Mos. Rest you with both your Eyes, Sir.

Corb.

Corb. Dispatch it. *Mos.* Instantly.

Corb. And look that all,

Whatever, be put in Jewels, Plate, Moneys,
Household-stuff, Bedding, Curtains, *Mos.* Curtain-rings,
Sir.

Only the Advocate's Fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it. *Corb.* Two *Cecchines* is well.

Mos. No, Six, Sir. *Corb.* 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while;

You must consider that, Sir. *Corb.* Well, there's Three—

Mos. I'll give it him. *Corb.* Do so, and there's for thee

Mos. Bountiful Bones! What horrid strange Offence,

Did he commit 'gainst Nature in his Youth,

Worthy this Age? You see, Sir, how I work

Unto your Ends: take you no Notice. *Vol.* No,

I'll leave you. *Mos.* All is yours, the Devil and all:

Good Advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lad. No, I'll go see your Patron.

Mos. That you shall not:

I'll tell you why. My Purpose is to urge,

My Patron to reform his Will; and for

The Zeal you have shewn to Day, whereas before

You were but third or fourth, you shall be now

Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd,

If you were Present. Therefore,——— *Lad.* You shall
fway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Volpone.

Vol. **W**ELL, I am here, and all this Brunt is past:

I ne'er was in Dislike with my Disguise

Till this fled Moment; here 'twas good in Private;

But in your publick *Cave* whilst I breathe.

Fore God, my Left Leg 'gan to have the Cramp,

And I apprehended strait some Power had struck me

With a dead Palfie: Well I must be merry,

And

And shake it off. A many of these Fears
 Would put me into some villanous Disease,
 Should they comethick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
 Give me a Bowl of lusty Wine, to fright
 This Humour from my Heart; (Hum, hum, hum,)
 [He Drinks.]

'Tis almost gone already: I shall conquer
 Any Device now, of rare ingenious Knavery,
 That would possess me with a violent Laughter,
 Would make me up again. So, so, so, so, [Drinks again]
 This Heat is Life; 'tis Blood by this time: Mosca!

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

Mos. How now, Sir? does the Day look clear again?
 Are we recover'd, and wrought out of Error,
 Into our Way, to see our Path before us?
 Is our Trade free once more? *Volp.* Exquisite *Mosca!*

Mos. Was it not carried learnedly? *Volp.* And stoutly.
 Good Wits are greatest in Extremities.

Mos. It were a Folly, beyond Thought, to trust
 Any grand Act unto a cowardly Spirit:
 You are not taken with it enough methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the Wench:
 The Pleasure of all Woman-kind's not like it.

Mos. Why now you speak, Sir. We must here be fixt;
 Here we must rest; this is our Master-piece:
 We cannot think to go beyond this. *Volp.* True,
 Thou hast plaid thy Prize, my precious *Mosca.* *Mos.* Nay,
 Sir,

To gull the Court—*Volp.* And quite divert the Torrent
 Upon the innocent. *Mos.* Yes, and to make
 So rare a Musick out of Discords—*Volp.* Right.
 That yet to me's the strangest! how th' hast born it!
 That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)
 Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,
 Or doubt their own Side. *Mos.* True, they will not see't;
 Too much Light blinds 'em. I think each of 'em
 Is so possess'd and stuff'd with his own Hopes,
 That any thing unto the contrary,
 Never so True, or never so Apparent
 Never so Palpable, they will resist it——

Volp. Like a Temptation of the Devil. *Mos.* Right, Sir.
 Merchants

Merchants may talk of Trade, and your great Signiors
Of Land that yields well; but if *Italy*
Have any Glebe more fruitful than these Fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your Advocate rare?

Volp. O (My most honour'd Fathers, my grave Fathers,
Under Correction of your Fatherhoods,
What Face of Truth is here? if these strange Deeds
May pass, most honour'd Fathers——) I had much ado
To forbear Laughing. *Mos.* 'T seem'd to me, you sweat,
Sir.

Volp. In troth I did a little. *Mos.* But confess, Sir,
Were you not daunted! *Volp.* In good faith, I was
A little in a Mist, but not dejected;
Never but still my self. *Mos.* I think it, Sir.
Now (so Truth help me) I must needs say this; Sir,
And out of Conscience, for your Advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, Sir, and deserv'd
(In my poor Judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, Sir) very richly——
Well—to be cozen'd. *Volp.* Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter End.

Mos. O, but before, Sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain Heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement Figures—— I look'd still
When he would shift a Shirt; and doing this
Out of pure Love, no hope of Gain—— *Volp.* 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, *Mosca*, as I would
Not yet; but at thy Sake, at thy Entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mos. Good, Sir. *Volp.* Call the Dwarf
And Eunuch forth.

Mos. *Castrone, Nano.* *Nan.* Here.

Volp. Shall we have a Jig, now?

Mos. What you please, Sir. *Volp.* Go,
Strait give out about the Streets, you two,
That I am Dead; do it with Constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the Grief
Of this late Slander.

Mos. What do you mean, Sir? *Volp.* O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,

Raven,

Raven, come flying hither, (on the News)
To peck for Carrion, my She-Wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of Expectation——

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their Mouths?

Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on a Gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine Heir;
Shew 'em a Will: Open that Chest and reach
Forth one of those that has the Blanks; I'll strait
Put in thy Name. *Mos.* It will be rare, S.r. *Volp.* I,
When they ev'n gaze, and find themselves deluded——

Mos. Yes. *Volp.* And thou use them scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy Gown.

Mos. But what, Sir, if they ask
After the Body? *Volp.* Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say, it stunk, Sir; and was fain to have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any Thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my
Will.

Get thee a Cap, a Count-book, Pen and Ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An Inventory of Parcels: I'll get up
Behind the Curtain, on a Stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what Degrees their Blood doth leave their Faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare Meal of Laughter.

Mos. Your Advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

Volp. It will take off his Oratories edge.

Mos. But your *Clarissimo*, old Round-back, he
Will crump you, like a Hog-louse, with the Touch.

Volp. And what *Corvino*? *Mos.* O Sir, look for him,
To Morrow-morning, with a Rope and a Dagger,
To visit all the Streets; he must run mad.
My Lady too, that came into the Court,
To bear False-witness for your Worship——*Volp.* Yes,
And kits me 'fore the Fathers, when my Face
Flow'd all with Oils.

Mos. And sweat, Sir. Why your Gold
Is such another Med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive Savours: it transforms
The most Deformed, and restores 'em Lovely,
As 'twere the strange Poetical Girdle. *Jove*

[*Cestus.*
Could

Could not invent t' himself a Shroud more subtle
To pass *Acrisius*, Guards. It is the Thing
Makes all the World her Grace, her Youth, her Beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me. *Mos.* Who? the Lady, Sir?
She's Jealous of you. *Volp.* Dost thou say so? *Mos.* Hark,
There's some already. *Volp.* Look. *Mos.* It is the Vulture;
He has the quickest Scent. *Volp.* I'll to my Place,
Thou to thy Posture. *Mos.* I am set. *Volp.* But *Mosca*,
Play the Artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

Volpore, Mosca, Corrobaccio, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

Volp. How now, my *Mosca*? *Mos.* Turkey Carpets, nine—

Volp. Taking an Inventory? That is well.

Mos. Two Sutes of Bedding, Tissue——

Volp. Where's the Will?

Let me read that the while. *Corb.* So, set me down,
And get you Home. *Volp.* Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of Cloth of Gold, two more——

Corb. Is it done, *Mosca*?

Mos. Of several Velvets, eight——

Volp. I like his Care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Corv. Ha? is the Hour come, *Mosca*?

Volp. I now they muster.

[*Volpone* peeps from behind a Traverse,

Corv. What does the Advocate here,
Or this *Corbaccio*?

Corb. What do these here? *Lad.* *Mosca*?

Is his Thread spun? *Mos.* Eight Chests of Linnen——

Volp. O,

My Fine Dame *Would-be* too! *Corv.* *Mosca*, the Will,
That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mos. Six Chests of Diaper, four of Damask—— There.

Corb. Is that the Will?

Mos. Down Beds and Bolsters—— *Volp.* Rare!

Be busie still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift Eyes run over the long Deed.

Unto the Name, and to the Legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there——

Mos. Ten Sutes of Hangings——

Volp. I, i' their Garters, *Mosca*. Now their Hopes

Are

Are at the gasp. *Volp.* *Mosca* the Heir!

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My Advocate is dumb; look to my Merchant,
He has heard of some strange Storm, a Ship is lost,
He faints; my Lady will swoon. Old Glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his Despair yet. *Corb.* All these
Are out of hope; I'm sure the Man. *Corv.* But *Mosca*——

Mosf. Two Cabinets——

Corv. Is this in earnest? *Mosf.* One.

Of Ebony—— *Corv.* Or do you but delude me?

Mosf. The other, Mother of Pearl—— I am very busy,
Good faith, it is a Fortune thrown upon me——

Item, one Salt of Agat—— not my seeking.

Lad. Do you hear, Sir?

Mosf. A perfum'd Box—— 'Pray you forbear,
You see I am troubled—— made of an *Onyx*——

Lad. How!

Mosf. To morrow or next day I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.

Corv. Is this my large Hopes Issue?

Lad. Sir, I must have a fairer Answer. *Mosf.* Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'Pray you, fairly quit my House.

Nay, raise no Tempest with your Looks; but heark you,
Remember what your Ladyship offer'd me

To put you in an Heir; go to, think on't:

And what you said e'en your best Madams did

For Maintenance; and why not you? Enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir *Pol.* your Knight well,
For fear I tell some Riddles: Go, be melancholy.

Volp. O, my fine Devil!

Corv. *Mosca*, 'pray you a word.

Mosf. Lord! will not you take your Dispatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you should have been th' Example.

Why should you stay here? with what thought, what
promise?

Hear you? do you not know, I know you an As?

And that you would most fain have been a Wittol,

If fortune would have let you? that you are

A declar'd Cuckold, on good Terms? This Pearl,

You'll say, was yours? Right: This Diamond?

I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?

It may be so. Why, think that these good Works
May help to hide your bad : I'll not betray you ;
Although you be but extraordinary
And have it only in Title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

Volp. Rare *Mosca* ! How his Villany becomes him !

Volp. Certain he doth delude all these for me.

Corb. *Mosca* the Heir ?

Volp. O his four Eyes have found it.

Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a Parasite-slave ;
Harlot, t' hast gull'd me.

Mos. Yes, Sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only Tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous Wretch,
With the three Legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years snufft about,
With your most grov'ling Nose, and would have hur'd
Me to the pois'ning of my Patron, Sir ?

Are not you he that have to day in Court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your Son ?
Perjur'd your self ; Go home, and die, and stink ;
If you but croak a Syllable, all comes out :
Away, and call your Porters, go, go, stink ;

Volp. Excellent Varlet ! *Volp.* Now, my faithful *Mosca*,
I find thy Constancy. *Mos.* Sir ?

Volp. Sincere. *Mos.* A Table
Of Porphiry — I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.

Volp. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why ? who are you ?

What ? who did send for you ? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend Sir ! Good faith, I am griev'd for you,
That any Chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving Travels :
But I protest, Sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could a'most wish to be without it,
But that the Will o' th' Dead must be observ'd.
Marry, my joy is, that you need it not,
You have a Gift, Sir, (thank your Education)
Will never let you want, while there are Men,
And Malice, to breed Causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my Fortune, Sir,

If I have any Sutes (as I do hope,
Things being so easie and direct, I shall not)
I will make bold with your obstreperous Aid,
(Conceive me) for your Fee, Sir. In mean time,
You that have so much Law, I know ha' the Conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good Sir, I thank you for my Place; 'twill help
To set up a young Man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, Sir.

Volp. Bid him eat Lettuce well: My witty Mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now

Transform thee to a *Venus*.— *Mosca*, go,
Streight take my Habit of *Clarissimo*,
And walk the Streets, be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this Feast? *Mos.* I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my Recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some Disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em Questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn?

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou? *Mos.* Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, Sir, so like you;
Him will I streight make drunk, and bring you his Habit.

Volp. A rare Disguise, and answering thy Brain!
O, I will be a sharp Disease, unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for Curses—

Volp. Till they burst;

The *Fox* fares ever best when he is curst.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3. Woman, Politick.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd? *Mar.* 1. I warrant you.

Per. All my Ambition is to fright him only.

Mer. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.

Mer. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Aleppo*? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' *Book of Voyages*,

And his gull'd Story registred for Truth?

Well, Gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our Discourse,

Know your Approaches. *Mer.* 1. Trust it to our Care.

Per. Save you, fair Lady. Is Sir *Pol.* within?

Wom. I do not know, Sir. *Per.* Pray you, say unto him,

Here is a Merchant, upon earnest Business,
Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, Sir.

Per. Pray you.

I see the Family is all Female here.

Wom. He says, Sir, he has weighty Affairs of State,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him. *Per.* Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him Tidings. What might be
His grave Affair of State now? how to make
Bolognian Sauages here in *Venice*, sparing
One o' th' ingredients. *Wom.* Sir, he says, he knows
By your Word, *Tidings*, that you are no Statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many Proclamations,
And studied them for Words, as he has done;
But Here he deigns to come. *Pol.* Sir, I must crave
Your courteous Pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind Disaster 'twixt my Lady and me,
And I was penning my Apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse Disaster;
The Gentleman you met at th' Port today,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd— *Pol.* I, was
A fugitive Punk? *Per.* No, Sir, a Spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profess to him to have a Plot
To sell the State of *Venice* to the Turk.

Pol. O me!

Per. For which Warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your Study
For Papers— *Pol.* Alas, Sir, I have none, but Notes,
Drawn out of Play-books— *Per.* All the better, Sir.

Pol. And some Essays. What shall I do? *Per.* Sir, best
Convey your self into a Sugar-chest,
Or, if you would lie round, a Frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard. *Pol.* Sir, I but talk'd so,
For Discourse-sake meerly.

[*They knock without.*]

Per. Hark they are there.

Pol.

Pol. I am a Wretch, a Wretch.

Per. What will you do, Sir?

Ha' you ne'er a Curran-But to leap into?

They'll put you to the Rack, you must be sudden.

Pol. Sir, I have an Engine—

(*Mer. 3.* Sir Politick Would-be?)

Mer. 2. Where is he?)

Pol. That I have thought upon before-time.

Per. What is it? *Pol.* (I shall ne'er endure the Torture.)

Marry, it is, Sir, of a Tortoise-shell,

Fitted for these Extremities: pray you, Sir, help me.

Here I have a place, Sir, to put back my Legs,

(Please you to lay it on, Sir) with this Cap,

And my black Gloves. I'll lie, like a Tortoise,

Till they are gone. *Per.* And call you this an Engine?

Pol. Mine own Device—

Good Sir, bid my Wife's Women

To burn my Papers.

[*They rush in.*]

Mer. 1. Where's he hid? *Mer. 3.* We must
And will sure find him.

Mer. 2. Which is his Study? *Mer. 1.* What
Are you, Sir? *Per.* I am a Merchant, that came here
To look upon this Tortoise?

Mer. 3. How? *Mer. 1.* St. Mark!
What Beast is this? *Per.* It is a Fish.

Mer. 2. Come out here.

Per. Nay, you may strike him, Sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a Cart.

Mer. 1. What, to run over him? *Per.* Yes, Sir.

Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.

Mer. 2. Can he not go? *Per.* He creeps, Sir.

Mer. 1. Lets see him creep.

Per. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.

Mer. 2. (Heart) I'll see him creep, or prick his Guts.

Mer. 3. Come out here.

Per. Pray you Sir, (creep a little.)

Mer. 1. Forth.

Mer. 2. Yet farther.

Per. Good Sir, (creep.)

Mer. 2. We'll see his Legs.

[*They pull off the Shell, and discover him.*]

D 4

Mer. 3.

Mer. 3. Gods so, he has Garters!

Mer. 1. I, and Gloves! *Mer.* 2. Is this Your fearful Tortoise?

Per. Now, Sir, *Pol.* we are even;
For your next Project I shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry for the Funeral of your Notes, Sir.

Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare Motion to be seen in *Fleetstreet*.

Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.

Mer. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the Fair.

Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy Sight.

Per. Farewel, most Politick Tortoise!

Pol. Where's my Lady?

Knows she of this? *Wom.* I know not, Sir.

Pol. Enquire.

O, I shall be the Fable of all Feasts,
The Freight of the *Gazetti*, Ship-boys Tale;
And, which is worst, even Talk for Ordinaries.

Wom. My Lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, Sir, she will streight to Sea, for Physick.

Pol. And I, to shun this Place and Clime for ever,
Creeping with House on Back, and think it well
To shrink my poor Head in my Politick Shell.

Volpone, Mosca.

[*The first in the Habit of a Commandatore; the other, of a Clarissimo.*]

Volp. Am I then like him? *Mos.* O, Sir, you are he:
No Man can sever you.

Volp. Good. *Mos.* But what am I?

Volp. 'Fore Heaven, a brave *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it.
Pity thou wert not born one. *Mos.* If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. *Volp.* I'll go and see
What News first at the Court. *Mos.* Do so. My Fox
Is out on his Hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd Case,
Except he come to Composition with me:

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano. All, Here,

Mos. Go, recreate your selves abroad; go sport.
So, now I have the Keys, and am possesst.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his Heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.

To

To cozen him of all, were but a Cheat
Well plac'd; no Man would construe it a Sin:
Let his Sport pay for't; this is call'd the Fox-trap:

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

Corb. They say, the Court is set.

Corv. We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our Reputations.

Corb. Why? mine's no-Tale: my Son-would there have
kill'd me.

Corv. That's true; I had forgot; mine is, I am sure.
But for your Will, Sir. *Corb.* I, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his Patron's dead.

Volp. Signior *Corvino*! and *Corbaccio*! Sir,
Much joy unto you. *Corv.* Of what?

Volp. The sudden Good
Dropt down upon you—— *Corb.* Where?

Volp. (And none knows how.)
From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corb.* Out, errant Knave.

Volp. Let not your too much Wealth, Sir, make you
furious.

Corb. Away, thou Varlet.

Volp. Why, Sir? *Corb.* Dost thou mock me?

Volp. You mock the World, Sir;
Did you not change Wills?

Corb. Cut, Harlot. *Volp.* O! belike you are the Man;
Signior *Corvino*? 'Faith you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your Spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your Fortune,
You should ha' some would swell now, like a Wine-fat,
With such an Autumn—— Did he gi' you all, Sir?

Corv. Avoid, you Rascal.

Volp. Troth, your Wife has shewn
Her self a very Woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good Estate,
To bear it out, Sir, better by this Chance:
Except *Corbaccio* have a Share?

Corb. Hence, Varlet.

Volp. You will not be a'known, Sir; why, 'tis wise,
Thus do all Gamesters, at all Games, dissemble.
No Man will seem to win. Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his Beak up i'the Air. and snuffing.

Voltaire, Volpone.

Vol. Out-strippt thus, by a Parasite? a Slave?
Would run on Errands, and make Legs for Crumbs?
Well, what I'll do——

Volp. The Court stays for your Worship.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your worship's Happiness,
And that it fell into so learned Hands,
That understand the fingering——

Vol. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a Suitor to your Worship,
For the small Tenement, out of Reparations,
That at the End of your long row of Houses,
By the *Piscaria*: It was in *Volpone's* Time,
Your Predecessor, e're he grew Discaid,
A handsom, pretty, custom'd Bawdy-house,
As any was in *Venice*, (none disprais'd)
But fell with him; his Body and that House
Decay'd together.

Vol. Come, Sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your Worship give me but your Hand,
That I may ha' the Refusal, I have done.
'Tis a meer Toy to you, Sir, Candle-rents,
As your learn'd Worship knows——

Vol. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your Wealth, Sir; God decrease it.

Vol. Mistaking Knave! what, mock'st thou my Misfortune?

Volp. His Blessing on your Heart, Sir; would 'twere
(Now to my first again, at the next Corner.) (more.)

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca passant) Volpone.

Corb. See, in our Habit see the Impudent Varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine Eyes at him like Gun-

Volp. But is this true, Sir, of the Parasite? [stones.]

Corb. Again, t'afflict us? Monster!

Volp. In good faith, Sir,

I am heartily griev'd, a Beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd, I never brook'd
That Parasite's Hair; methought his Nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his Look, did promise
The Bane of a *Clarissimo*. *Corb.* Knave——*Volp.* Methinks
Yet you, that are so trad'd i' the World,
A witty Merchant, the fine Bird, *Corvino*,

That

That have such mortal Emblems on your Name;
Should not have sung your Shame, and dropt your Cheese,
To let the Fox laugh at your Emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the Privilege of the Place,
And your red saucy Cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your Jolt-head, with those two *Cocchines*,
Can warrant your Abuses; come you hither:

You shall perceive, Sir, I do know your Valour well.
Since you durst publish what you are, Sir. *Corv.* Tarry,
I'd speak with you. *Volp.* Sir, Sir, another Time—

Corv. Nay, now.

Volp. O God, Sir! I were a wise Man,
Would stand the Fury of a distracted Cuckold.

Corb. What, come again? [*Mosca walks by them.*]

Volp. Upon 'em, *Mosca*, save me.

Corb. The Air's infected where he breaths.

Corv. Let's fly him.

Volp. Excellent Basilisk! turn upon the Vulture.

Voltore, Mosca, Volpone.

Volp. Well, Flesh-fly, it is Summer with you now;
Your Winter will come on. *Mos.* Good Advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of Place thus;
Thou'lt make a *Solécism* (as Madam says.)
Get you a Biggen more; your Brain breaks loose.

Volp. Well, Sir.

Volp. Would you ha' me beat the insolent Slave?
Throw Dirt upon his first good Clothes? *Volp.* This same
Is doubtless some Familiar. *Volp.* Sir, the Court
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a Mule.
That never read *Justinian*, should get up,
And ride an Advocate. Had you no Quirk
To avoid Gullage, Sir, by such a Creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not don't:
This's but Confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the Heir? *Volp.* A strange, officious,
Troublesom Knave! thou dost torment me. *Volp.* I know—
It cannot be, Sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the Wit of Man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That Wealth and Wisdom still should go together.

Avoc.

Avocatori. 4. *Notario, Commandadore, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.*

Avoc. 1. Are all the Parties here? *Not.* All but the Advo-

Avoc. 2. And here he comes. [cate.

Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to Sentence.

Vol. O, my most honour'd Fathers, let your Merely
Once win upon your Justice, to forgive——
I am distracted——

(*Volp.* What will he do now?) *Vol.* O,
I know not which t' address my self to first,
Whether your Fatherhoods, or these Innocents——

(*Corv.* Will he betray himself?) *Vol.* Whom equally
I have abus'd, by my false Accusation:
For which, now struck in Conscience, here I prostrate
My self at your offended Feet, for Pardon.

Avoc. 1, 2. Arise.

Cel. O Heav'n, how just thou art! *Volp.* I am caught
I' my own Noose—— *Corv.* Be constant, Sir: nought now
Can help, but Impudence.

Avoc. 1. Speak forward. *Com.* Silence.

Vol. It is not Passion in me, Reverend Fathers,
But only Conscience, Conscience, my good Sires,
That makes me now tell Truth. That Parasite,
That Knave hath been the Instrument of all.

Avoc. Where is that Knave? fetch him.

Volp. I go. *Corv.* Grave Fathers.

This Man's distracted; he confest it now:

For hoping to be old *Volpone's* Heir,

Who now is dead--- *Avoc.* 3. How! *Avoc.* 2. Is *Volpone*

Corv. Dead since, Grave Fathers—— [dead?

Bon. O sure Vengeance! *Avoc.* 1. Stay,
Then he was no deceiver. *Vol.* O no, none:

The Parasite, Grave Fathers. *Corv.* He does speak
Out of meer Envy, 'cause the Servant's made

The thing he gap't for: Please your Fatherhoods,

This is the Truth, though I'll not justify

The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

Vol. I, to your Hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino*:
But I'll use Modesty. Pleaseth your Wisdoms

To

To view these certain Notes, and but but confer them ;
As I hope Favour, they shall speak clear Truth.

Corv. The Devil has enter'd him! *Bon.* Or bides in you.

Avoc. 4. We have done Ill, by a Publick Officer
To send for him, if he be Heir. *Avoc.* 2. For whom?

Avoc. 4. Him that they call the Parasite. *Avoc.* 3. 'Tis
He is a Man of great Estate, now left. [true,

Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his Name, and say, the Court
Intreats his Presence here, but to the clearing

Of some few Doubts. *Avoc.* 2. This same's a Labyrinth!

Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your first Report. *Corv.* My
My Life, my Fame—— [State,

Bon. (Where is't?) *Corv.* Are at the Stake.

Avoc. 1. Is yours so too? *Corb.* The Advocate's a Knave,
And has a forked Tongue—— (*Avoc.* 2. Speak to the Point.)

Corb. So is the Parasite too. *Avoc.* 1. This is Confusion.

Volp. I do beseech your Fatherhoods, read but those.

Corv. And credit nothing the false Spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he is possesst, Grave Fathers.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

Volp. To make a Snare for mine own Neck! and run
My Head into it, wilfully! with Laughter!

When I had newly scap't, was free, and clear!

Out of meer wantonness! O, the dull Devil

Was in this Brain of mine, when I devis'd it,

And *Mosca* gave it second; He must now

Help to fear up this Vein, or we bleed dead.

How now! who let you loose? whether go you now?

What, to buy Gingerbread, or to drown Kitlings?

Nan. Sir, Master *Mosca* call'd us out of Doors,

And bid us all go play, and took the Keys. *And.* Yes.

Volp. Did Master *Mosca* take the Keys? why, so!

I am farther in. These are my fine Conceits!

I must be merry, with a mischief to me!

What a vile Wretch was I, that could not bare

My Fortune soberly? I must ha' my Crotchets!

And my Conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:

His Meaning may be truer than my Fear.

Bid him, he streight come to me to the Court;

Thither will I, and, if't be possible,

Unscrew

Unscrew my Advocate, upon new Hopes:-
When I provok'd him, then I lost my self.

Advocatori, &c.

Advoc. These Things can never be reconcil'd, He here
Professeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the Gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her Husband, and there left. *Volt.* Most true.

Cel. How ready is Heaven to those that pray!

Advoc. 1. But that

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his Impotence.

Corv. Grave Fathers, he is posselt; again, I say,
Posselt: Nay, if there be Possession,
And Obsession, he has both. *Advoc.* 3. Here comes our
Officer.

Volp. The Parasite will streight be here, Grave Fathers.

Advoc. 4. You might invent some other Name, Sir
Varlet.

Advoc. 3. Did not the Notary meet him?

Volp. Not that I know.

Advoc. 4. His coming will clear all.

Advoc. 2. Yet it is misty.

Volt. May't please your Fatherhoods——

Volp. Sir, the Parasite [*Volpone whispers the Advocate.*
Will'd me to tell you, that his Master lives,
That you are still the Man, your Hopes the same;
And this was only a Jest——

Volt. How? *Volp.* Sir, to try

If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volt. Art sure he lives?

Volp. Do I live, Sir? *Volt.* O me!

I was too violent. *Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it:

They said, you were posselt: fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. God bless the Man!

[*Voltore falls.*

(Stop your Wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked Pins! his Eyes are set,

Like a dead Hares, hung in a Poulterer's Shop!

His Mouth's running away! Do you see, Signior?

Now 'tis in his Belly. (*Corv.* I, the Devil!)

Volp. Now in his Throat. (*Corv.* I perceive it plain.)

Volp.

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue Toad, with Bats Wings!

Do you not see it, Sir? *Corb.* What? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifest

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!

Vol. Where am I?

Volp. Take good Heart, the worst is past, Sir.

You are dispossest. *Avoc.* 1. What Accident is this?

Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder! *Avoc.* 3. If he were
Posssest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these Fits.

Avoc. 1. Shew him that Writing: Do you know it, Sir?

Volp. Deny it, Sir, forswear it, know it not.

Vol. Yes, I do know it well, it is my Hand:

But all that it contains, is false. *Bon.* O Practice! (then,

Avoc. 2. What Maze is this! *Avoc.* 1. Is he not guilty?

Whom you there name the Parasite? *Vol.* Grave Fathers,
No more than his good Patron, old *Volpone*.

Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead?

Vol. O no, my honour'd Fathers,

He lives— *Avoc.* 1. How! lives?

Vol. Lives. *Avoc.* 2. This is subtler yet?

Avoc. 3. You said, he was dead.

Vol. Never. *Avoc.* 3. You said so.

Corv. I heard so.

Avoc. 4. Here comes the Gentleman, make him way.

Avoc. 3. A Stool.

Avoc. 4. A proper Man; and, were *Volpone* dead,
A fit Match for my Daughter. *Avoc.* 3. Give him way.

Volp. *Mosca*, I was a most lost; the Advocate

Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd:

All's o' the Hinge again— Say I am living.

Mos. What buie Knave is this! Most reverend Fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave Pleasures,

But that my Order for the Funeral

Of my dear Patron did require me— (*Volp.* *Mosca*!)

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a Gentleman.

Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all. *Avoc.* 2. Still strange
More intricate! *Avoc.* 1. And come about again! (ger!

Avoc. 4. It is a Match, my Daughter is bestow'd.

(*Mos.* Will you gi' me Half?

Volp. First I'll be hang'd. *Mos.* I know

Your

Your Voice is Good, cry not so lowd.) *Avoc.* 1. Demand
The Advocate: Sir, did not you affirm
Volpone was alive? *Volp.* Yes, and he is;
This Gentl'man told me so, (thou shalt have Half.)

Mos. Whose Drunkard is this same?
Speak some that know him:
I never saw his Face. (I cannot now
Afford it you so Cheap. *Volp.* No?) *Av.* 1. What say you?
Vol. The Officer told me. *Volp.* I did, grave Fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own Life,
And that this Creature told me. (I was born
With all good Stars my Enemies.) *Mos.* Most grave Fathers
If such an Insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent: 'Twas not this
For which you sent, I hope. *Avoc.* 2. Take him away.

(*Volp.* *Mosca!*) *Avoc.* 3. Let him be whipt.
(*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?) *Avoc.* 3. And taught to bear himself
Toward a Person of his Rank. *Avoc.* 4. Away.

Mos. I humbly thank your Fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?
And lose all that I have? if I confess,
It cannot be much more. *Avoc.* 4. Sir, are you married?

Volp. They'll be allay'd anon; I must be resolute:
The Fox shall here uncase. (*Mos.* Patron.)

Volp. Nay, now, [He puts off his Disguise.
My Ruins shall not come alone; your Match
I'll hinder sure: my Substance shall not glew you,
Nor screw you into a Family. (*Mos.* Why, Patron,)

Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my Knave;
This, his own Knave: this Avarice's Fool:
This, a *Chimera* of Wittal, Fool, and Knave:
And, Reverend Fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a Sentence, let's not not now despair it.
You hear me Brief.

Corv. May it please your Fatherhoods — *Com.* Silence.

Avoc. 1. The Knot is now undone by Miracle.

Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.

Avoc. 3. Or can more prove

These Innocent. *Avoc.* 1. Give 'em their Liberty.

Bon. Heaven cou'd not long let such gross Crimes be hid.

Avoc.

Avoc. 2. If this be held the High-way to get Riches,
May I be poor. *Avoc.* 3. This's not the Gain but Torment.

Avoc. 1. These possess Wealth, as sick Men possess Fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.

Avoc. 2. Disrobe that Parasite.

Corv. Mos. Most honour'd Fathers.

Av. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of Justice ?
If you can, speak.

Corv. Volt. We beg Favour. *Cel.* And Mercy.

Avoc. 1. You hurt your Innocence, suing for the Guilty.
Stand forth; and first, the Parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest Minister, if not Plotter,
In all these lewd Impostures; and now, lastly,
Have with your Impudence abus'd the Court,
And Habit of a Gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a Fellow of no Birth, or Blood;
For which, our Sentence is, first, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual Prisoner in our Gallies.

Volt. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy Wolvish Nature.

Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the *Saffi*. Thou, *Volpone*,
By Blood and Rank a Gentleman, can'st not fall
Under like Censure; but our Judgment on thee
Is, that thy Substance all be streight confiscate
To the Hospital of the *Incurabili*:
And since the most was gotten by Imposture,
By feigning Lame, Gout, Palsie, and such Diseases;
Thou art to lie in Prison cramp't with Irons,
Till thou be'st Sick and Lame indeed. Remove him.

Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a Fox.

Avoc. 1. Thou, *Voltore*, to take away the Scandal
Thou hast given all worthy Men of thy Profession,
Art banish'd from their Fellowship, and our State.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
Thy Son of all thy State, and confine thee
To the Monastery of *San' Spirito*;
Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. *Corb.* Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, Sir.

Avoc. 1. Thou, *Corvino*, shalt
Be streight imbark'd from thine own House, and row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *Grand Canale*, Wear

Wearing a Cap, with fair long Asses Ears,
 In stead of Horns; and so to mount (a Paper
 Pinn'd on thy Breast) to the *Berlino* — *Corv.* Yes,
 And have mine Eyes beat out with stinking Fish,
 Bruis'd Fruit, and rotten Eggs — 'Tis well. I am glad
 I shall not see my Shame yet. *Avoc.* 1. And to expiate
 Thy Wrongs done to thy Wife, thou art to send her
 Home to her Father, with her Dowry trebled:
 And these are all your Judgments.

(*All.* Honour'd Fathers.)

Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
 When Crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
 To think what your Crimes are: Away with them.
 Let all that see these Vices thus rewarded,
 Take Heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
 Like Beasts, till they be Fat, and then they Bleed.

V O L P O N E.

THE seasoning of a Play, is the Applause.
 Now, though the *Fox* be punish'd by the Laws,
 He yet doth hope there is no Suff'ring due,
 For any Fact which he hath done 'gainst you:
 If there be, censure him; here he Doubtful stands:
 If not fare jovially, and clap your Hands.

THE END.



CATILINE

H I S

CONSPIRACY.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

——— *His non plebecula gaudet :*
Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana. Horat.

D U B L I N :

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MDCCXXIX.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sylla's Ghost.

Catiline.
Lentulus.
Cethegus.
Curius.
Antonius.
Vargunteius.
Longinus.
Lecca.
Fulvius.
Bestia.
Aurelia.
Fulvia.
Sempronia.
Gabinus.
Statilius.
Ceparius.
Cornelius.
Volturtius.
Cicero.

Antonius.
Cato.
Catulus.
Crassus.
Galla.
Porter.
Licitors.
Cæsar.
Qu. Cicero.
Syllanus.
Flaccus.
Pomptinius.
Sanga.
Senators.
Allobroges.
Petreius.
Soldiers.
Servants.
Pages.

Chorus.

THE SCENE ROME.

CATI-



CATILINE.

ACT I.

Sylla's Ghost.

DOST thou not feel me, *Rome*? not yet? Is
Night

So heavy on thee, and my Weight so light?

Can *Sylla's Ghost* arise within thy Walls

Less threatening than an Earthquake, the quick falls

Of thee and thine? Shake not the frightened Heads

Of thy steep Towers? or shrink to their first Beds?

Or, as their Ruin the large *Tyber* fills,

Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud Hills?

What Sleep is this doth seize thee so like Death,

And is not it? Wake, feel here my injur'd Breath:

Behold I come, sent from the *Stygian* Sound,

As a dire Vapour that had cleft the Ground,

T'ingender with the Night, and blast the Day;

Or like a Pestilence that should display

Infection through the World: which thus I do.

[*Discovers Catiline in his Study.*

Pluto be at thy Counsels, and into

Thy darker Bosom enter *Sylla's Spirit*:

All that was mine, and bad, thy Breast inherit.

Alas

Alas how weak is that for *Catiline* !
 Did I but say (vain Voice !) all that was mine ;
 All that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would :
 What now, had I a Body again, I could,
 Coming from Hell ; what Fiends would wish should be,
 And *Hannibal* could not have wish'd to see :
 Think thou, and practise. Let the long hid Seeds
 Of Treason in thee, now shoot forth in Deeds
 Ranker than Horror ; and thy former Facts
 Not fall in mention, but to urge new Acts :
 Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.
 Be still thy Incests, Murders, Rapes before
 Thy Sense ; thy forcing first a *Vestal* Nun ;
 Thy Parricide, late, on thy own only Son,
 After his Mother ; to make empty Way
 For thy last wicked Nuptials ; worse than they
 That blaze that act of thy incestuous Life,
 Which got thee at once a Daughter and a Wife.
 I leave the Slaughters that thou didst for me
 Of *Senators*, for which, I hid for thee
 Thy Murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)
 And writ him in the List of my prescrib'd
 After thy Fact, to save thy little Shame :
 Thy Incest with thy Sister, I not name.
 These are too light. Fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which no Mischief can be new ;
 The Ruin of thy Country : thou wert built
 For such a Work, and born for no less Guilt.
 What though defeated once th' hast been, and known,
 Tempt it again : That is thy Act, or none.
 What all the several Ills that visit Earth,
 (Brought forth by Night, with a sinister Birth)
 Plagues, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto,
 The Sword, nor Surfeits ; let thy Fury do :
 Make all past, present, future Ill thine own ;
 And conquer all Example in thy one.
 Nor let thy Thought find any vacant Time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher Crime
 Drown the Remembrance : let not Mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, increase.

Conscience

Conscience and Care die in thee; and be free
 Not Heav'n it self, from thy Impiety:
 Let Night grow blacker with thy Plots, and Day,
 At shewing but thy Head forth, start away
 From this half-Sphere: and leave *Rome's* blinded Walls
 T' embrace Lusts, Hatreds, Slaughters, Funerals,
 And not recover Sight till their own Flames
 Do light them to their Ruins. All the Names
 Of thy Confederates too, be no less great
 In Hell than here: that when we would repeat
 Our strengths in muster, we may name you all,
 And *Furies* upon you for *Furies* call.
 Whilst what you do may strike them into Fears,
 Or make them grieve, and wish your Mischiefs theirs.

Catiline.

It is decreed. Nor shall thy Fate, O *Rome*,
 Resist my Vow. Tho' Hills were set on Hills,
 And Seas meet Seas to guard thee, I would through:
 I plough up Rocks, steep as the *Alpes*, in Dust;
 And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
 But I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
 The Ills that I have done cannot be safe
 But by attempting greater; and I feel
 A Spirit within me chides my sluggish Hands,
 And says, they have been innocent too long.
 Was I a Man bred great as *Rome* her self?
 One form'd for all her Honours, all her Glories?
 Equal to all her Titles? that could stand
 Close up with *Atlas*, and sustain her Name
 As strong as he doth Heaven? And was I,
 Of all her Brood, mark'd out for the Repulse
 By her no Voice, when I stood *Candidate*,
 To be Commander in the *Pontick* War?
 I will hereafter call her Step-dame ever!
 If she can lose her Nature, I can lose
 My Piety; and in her stony Entrails
 Dig me a Seat: where I will live again,
 The labour of her Womb, and be a Burden
 Weightier than all the Prodigies and Monsters
 That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew *Mars*.

Catiline.

Catiline, Aurelia.

Cat. Who's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat.* *Aurelia?*

Aur. Yes. *Cat.* Appear,

And break like day, my Beauty, to this Circle:
Upbraid thy *Phæbus*, that he is so long
In mounting to that Point, which should give thee
Thy proper Splendor. Wherefore frowns my Sweet?
Have I too long been absent from these Lips,

[*He kisses them.*]

This Cheek, these Eyes? What is my Trespass? I speak.

Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse your self.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still you say so. When?

Cat. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well
These my Retirements, and stoln Times for Thought,
Shall give their Effects, leave to call her Queen
Of all the World, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur. You court me now.

Cat. As I would always, love,

By this *Ambrosiack* Kiss, and this of *Nectar*,
Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
Could my *Aurelia* think I meant her less;
When wooing her, I first remov'd a Wife,
And then a Son, to make my Bed and House
Spatious, and fit t' embrace her? These were Deeds
Not t' have begun with, but to end with more
And greater: "He that, building, stays at one
"Floor, or the second, hath erected none.

'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating;
To make some Act of mine answer thy Love:
That Love, that when my State was now quite sunk,
Came with thy Wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent Fortune once more look
Above the Main; which now shall hit the Stars,
And stick my *Orestilla* there amongst 'em.

If any Tempest can but make the Billow,
And any Billow can but lift her Greatness.
But I must pray my Love, she will put on
Like Habits with myself. I have to do
With many Men and many Natures. Some
That must be blown and sooth'd; as *Lentulus*,

Whom

Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his Blood,
 And a vain Dream out of the *Sybill's* Books.
 That a third Man of that great Family
 Whereof he is descended, the *Cornelii*,
 Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd
 The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna and *Sylla* dead. Then bold *Cethegus*,
 Whose Valour I have turn'd into his Poyson,
 And prais'd so into daring, as he would
 Go on upon the Gods, kiss Lightning, wrest
 The Engine from the *Cyclops*, and give Fire
 At Face of a full Cloud, and stand his Ire,
 When I would bid him move. Others there are,
 Whom Envy to the State draws, and puts on
 For Contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)
 As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
 Both which have been degraded in the *Senate*,
 And must have their Disgraces still new rubb'd,
 To make 'em smart, and labour of Revenge:
 Others whom meer Ambition fires, and dote
 Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have teign'd
 To their crude Hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
 These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Autronius*,
 Some whom their Wants oppress, as th' idle Captains
 Of *Sylla's* Troops: and divers *Roman* Knights
 (The profuse Wasters of their Patrimonies)
 So threatened with their Debts, as they will now
 Run any desperate Fortune for a Change.
 These for a Time we must relieve, *Aurelia*,
 And make our House the Safe-guard: like for those
 That fear the Law, or stand within her Gripe,
 For any Act past, or to come. Such will
 From their own Crimes be factious, as from ours.
 Some more there be, slight Airlings, will be won
 With Dogs and Horses, or perhaps a Whore:
 Which must be had: and if they venture Lives
 For us, *Aurelia*, we must hazard Honours
 A little. Get thee Store and Change of Women,
 As I have Boys; and give 'em Time and Place,
 And all Connivance: be thy self, too, courtly;
 And entertain, and feast, sit up, and revel;

Call all the great, the fair, and spirited *Dames*
 Of *Rome* about thee: and begin a Fashion
 Of Freedom and Community. Some will thank thee,
 Tho' the fowr *Senate* frown, whose Heads must ake
 In fear and feeling too. We must not spare
 Or Cost or Modesty. It can but shew
 Like one of *Juno's*, or of *Jove's* Disguises,
 In either thee or me: and will as soon,
 When Things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
 As is a Vail put off, a Visor chang'd,
 Or the Scene shifted, in our *Theatres*— [*A Noise without.*
 Who's that? it is the Voice of *Lentulus*.

Aur. Or of *Cethegus*.

Cat. In, my fair *Aurelia*,
 And think upon these Arts. They must not see
 How far you are trusted with these Privacies;
 Tho' on their Shoulders, Necks, and Heads you rise.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

Len. It is, methinks, a Morning full of Fate!
 It riseth slowly, as her sullen Care
 Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung at it!
 She is not Rosie-finger'd, but swoln black!
 Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood,
 And her sick Head is bound about with Clouds,
 As it she threatned Night e're Noon of Day!
 It does not look as it would have a Hail
 Or Health wish'd in it, as on other Morns.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: Our coming
 Is not for Salutation, we have Business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus*. Where's *Antronius*?

Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here.

Cet. Not *Vargunteius*?

Cat. Neither.

Cet. A Fire in their Beds and Bosoms,
 That so will serve their Sloth rather than Virtue.
 They are no *Romans*, and at such high need
 As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,
Fulvius, *Gabinus*, gave me Word last Night,
 By *Lucius Bestia*, they would all be here,
 And early.

Cet.

Cet. Yes? As you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all sleep, and are meer Dormice; Flies
A little less than dead: more Dulness hangs
On us than on the Morn. W'are Spirit bound,
In Ribs of Ice; our whole Bloods are one Stone;
And Honour cannot thaw us, nor our Wants,
Tho' they burn hot as Fevers to our States.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an Hour
Of so great Purpose.

Cet. If the Gods had call'd
Them to a Purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise Speed! that are thus slow
To such an Action, which the Gods will envy,
As asking no less Means than all their Powers
Conjoin'd, t' effect. I would have seen *Rome* burnt
By this time, and her Ashes in an Urn:
The Kingdom of the *Senate* rent asunder;
And the degenerate talking Gown run frighted
Out of the Air of *Italy*.

Cat. Spirit of Men!
Thou Heart of our great Enterprize! how much
I love these Voices in thee!

Cet. O, the Days
Of *Sylla's* Sway, when the free Sword took leave
To act all that it would!

Cat. And was familiar
With Entrails, as our *Augures*.

Cet. Sons kill'd Fathers,
Brothers their Brothers.

Cat. And had Price and Praise.
All Hate had Licence given it; all Rage reigns.

Cet. Slaughter bestrid the Streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained Thighs
The Gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole Heaps of Limbs and Bodies through his Arch,
No Age was spar'd, no Sex.

Cat. Nay, no Degree.

Cet. Nor Infants in the Porch of Life were free.
The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a Day
Longer by Nature's Bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,

All died. *Cat.* 'Twas Crime enough, that they had Lives.
To strike but only those that could do Hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the Number,
As some the Prey. *Ces.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a Navy, rather than a Boat,
To ferry over the sad World that came:
The Maws and Dens of Beasts could not receive
The Bodies that those Souls were frighted from;
And ev'n the Graves were fill'd with Men, yet living,
Whose Flight and Fear had mix'd them with the Dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to stand up in Rome. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain. *Cat.* How! *Len.* I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.

Cat. The *Sybil's* Leaves uncertain! or the Comments
Of our grave, deep, divining Men, not clear!

Len. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the Torture.

Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without;
And so being weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious Ignorance in him
Would faint in the Belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?

Cat. Do I love *Lentulus*, or pray to see it?

Len. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant.

Cat. They' had lost their Science else.

Len. They count from *Cinna*.

Cat. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the Sun is ris'n, must think it.

Len. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth!

Cat. Why, what can they do less? *Cinna* and *Sylla*
Are set, and gone; and we must turn our Eyes,
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks already
As if he shook a Scepter o're the Senate,
And the aw'd Purple dropt their Rods and Axes!
The Statues melt again, and Household Gods
In Groans confess the Travels of the City:
The very Walls sweat Blood before the Change;
And Stones start out to Ruin, ere it comes.

Ces. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Len. I am your Creature, *Sergius*; and what'er

The

The Great *Cornelian* Name shall win to be,
 It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybil's* Books,
 But *Catiline*, that makes it. *Cat.* I am Shadow
 To honour'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
 Who are the Heirs of *Mars*. *Cet.* By *Mars* himself,
Catiline is more my Parent; for whose Vertue
 Earth cannot make a Shadow great enough,
 Though Envy should come too. O, there they are.
 Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.
 To them.] *Autronius*, *Vargunteus*, *Longinus*, *Curius*, *Lecca*,
Bestia, *Fulvius*, *Gabinus*, &c.

Hail, *Lucius Catiline*. *Var.* Hail, noble *Sergius*.

Lon. Hail, *Publius Lentulus*.

Cur. Hail, the third *Cornelius*.

Lec. *Caius Cethegus*, hail.

Cet. Hail, Sloth and Words,

In stead of Men and Spirits.

Cat. Nay, dear *Caius*——

Cet. Are your Eyes yet unfeeld? Dare they look Day
 In the dull Face? *Cat.* He's zealous for th' Affair,
 And blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.

Cet. Unless we had sold our selves, to Sleep and Ease,
 And would be our Slaves Slaves——

Cat. Pray you forbear.

Cet. The North is not so stark and cold.

Cat. *Cethegus*——

Best. We shall redeem all, if your Fire will let us.

Cat. You are too full of Lightning, noble *Caius*.

Boy, see all Doors be shut, that none approach us

On this part of the House. Go you, and bid

The Priest, he kill the Slave I mark'd last night,

And bring me of his Blood, when I shall call him:

Till then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't, *Autronius*?

Aut. *Longinus*? *Lon.* *Curius*? *Cur.* *Lecca*?

Ver. Feel you nothing?

Lon. A strange unwonted Horror doth invade me,
 I know not what it is! *Lec.* The Day goes back,
 Or else my Senses! *Cur.* As at *Atrius* Feast!

[A Darkness comes over the Place.

Ful. Darkness grows more and more!

Lon. The *Vestal* Flame, I think, be out.

E 3.

Gab.

Gab. What Groan was that? [*A Groan of many People*

Cet. Our Phant'ies, [*is heard under ground.*

Strike Fire out of our selves, and force a Day.

Aut. Against it sounds! [*Another.*

Bes. As all the City gave it!

Cet. We fear what our selves feign.

Var. What Light is this? [*A fiery Light appears.*

Cur. Look forth. *Len.* It still grows greater!

Lec. From whence comes it?

Lon. A bloody Arm it is that holds a Pine

Lighted, above the *Capitol!* and now

It waves unto us! *Cat.* Brave, and ominous!

Our Enterprize is seal'd. *Cet.* In spite of Darknefs,

That would discountenance it. Look no more;

We lose time, and our selves. To what we came for,

Speak *Lucius*, we attend you. *Cat.* Noblest *Romans*,

If you were less, or that your Faith and Vertue

Did not hold good that Title, with your Blood,

I should not now unprofitably spend

My self in Words, or catch at empty Hopes,

By airy ways, for solid Certainties.

But since in many, and the greatest Dangers

I still have known you no less true than valiant,

And that I taste in you the same Affections,

To will or nill, to think things good or bad,

Alike with me, (which argues your firm Friendship)

I dare the boldlier, with you, set on foot,

Or lead, unto this great and goodliest Action.

What I have thought of it afore, you all

Have heard a part. I then express'd my Zeal

Unto the Glory; now, the Need enflames me.

When I forethink the hard Conditions

Our states must undergo, except in time

We do redeem our selves to Liberty,

And break the Iron Yoke forg'd for our Necks:

For what less can we call it? when we see

The Common-wealth engross'd so by a few,

The Gyants of the State, that do by turns

Enjoy her, and defile her! All the Earth,

Her Kings and *Tetrarchs* are their Tributaries;

People and Nations pay them hourly Stipends;

The Riches of the World flows to their Coffers,
 And not to *Rome's*. While (but those few) the rest;
 However Great we are, Honest, and Valiant,
 Are herded with the Vulgar, and so kept,
 As we were only bred to consume Corn,
 Or wear our Wooll; to drink the Cities Water;
 Ungrac'd, without Authority, or Mark;
 Trembling beneath their Rods: to whom (if all
 Were well in *Rome*) we should come forth bright Axes.
 All Places, Honours, Offices are theirs,
 Or where they will confer 'em! They leave us
 The Dangers, the Repulses, Judgments, Wants;
 Which how long will you bear, most valiant Spirits?
 Were we not better to fall once with Vertue,
 Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd Breath,
 To lose with Shame, when these Mens Pride will laugh?
 I call the Faith of Gods and Men to question,
 The Power is in our Hands, our Bodies able,
 Our Minds as strong; o' th' contrary, in them
 All things grown aged, with their Wealth and Years.
 There wants but only to begin the Business,
 The Issue is certain. *Cat. Lon.* On, let us go on.

Cur. Bes. Go on, brave *Sergius*;

Cat. It doth strike my Soul.

(And who can scape the stroke, that hath a Soul,
 Or but the smallest Air of Man within him?)
 To see them swell with Treasure, which they pour
 Out i' their Riots, eating, drinking, building,
 I, i' the Sea! plaining of Hills with Valleys,
 And raising Valleys above Hills; Whilst we
 Have not to give our Bodies Necessaries.
 They ha' their change of Houses, Mannors, Lordships;
 We scarce a Fire, or a poor Household Lar!
 They buy rare *Attick* Statues, *Tyrian* Hangings,
Ephesian Pictures, and *Corinthian* Plate,
Attalick Garments, and now new-found Gems,
 Since *Pompey* went for *Asia*, which they purchase
 At price of Provinces! The River *Phasis*
 Cannot afford 'em Fowl, nor *Lucrine* Lake
 Oysters enow: *Circes* too is search'd,
 To please the witty Gluttony of a Meal!

Their antient Habitations they neglect,
 And set up new; then, if the Eccho like not
 In such a Room, they pluck down those, build newer,
 Alter them too; and, by all frantick ways,
 Vex their wild Wealth, as they molest the People,
 From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
 Or overcome their Riches! not by making
 Baths, Orchards, Fish-pools, letting in of Seas,
 Here, and then there forcing 'em out again,
 With mountainous Heaps, for which the Earth hath lost
 Most of her Ribs, as Entrails; being now
 Wounded no less for Marble, than for Gold!
 We, all this while, like calm, benumb'd Spectators,
 Sit till our Seats do crack, and do not hear
 The thundring Ruins; whilst at home our wants,
 Abroad our Debts do urge us; our States daily
 Bending to bad, our Hopes to worse; and what
 Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave Friends,
 And meet the Liberty you oft have wish'd for.
 Behold, Renown, Riches, and Glory court you.
 Fortune holds out these to you as Rewards.
 Methinks (though I were dumb) th' Affair it self,
 The Opportunity, your Needs, and Dangers,
 With the brave Spoil the War brings, should invite you.
 Use me your General, or Soldier; neither
 My Mind nor Body shall be wanting to you:
 And, being *Consul*, I not doubt t' effect
 All that you wish, it trust not flatter me,
 And you'd not rather still be Slaves, than Free.

Cet. Free, free.

Lon. 'Tis Freedom. *Cur.* Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why, these are noble Voices! Nothing wants then,
 But that we take a solemn Sacrament,
 To strengthen our Design. *Cet.* And so to act it.
 Deterring hurts, where Powers are so prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, e're we enter into open act,
 (With favour) 'twere no loss, if't might be inquir'd,
 What the Condition of these Arms would be.

Var. I, and the Means to carry us through?

Cat. How, Friends!

Think you that I would bid you grasp the Wind,

Or call you to th' embracing of a Cloud?
 Put your known Valours on so dear a Business,
 And have no other Second than the Danger;
 Nor other Garland than the Loss? Become
 Your own Assurances. And for the Means,
 Consider, first, the stark Security
 The Commonwealth is in now; the whole *Senate*
 Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent Blow;
 Their Forces all abroad; of which the greatest,
 That might annoy us most, is farthest off,
 In *Asia*, under *Pompey*; those near hand,
 Commanded by our Friends; one Army's in *Spain*;
 By *Cneus Piso*; th' other in *Mauritania*,
 By *Nucerinus*; both which I have firm,
 And fast unto our Plot. My self then standing
 Now to be *Consul*, with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius, one no less engag'd
 By's wants, than we; and whom I've power to melt,
 And cast in any Mould. Beside, some others,
 That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and great ones)
 Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves
 Strong for our Party; so that no Resistance
 In Nature can be thought. For our Reward then,
 First, all our Debts are paid; dangers of Law,
 Actions, Decrees, Judgments against us, quitted;
 The Rich men, as in *Sylla's* times, proscrib'd,
 And Publication made of all their Goods:
 That House is yours; that Land is his; those Waters,
 Orchards, and Walks, a third's; he has that Honour.
 And he that Office: Such a Province falls
 To *Vargunteius*; this to *Antonius*; that
 To bold *Cethegus*; Rome to *Lentulus*.
 You share the world, her Magistracies, Priesthoods,
 Wealth, and Felicity, amongst you, Friends;
 And *Catiline* your Servant. Would you, *Curius*,
 Revenge the Contumely stuck upon you,
 In being removed from the *Senate*? Now,
 Now is your time. Wou'd *Publius Lentulus*,
 Strike, for the like Disgrace? Now is his time;
 Would stout *Longinus* walk the Streets of *Rome*,
 Facing the *Prator*? Now has he a time.

To spurn and tread the *Fasces* into Dirt,
 Made of the Usurers and the *Lictors* Brains.
 Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you love?
 An Enemy you would kill? what Head's not yours?
 Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what Race,
 That th' Husband or glad Parents shall not bring you,
 And boasting of the Office? Only spare
 Your selves, and you have all the Earth beside,
 A Field to exercise your Longings in.
 I see you rais'd, and read your forward Minds
 High, in your Faces. Bring the Wine and Blood:
 You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How!

Cat. I have kill'd a Slave;
 And of his Blood caus'd to be mixt with Wine.
 Fill every Man his Bowl. There cannot be
 A fitter Drink to make this *Sanction* in.
 Here, I begin the Sacrament to all.
 O for a Clap of Thunder now, as loud
 As to be heard throughout the Universe,
 To tell the World the Fact, and to applaud it.
 Be firm, my Hand; not shed a drop, but pour
 Fierceness into me with it, and fell Thirst
 Of more and more, till *Rome* be left as Bloodless—
 As ever her Fears made her, or the Sword.
 And when I leave to wish this to thee, Step-dame,
 Or stop t' effect it, with my Powers fainting,
 So may my Blood be drawn up, and so drunk up,
 As is this Slave's. *Lon.* And so be mine. *Len.* And mine.

Aut. And mine. *Var.* And mine.

Cat. Swell me my Bowl yet fuller. [*They drink.*]

Here, I do drink this, as I would do *Cato's*,
 Or the new Fellow *Cicero's*, with that Vow
 Which *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do I.

Lea. And I. *Bes.* And I. *Ful.* And I.

Gab. And all of us.

Cat. Why, now's the business safe, and each man
 Sirrah, what ail you? (strengthened:

[*He spies one of his Boys not answer—*]

Pag. Nothing. *Bes.* Somewhat modest.

Cat. Slave I will strike your Soul out with my Foot,
 Let me but find you again with such a Face:

You.

You Whelp— *Bes.* Nay, *Lucius.*

Cat. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all? *Bes.* You'll be observ'd. *Cat.* Arise, and shew
But any least aversion i' your Look
To him that Boards you next, and your Throat opens.

Noble Confederates, thus far is perfect.

Only your Suffrages I will expect
At the Assembly for the chusing *Consuls*,
And all the Voices you can make by Friends
To my Election. Then let me work out
Your Fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid Frosts
Have bound up Brooks and Rivers, forc'd wild Beasts
Unto their Caves, and Birds into the Woods,
Clowns to their Houses; and the Country sleeps;
That when the sudden Thaw comes, we may break
Upon 'em like a Deluge, bearing down
Half *Rome* before us, and invade the rest
With Cries, and Noise, able to wake the Unns
Of those are dead, and make their Ashes fear.
The Horrors that do strike the World, should come
Loud, and unlook'd for; till they strike, be dumb.

Cat. Oraculous *Sergius*! *Len.* God-like *Catiline*!

C H O R U S:

CAN nothing Great, and at the height,
Remain so long? but its own Weight
Will ruin it? Or, is't blind Chance,
That still desires new States t' advance,
And quit the old? Else why must *Rome*
Be by it felt now overcome?
Hath she not Foes enow of those
Whom she hath made such; and enclose
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except she first become her own?
O wretchedness of greatest States,
To be obnoxious to these Fates!
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raise, so ill sustain!

Rome

Rome now is Mistress of the whole
 World, Sea and Land, to either Pole;
 And even that Fortune will destroy
 The Power that made it: She doth joy
 So much in Plenty, Wealth, and Ease,
 As now th' Excess is her Disease.

She builds in Gold, and to the Stars,
 As if she threatned Heav'n with Wars;
 And seeks for Hell in Quarries deep,
 Giving the Fiends, that there do keep,
 A hope of Day. Her Women wear
 The Spoils of Nations in an Ear,
 Chang'd for the Treasure of a Shell;
 And in their loose Attires do swell,
 More light than Sails, when all Winds play:
 Yet are the Men more loose than they!
 More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
 More sleek, more soft, and slacker lim'd;
 As prostitute; so much, that Kind
 May seek it self there, and not find.
 They eat on Beds of Silk and Gold,
 At Ivory Tables, or Wood fold
 Dearer than it; and leaving Plate,
 Do drink in Stone of higher Rate.
 They hunt all Grounds, and draw all Seas,
 Foul every Brook and Bush, to please
 Their wanton Taste; and in request
 Have new and rare things, not the best.

Hence comes that wild and vast Expence,
 That hath enforc'd Rome's Vertue thence,
 Which simple Poverty first made;
 And now Ambition doth invade
 Her State, with eating Avarice,
 Riot, and every other Vice.
 Decrees are bought, and Laws are sold,
 Honours, and Offices for Gold;
 The Peoples Voices, and the free
 Tongues in the Senate, bribed be.
 Such ruin of her Manners, Rome
 Doth suffer now, as she's become

(Without

(Without the Gods it soon gainsay)
 Both her own Spoiler, and own Prey.
 So, *Asia*, art thou cruelly even
 With us, for all the Blows thee given;
 When we, whose Vertue conquer'd thee,
 Thus, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.

A C T II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

THose Rooms do smell extremely. Bring my Glasse
 And Table hither, *Galla*. *Gal.* Madam, *Ful.* Look
 Within, i' my blue Cabinet, for the Pearl
 I had sent me last, and bring it, *Gal.* That from *Clodius*?

Ful. From *Caius Caesar*. Yo' are for *Clodius* still,
 Or *Curius*. Sirrah, if *Quintus Curius* come,
 I am not in fit mood; I keep my Chamber:
 Give warning so without. *Gal.* Is this it, Madam?

Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine Ear. *Gal.* Believe me,
 It is a rich one, Madam. *Ful.* I hope so:
 It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
 And bind my Hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yesterday?

Ful. No, nor the other Day. When knew you me
 Appear two Days together in one Dressing?

Gal. Will you ha't? the Globe, or Spire?

Ful. How thou wilt;
 Any way, so thou wilt do it, good Impertinence.
 Thy Company, if I slept not very well
 A nights, would make me an errant Fool, with Questions.

Gal. Alas, Madam——

Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the Dialogue, cease.

Gal. I do it indeed but for your Exercise,
 As your Physician bids me. *Ful.* How! does he bid you
 To anger me for Exercise? *Gal.* Not to anger you,
 But stir your Blood a little: There's difference
 Between Luke-warm and Boiling, Madam. *Ful.* Jove!
 She means to Cook me, I think. Pray you ha' done.

Gal.

Gal. I mean to dress you. Madam. *Ful.* O, my Juno! Be Friend to me! Offring at Wit too? Why, *Galla!* Where hast thou been?

Gal. Why, Madam? *Ful.* What hast thou done With thy poor innocent self?

Gal. Wherefore, sweet Madam?

Ful. Thusto come forth, so suddenly, a Wit-worm?

Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream Of Lady *Sempronia*— *Ful.* O, the Wonder is out. That did infect thee? Well, and how? *Gal.* Methought She did discourse the best— *Ful.* That ever thou heard'st?

Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I' thy Sleep? Of what was her Discourie?

Gal. O' the *Republick*, Madam, and the State, And how she was in Debt, and where she meant To raise fresh Sums: She's a great State's-woman!

Ful. Thou dream'st all this?

Gal. No, but you know she is, Madam; And both a Mistress of the *Latin Tongue*, And of the *Greek*. *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Galla*; As thou hast done; and therefore you must pardon me.

Gal. Indeed you mock me, Madam. *Ful.* Indeed, no. Eorth with your learned Lady. She has a Wit too?

Gal. A very masculine one. *Ful.* A *She-Critick*, *Galla*? And can compose in Verse, and make quick Jests, Modest, or otherwise?

Gal. Yes, Madam. *Ful.* She can sing too? And play on Instruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they say.

Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! so well, As a bald *Senator* made a Jest, and said, 'Twas better than an honest Woman need.

Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wise Womens honesties Will do their Courtship hurt *Gal.* She's liberal too, Madam.

Ful. What? of her Money, or her Honour, pr'ythee?

Gal. Of both; you know not which she doth spare least.

Ful. A comely Commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity She is in years. *Ful.* Why *Galla*? *Gal.* For it is.

Ful. O, is that all? I thought th' hadst a Reason.

Gal. Why, so I have. She has been a fine Lady, And yet she dresses her self (except you, Madam)

One o' the best in *Rome*; and paints, and hides
Her Decays very well. *Ful.* They say, it is
Rather a Visor, than a Face, she wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam; she does sleek
With Crums of Bread and Milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat Gloves ——— But she is fain of late
To seek, more than she's fought to, (the Fame is)
And so spends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'st all! But *Galla*,
What say you to *Catiline's* Lady, *Orestilla*?
There is the Gallant! *Gal.* She does well. She has
Very good Sutes, and very rich; but then
She cannot put 'em on; she knows not how
To wear a Garment. You shall have her all
Jewels and Gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least Part of her self, No in troth,
As I live, Madam, you put 'em all down
With your meer strength of Judgment, and do draw too
The World of *Rome* to follow! You attire
Your self so diversly, and with that Spirit!
Still to the noblest Humours! They could make
Love to your Dress, altho' your Face were away, they say.

Ful. And Body too, and ha the better Match on't.
Say they not so too, *Galla*? Now, what News
Travels your Count'nance with? *Ser.* If't please you, Ma-
The Lady *Sempronia* is lighted at the Gate. (dam,

Gal. *Castor*, my Dream, my Dream.

Ser. And comes to see you.

Gal. For *Venus* sake, good Madam, see her. *Ful.* Peace,
The Fool is wild; I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

Sem. *Fulvia*, good Wench, how dost thou?

Ful. Well, *Sempronia*.

Whither are you thus early addrest? *Sem.* To see
Aurelia Crestilla. She sent for me.

I came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?

Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have some Letters
To write, and send away. *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
I ha' been writing all this Night (and am
So very weary) unto all the *Tribes*,

And

And *Centuries*, for their Voices, to help *Catiline*
In his Election. We shall make him *Consul*,
I hope, amongst us. *Craſſus*, I, and *Cæſar*
Will carry it for him. *Ful.* Does he stand for't?

Sem. He's the chief *Candidate*. *Ful.* Who stands beside?
(Give me some Wine, and Powder for my Teeth.

Sem. Here's a good Pearl, in troth. *Ful.* A pretty one.

Sem. A very Orient one!) There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that Talker *Cicero*.
But *Catiline* and *Antonius* will be chosen;
For four o' the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius*, will give way:
And *Cicero* they will not chate. *Ful.* No? why?

Sem. It will be cross'd by the Nobility.

Gal. (How she does understand the common Business!)

Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new Fellow,
An inmate here in *Rome*, (as *Catiline* calls him)
And the *Patricians* should do very ill
To let the *Consulship* be so defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it? A meer Upstart,
That has no Pedigree, no House, no Coat,
No Ensigns of a Family! *Ful.* He has Vertue.

Sem. Hang Vertue, where there is no Blood; 'tis Vice,
And in him Sawciness. Why should he presume
To be more Learned, or more Eloquent,
Than the Nobility? or boast any Quality
Worthy a Nobleman, himself nor Noble?

Ful. 'Twas Vertue only, at first, made all men Noble.

Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in *Rome's* poor Age,
When both her *Kings* and *Consuls* held the Plow,
Or Garden'd well: But now we ha' no need
To dig, or lose our sweat for't. We have Wealth,
Fortune, and Ease; and then their Stock to spend on,
Of Name, for Vertue; which will bear us out
'Gainst all new Comers, and can never fail us,
While the Succession stays. And we must glorifie
A Mushroom? one of yesterday? a fine Speaker?
'Cause he hath suck't at *Athens*? and advance him,
To our own loss. No, *Fulvia*; there are they

Can speak *Greek* too, if need were. *Cesar* and I
Have sat upon him; so hath *Crassus* too,
And others. We have all decreed his Rest,
For rising farther. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!

Ful. *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my Woman here?
She does admire you. *Sem.* O Good *Galla*, how dost thou?

Gal. The better for your learned Ladyship.

Sem. Is this gray Powder a good *Dentifrice*?

Ful. You see I use it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.

Ful. I, may be so.

Sem. Yet this smells well. *Gal.* And cleanses
Very well, Madam, and resists the Crudities.

Sem. *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee now?
Which of our great *Patricians*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep
No Catalogue of 'em. Sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the Toy takes their Bloods.

Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus*
Curius,

Thy special Servant, here? *Ful.* My special Servant?

Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be
yours,

If you do like him. *Sem.* How! *Ful.* He comes not here;
I have forbid him hence. *Sem.* *Venus* forbid!

Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your so constant Lover.

Ful. So much the rather,

I would have Change. So would you too, I am sure.

And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's fresh yet, *Fulvia*.

Beware how you do tempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me

He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the Salt is gone,

That gave him season. His good Gifts are done.

He does not yield the Crop that he was wont.

And for the Act, I can have secret Fellows,

With Backs worth ten of him, and shall please me

(Now that the Land is fled) a Myriad better.

Sem. And those one may command.

Ful. 'Tis true: these Lordlings,

Your noble *Faunes*, they are so imperious, saucy,

Rude, and as boisterous as *Centaures*, leaping

A Lady at first sight. *Sem.* And must be born

Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, I'll observe

None of 'em all, nor humour 'em a jot

Longer

Longer than they come laden in the Hand,
And say, Here'st'one for th' other.

Sem. Does *Cesar* give well?

Ful. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it; and that Jewels, Pearl,
Plate, or round Sums, to buy these. I'm not taken
With a Cob-swan, or a high mounting Bull,
As foolish *Leda* and *Europa* were;
But the bright Gold, with *Danae*. For such Price
I would endure a rough, harsh *Jupiter*,
Or ten such thundering Gamesters, and retrain
To laugh at 'em, 'till they are gone, with my much suf-
fering.

Sem. Th'art a most happy Wench, that thus canst make
Use of thy Youth and Freshness, in the Season;
And hast it to make use of.

Ful. (Which is the Happiness.)

Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep
Musick, and a continual Table, to invite 'em.

Ful. (Yes, and they study your Kitchen, more than
you.)

Sem. Eat my self out with Usury, and my Lord too,
And all my Officers, and Friends beside,
To procure Moneys for the needful Charge
I must be at, to have 'em; and yet scarce
Can 'atchieve 'em so. *Ful.* Why, that's because
You affect young Faces only, and smooth Chins,
Sempronia. If you'd love Beards and Bristles,

(One with another, as others do) or Wrinkles——
Who's that? Look, *Galla.* *Gal.* 'Tis the Party, Madam.

Ful. What Party? Has he no Name?

Gal. 'Tis *Quintus Curius*.

Ful. Did I not bid 'em say I kept my Chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do. *Sem.* I'll leave you, *Fulvia*.

Ful. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay.

Sem. In faith, I will not.

Ful. By *Juno* I would not see him.

Sem. I'll not hinder you.

Gal. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam.

Sem. No,

Nor shall not, careful *Galla*, by my Means,

Ful'

Ful. As I do live *Sempronia*—

Sem. What needs this?

Full. Go, say I am a-sleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By *Castor*, no, I'll tell him you are awake;
And very well. Stay *Galla*; farewell *Fulvia*:
I know my Manners. Why do you labour thus,
With Action, against Purpose? *Quintus Curius*,
She is, i' faith, here, and in Disposition.

Ful. Spight with your Courtesie! How shall I be tortur'd!

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal your self,
And keep your Beauty within Locks and Bars here,
Like a Fool's Treasure?

Ful. True, She was a Fool,
When first she shew'd it to a Thief.

Cur. How, pretty Sullenness!
So harsh and short? *Ful.* The Fool's Artillery, Sir.

Cur. Then take my Gown off, for the Encounter.

Ful. Stay, Sir,
I am not in the Mood. *Cur.* I'll put you into't.
Ful. Best put your self i' your Case again, and keep
Your furious Appetite warm, against you have place for't.

Cur. What! do you coy it?

Full. No, Sir. I'm not Proud.

Cur. I would you were. You think this State becomes
you?

By *Hercules*, it do's not. Look i' your Glass now,
And see how scurvily that Countenance shews;
You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I shall not change it.

Cur. Faith but you must, and slack this bended Brow;
And shoot less Scorn: There is a Fortune coming
Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread upon the Head
Of her own Statue here in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder,
Who let this Promiser in! Did you, good Diligence?
Give him his Bribe again. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my Chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my self and Servants?

Cur. How! This's Handsome!
And somewhat a new Strain!

Ful.

Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, Sir.

'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwise,
Between the Parties, though.

Ful. For your fore-knowledge,
Thank that which made it. It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you. *Cur.* No, my Mistress?

Ful. No, though you bring the same Materials,

Cur. Hear me,

You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call your self again, and think.
It you do this to practise on me or find
At what forc'd Distance you can hold your Servant;
That, it be an artificial Trick to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my Love may need it,
As heretofore you ha' done: why, proceed.

Ful. As I ha' done heretofore?

Cur. Yes, when you'd feign

Your Husbands jealousy, your Servants watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the Door,
Or to the Window, form strange Fears that were not;
As if the Pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure. *Ful.* You are an impudent Fellow.

Cur. And when you might better have done it at the
Gate,

To take me in at the Casement. *Ful.* I take you in?

Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And then, being a Bed with you,
To have your well-taught Waiter here, come running,
And cry, her Lord, and hide me without Cause,
Crush'd in a Chest, or thrust up in a Chimney.
When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farm;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept
Both Eyes, and Beak seal'd up, for six Sesterces.

Ful. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd Tongue,
i' your rude Mouth, and favouring your self,
Unmanner'd Lord. *Cur.* How now!

Ful. It is your Title, Sir.

Who (since you ha' lost your own good Name, and know
not
What to lose more) care not whose Honour you wound,
Or Fame you poyson with it. You should go.

And

And vent your self i' the Region where you live,
Among the Suburb-brothels, Bawds, and Brokers,
Whither your broken Fortunes have design'd you.

[He offers to force her, and she draws her Knife.

Cur. Nay, then I must stop your Fury, I see; and
pluck

The Tragick Visor off. Come, Lady *Cypris*,
Know your own Virtues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-fresh,
At every Turn, for all the *Venus* in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by *Pollux*—How now?
Will *Lais* turn a *Lurrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Castor*,
Hold off your Ravisher's Hands, I pierce your Heart else,
I'll not be put to kill my self, as she did,
For you, sweet *Tarquin*. What? do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up.
You'll sooner draw your Weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the *Senate*, who have cast you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common Tale
Of the whole City; base, infamous Man!
For, were you other, you would there employ
Your desperate Dagger. *Cur.* *Fulvia*, you do know
The Strengths you have upon me; do not use
Your Power too like a Tyrant: I can bear
Almost until you break me. *Ful.* I do know, Sir,
So do's the *Senate* too, know you can bear.

Cur. By all the Gods, the *Senate* will smart deep
For your Upbraidings. I should be right sorry
To have the Means so to be veng'd on you,
(At least, the Will) as I shall shortly on them.
But, go you on still; fare you well, dear Lady:
You could not still be fair, unless you were proud.
You will repent these Moods, and ere't be long too,
I shall ha' you come about again.

Ful. Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so. *Ful.* By what Augury?

Cur. By the fair Entrails of the Matrons Chests,
Gold, Pearl, and Jewels here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) say that she might have star'd:
And grieving miss.

Ful.

Ful. Tut, all your promis'd Mountains,
And Seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——

Cur. But, when you see the universal Flood
Run by your Coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
Are sold for Slaves, their Wives for Bond-women,
Their Houses and fine Gardens given away,
And all their Goods, under the Spear at out-cry,
And you have none of this; but are still *Fulvia*,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it:
You will advise then, *Coiness*, with your Cushion,
And look o' your Fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
And so he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not usual! something hangs on this
That I must win out of him.

Cur. How now, melt you?

Ful. Come; you will laugh now, at my Easiness!
But 'tis no Miracle: Doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my Love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her Behaviour. *Ful.* You do see, I study
How I may please you then. But you think, *Curius*,
'Tis Covetise hath wrought me; if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit. *Cur.* By my lov'd Soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my Study,
More than mine own Revenge to make thee happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just Revenge doth make me happy.
To hear you prosecute: and which, indeed
Hath won me to you, more than all the Hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I love Valour
Better than any Lady loves her Face,
Or dressing, than my self do's. Let me grow
Still, where I do embrace. But what good Means
Ha' you t' effect it? shall I know your Project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.

Ful. As I can be.

Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?

Ful. As close as Shells

Of Cockles meet. *Cur.* And print 'em deep?

Ful. Quite through

Our subtle Lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I will sow 'em

Faster

Faster than you can reap. What is your Plot?

Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* looks like her bright Name!
And is her self! *Ful.* Nay, answer me, your Plot;
I pr'ythee tell me, *Quintus.* *Cur.* I, these Sounds
Become a Mistress. Here is Harmony!
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
Is not with Violence, but Service. Cruel,
A Lady is a Fire: gentle, a Light.

[She kisses and flatters him along still.]

Ful. Will you not tell me, what I ask you? *Cur.* All
That I can think, sweet Love, or my Breast holds,
I'll pour into thee. *Ful.* What is your Design then?

Cur. I'll tell thee, *Catiline* shall now be Consul:
But you will hear more shortly.

Ful. Nay, dear Love ———

Cur. I'll speak it in thine Arms, let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her Wealth will be our Prize;
By publick Ruin, private Spirits must rise.

C H O R U S.

Great Father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*,
By whose high auspice, *Rome*, hath stood
So long; and first was built in Blood
Of your great Nephew, that then strove
Not with his Brother, but your Rites:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious Men
Against your Wills oppose their Might.
Our Consuls, now are to be made;
O, put it in the publick Voice
To make a free and worthy Choice;
Excluding such as would invade
The Commonwealth. Let whom we name,
Have Wisdom, Fore-sight, Fortitude,
Be more with Faith than Face endu'd,
And study Conscience, above Fame.
Such, as not seek to get the Start
In State, by Power, Parts, or Bribes,
Ambition's Bawds: but move the *Tribes*
By Virtue, Modesty, Desert.

Such,

Such, as to Justice will adhere,
 Wharever great one it offend :
 And from the embraced Truth not bend
 For Envy, Hatred, Gifts, or Fear.
 That by their Deeds will make it known,
 Whose Dignity they do sustain ;
 And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
 Count the Republicks, not their own.
 Such the old *Bruti*, *Decii* were,
 The *Cipi*, *Curtii*, who did give
 Themselves for *Rome* : and would not live
 As Men, good only for a Year.
 Such were the great *Camilli*, too ;
 The *Fabii*, *Scipio's* ; that still thought
 No work at Price enough was bought,
 That for their Country they could do,
 And to her Honour, so did knit ;
 As all their Acts were understood
 The Sinews of the publick Good :
 And they themselves, one Soul, with it.
 These Men were truly Magistrates ;
 These neither practis'd Force, nor Forms :
 Nor did they leave the Helm in Storms !
 And such they are make happy States.

A C T III.

*Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Crassus, Caesar, Chorus,
 Littors.*

Cic. **G**REAT Honours are great Burdens : but, on whom
 They are cast with Envy, he doth bear two
 Loads.

His Cares must still be double to his Joys,
 In any Dignity ; where, if he err,
 He finds no Pardon : and for doing well
 A most small Praise, and that wrung out by Force.
 I speak this, *Romans*, knowing what the Weight

Qf

Of the high Charge, you have trusted to me, is.

Not that thereby I would with Art decline

The Good, or Greatness of your Benefit;

For, I ascribe it to your singular Grace,

And vow to owe it to no Title else,

Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your Consul.

I have no Urns; no dusty Monuments;

No broken Images of Ancestors,

Wanting an Ear, or Nose; no forged Tables

Of long Descents, to boast false Honours from:

Or be my Undertakers to your Trust.

But a new Man (as I am stil'd in *Rome*)

Whom you have dignified; and more, in whom

Yo' have cut a way, and left it ope for Virtue

Hereafter, to that place: which our great Men

Held shut up, with all Ramparts, for themselves,

Nor have but few of them, in time been made

Your Consuls, so; new Men, before me, none:

At my first Suit; in my just Year; prefer'd

To all Competitors; and some the noblest——

Cra. Now the Vein swells. *Cas.* Up Glory.

Cic. And to have

Your loud Consents, from your own utter'd Voices;

Not silent Books: nor from the meaner Tribes,

But first and last, the universal Concourse!

This is my Joy, my Gladness. But my Care,

My Industry and Vigilance now must work,

That still your Councils of me be approv'd,

Both by your selves, and those to whom you have

With Grudge prefer'd me: two things I must labour;

That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.

For every Lapse of mine will now be call'd

Your Error, if I make such. But, my Hope is,

So to bear through, and out, the Consulship,

As Spight shall ne'er wound you, though it may me.

And for my self, I have prepar'd this Strength,

To do so well; as, if there happen Ill

Unto me: it shall make the Gods to blush:

And be their Crime, not mine, that I am envy'd.

Cas. O Confidence! more new than is the Man!

Cic. I know well, in what Terms I do receive

The Commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
 In which there's not that Mischief, or ill Fate,
 That good Men fear not, wicked Men expect not.
 I know, beside some turbulent Practices
 Already on foot, and Rumours of more Dangers——

Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none.

Cic. Last,

I know, 'twas this, which made the Envy and Pride
 Of the great *Roman* Blood bate, and give way
 To my Election. *Cat.* *Marcus Tullius*, true;
 Our Need made thee our Consul, and thy Virtue.

Cas. *Cato*, you will undo him with your Praise?

Cato. *Cesar* will hurt himself with his own Envy.

Chor. The Voice of *Cato* is the Voice of *Rome*.

Cato. The Voice of *Rome* is the Consent of Heaven!
 And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the Helm,
 Where thou must render now thy self a Man,
 And Master of thy Art. Each petty Hand
 Can steer a Ship becalm'd; but he that will
 Govern, and carry her to her Ends, must know
 His Tides, his Currents; how to shift his Sails;
 What she will bear in foul, what in fair Weathers;
 Where her Springs are, her Leaks; and how to stop 'em;
 What Sands, what Shelves, what Rocks do threaten her;
 The Forces, and the Natures of all Winds,
 Gusts, Storms, and Tempests; when her Keel ploughs Hell,
 And Deck knocks Heaven: then to manage her,
 Becomes the Name and Office of a Pilot.

Cic. Which I'll perform, with all the Diligence
 And Fortitude I have; not for my Year,
 But for my Life; except my Life be less,
 And that my Year conclude it: if it must,
 Your Will, lov'd Gods. This Heart shall yet employ
 A Day, an Hour is left me, so for *Rome*,
 As it shall spring a Life out of my Death,
 To shine for ever glorious in my Facts.

The Vicious count their Years, Virtuous their Acts.

Chor. Most noble Consul! let us wait him home.

Cas. Most popular Consul he is grown, methinks!

Cra. How the Rout cling to him!

Cas.

Cas. And *Cato* leads 'em!

Cra. You, his Collegue *Antonius*, are not lookt on.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care. *Cas.* He enjoys Rest,
And Ease the while. Let th' others Spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspir'd for Turmoil.

Catu. If all Reports be true, yet *Caius Caesar*,
The Time hath need of such a Watch and Spirit.

Cas. Reports? Do you believe 'em *Catulus*?
Why he does make, and breed 'em for the People;
T' endear his Service to 'em. Do you not taste
An Art that is so common? Popular Men,
They must create strange Monsters, and then quell 'em,
To make their Arts seem something. Would you have
Such an *Herculean* Actor in the Scene,
And not his *Hydra*? they must sweat no less
To fit their Properties, than t' express their Parts.

Cra. Treasons, and guilty Men are made in States
Too oft, to dignifie the Magistrates.

Catu. Those States be wretched that are forc'd to
buy
Their Rulers Fame with their own Infamy.

Cra. We therefore should provide that ours do not.

Cas. That will *Antonius* make his Care.

Ant. I shall.

Cas. And watch the Watcher.

Catu. Here comes *Catiline*.

How does he brook his late Repulse?

Cas. I know not,

But hardly sure. *Cat.* *Longinus* too did stand?

Cas. At first: but he gave way unto his Friend.

Catu. Who's that's come? *Lentulus*?

Cas. Yes; he is again

Taken into the Senate. *Ant.* And made *Prator*.

Catu. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the Consuls.

Cas. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate, then.

Catiline, *Antonius*, *Catulus*, *Cesar*, *Crassus*, *Longinus*,
Lentulus.

Cati. Hail noblest *Romans*. The most worthy Consul,
I gratulate your Honour. *Ant.* I cou'd wish
It had been happier, by your Fellowship,
Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the People.

Cati. It did not please the Gods, who instruct the People: And their unquestion'd Pleasures must be serv'd. (ple: They know what's fitter for us than our selves; And 'twere Impiety to think against them.

Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and it glads me, To find your Thoughts so even. *Cati.* I shall still Study to make them such to *Rome*, and Heaven. (I would withdraw with you a little, *Julius*.

Ces. I'll come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you To speak to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.

Cati. I apprehend you.) No, when they shall judge Honours convenient for me, I shall have 'em, With a full Hand: I know it. In mean Time, They are no less Part of the Common-wealth, That do obey, than those that do command.

Catu. O let me kiss your Fore-head, *Lucius*. How are you wrong'd! *Cati.* By whom?

Catu. Publick report. That gives you out, to stomach your Repulse; And brook it deadly. *Cati.* Sir, she brooks not me Believe me rather, and your self, now of me: It is a kind of Slander to trust Rumour.

Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it.

Cati. So may not I. Where it concerns himself, Who's angry at a Slander, makes it true.

Catu. Most noble *Sergius*! This your Temper melts me,

Cra. Will you do Office to the Consul, *Quintus*?

Ces. Which *Caro*, and the Rout have done the other?

Catu. I wait, when he will go. Be still your self. He wants no State, or Honours, that hath Vertue.

Cati. Did I appear so tame as this Man thinks me? Look'd I so Poor? so Dead? so like that nothing, Which he calls vertuous? O my Breast, break quickly: And shew my Friends my in-parts, lest they think I have betray'd 'em. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinus*?

Len. Gone.

Lon. And *Vargunteius*?

Len. Slipt away; all shrunk: Now that he miss the Consulship.) *Cati.* I am The scorn of Bond-men, who are next to Beasts. What can I worse pronounce my self, that's fitter?

The

The Owl of *Rome*, whom Boys and Girls will hout!
 That were I set up for that wooden God,
 That keeps our Gardens, could not fright the Crows,
 Or the least Bird from muting on my Head.

(*Lon.* 'Tis strange how he should miss it.

Len. Is't not stranger,
 The upstart *Cicero* should carry it so,
 By all consents, from Men so much his Masters?

(*Lon.* 'Tis true.)

Cati. To what a shadow am I melted!

(*Lon.* *Antonius* wan it but by some few Voices.)

Cati. Struck through, like Air, and feel it not. My
 Wounds

Close faster, than they're made. *Len.* The whole Design;
 And Enterprize is lost by't. All Hands quit it,
 Upon his fall) *Cati.* I grow mad at my patience,
 It is a Visor that hath poison'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes, (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

Cati. Repulse upon Repulse? An in mate Consul?

That I could reach the Axel, where the Pins are,
 Which bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,
 And pluck all into Chaos, with myself.

Cet. What, are we wishing now?

Cati. Yes, my *Cethegus*.

Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;
 And force new Nature out to make another.

These wishings Taste of Woman, not of *Roman*.

Let us seek other Arms. *Cati.* What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishes take not:
 So sudden, as the Gods should not prevent,
 Nor scarce have Time to fear. *Cati.* O noble *Caius*!

Cet. It likes me better, that you are not Consul.
 I would not go through open Doors, but break 'em;
 Swim to my Ends through Blood; or build a Bridge
 Of Carcasses; make on, upon the Heads
 Of Men, struck down like Piles; to reach the Lives
 Of those remain and stand: Then is't a Prey,
 When Danger stops, and Ruin makes the way.

Cati. How thou dost utter me, brave Soul, that may not
At all Times shew such as I am, but bend
Upon occasion? *Lentulus*, this Man,
If all our Fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the Hand of *Jove*; and rivet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but trown: and let
His own gaunt Eagle to fly at him, to tire.

Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*.

Cati. Let him come, and hear.
I will no more dissemble! Quit us all;
I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake his Gyants War, and carry it.

Len. What needs this, *Lucius*?

Lon. *Sergius*, be more wary.

Cati. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new Consul's Spie.
What is your sower austerity sent to explore?

Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters and Racks cannot express from thee
More than thy Deeds. 'Tis only Judgment waits thee.

Cati. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me?

Cato. No, the Gods;

Whoever follow those, they go not with:
And *Senate*, who with Fire, must purge sick *Rome*
Of noisome Citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same Air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him.

Len. Hold, good *Gaius*.

Cet. Fear'st thou not, *Cato*? *Cato.* Rash *Cethegus*, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou
Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cati.* The fire you speak of,
If any Flames of it approach my Fortunes,
I'll quench it not with Water, but with Ruin.

Cato. You hear this, *Romans*.

Cati. Bear it to the Consul.

Cet. I would have sent away his Soul before him.
You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the Kingdom
Promis'd you by the *Sybil's*.

Cati. Which his *Prator-ship*,
And some small Flattery of the *Senate* more,
Will make him to forget.

Len.

Len. You wrong me, *Lucius*.

Lon. He will not need these Spurs.

Cet. The action needs 'em.

These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.

Len. Let us consult then. *Cet.* Let us first take Arms.

They that deny us just Things now, will give

All that we ask, if once they see our Swords.

Cat. Our Objects must be sought with Wounds, not Words.

Cicero, Fulvia.

Cic. Is there a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be
They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!

Hath *Jove* no Thunder? or is *Jove* become

Stupid as thou art? O neer-wretched *Rome*,

When both thy *Senate*, and thy Gods do sleep,

And neither thine, nor their own States do keep!

What will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite

Thine Anger, if this Practice be too light?

His former drifts partake of former Times,

But this last Plot was only *Catiline's*.

O, that it were his last. But he, before

Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.

Ambition, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back;

And is a swelling, and the last Affection

A high Mind can put off: being both a Rebel

Unto the Soul, and Reason, and enforceth

All Laws, all Conscience, treads upon Religion,

And offereth Violence to Nature's self.

But here is that transcends it! A black Purpose

To confound Nature, and to ruin that,

Which never Age nor Mankind can repair!

Sit down, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost

In this your Fable: for, to think it true

Tempteth my Reason. It so far exceeds

All insolent Fictions of the Tragick Scene!

The Commonwealth yet panting underneath

The stripes and wounds of a late civil War,

Gasping for Life, and scarce restor'd to Hope;

To seek t'oppress her with new Cruelty,

And utterly extinguish her long Name,

With so prodigious and unheard-of Fierceness!

F 5

What

What sink of Monsters, Wretches of lost Minds,
Mad after Change, and desperate in their States,
Wearied, and gall'd with their Necessities.

(For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?
Would not the barbarous Deeds have been believ'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
Without this Fact had rise forth greater for them?
All that they did, was Piety, to this!

They yet but mured Kinsfolk, Brothers, Parents,
Ravish'd the Virgins, and perhaps, some Matrons;
They left the City standing, and the Temples:
The Gods and Majesty of *Rome* were safe yet!

Their purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
The far triumphed World: for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the same Discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament
In human Blood, for execution
Of this their dire Design; which might be call'd
The height of Wickedness: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! *Ful.* I assure your Lordship,
The extream horror of it almost turn'd me
To Air, when first I heard it; I was all
A Vapour when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret,
I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good *Fulvia*,
Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have discharg'd it, safely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy Service,
Turn most ingrate; yet were your Vertue paid
In conscience o' the Fact: so much good Deeds
Reward themselves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
To any other Aim, but for it self.
To no Ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
Of doing Office to the publique Weal,
And private Friendship: and have shewn it, Lady.
Be still your self. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,

And

And (for your vertuous sake) if I can win him
Yet to the Common-wealth, he shall be safe too.

Ful. I'll undertake, my Lord, he shall be won.

Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

Cicero, Licetor, Fulvia, Curius.

Cic. How now? Is he come?

Lic. He's here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go presently,
Pray my Colleague *Antonius* I may speak with him,
About some present Business of the State;
And (as you go) call on my Brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes*, to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me?

Ful. It is my Duty. *Cic.* O my noble Lord!
I have to chide you, i'faith. Give me your Hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady? What! do you guess
My Business yet? Come, if you frown, I thunder:
Therefore put on your better Looks and Thoughts.
There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
And I would make those your Complexion,
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that Hope,
As, on my Knowledge, it was in their Purpose
Next sitting to restore you, as they done
The stupid and ungrateful *Lentulus*,
(Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
For yet you are not such.) Would you, I say,
A Person both of Blood and Honour, stockt
In a long Race of vertuous Ancestors,
Embark your self to such a hellish Action,
With Parricides and Traitors, Men turn'd *Furies*,
Out of the Waste and Ruin of their Fortunes!
(For 'tis Despair that is the Mother of Madness.)
Such as want (that which all Conspirators
But they have first) meer Colour for their Mischief?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not Labour
T' extenuate your Guilt, but quit it clean:
Bad Men excuse their Faults, good Men will leave 'em.
He acts the third Crime, that defends the first.
Here is a Lady that hath got the start
In Piety of us all, and for whose Vertue
I could almost turn Lover again, but that

Terentia would be jealous. What an Honour
 Hath she atchieved to her self! What Voices,
 Titles, and loud Applauses will pursue her
 Through every Street! What Windows will be fill'd,
 To shoot Eyes at her! What Envy and Griet in Matrons,
 They are not she! when this her Act shall seem
 Worthier a Chariot, than if *Pompey* came
 With *Asia* chain'd! All this is, while she lives;
 But dead, her very Name will be a Statue!
 Not wrought for Time, but rooted in the Minds
 Of all Posterity; when Brass and Marble,
 & the Capitol it self is Dust!

Ful. Your Honour thinks too highly of me. *Cic.* No;
 I cannot think enough; and I would have
 Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow
 The better Precedent. She shews you, *Curius*,
 What Claim your Country lays to you, and what Duty
 You owe to it: Be not afraid to break
 With Murderers, and Traitors, for the saving
 A Life so near and necessary to you,
 As is your Countries. Think but on her Right.
 No Child can be too natural to his Parent.
 She is our Common Mother; and doth challenge
 The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it.
 He that is void of Fear, may soon be just:
 And no Religion binds Men to be traitors.

Ful. My Lord, he understands it, and will follow
 Your saving Counsel; but his Shame yet slays him.
 I know that he is coming. *Cur.* Do you know it?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you.

Cur. O, you are—— *Ful.* What am I?

Cur. Speak not so loud.

Ful. I am what you should be.

Come, do you think I'd walk in any Plot
 Where Madam *Sempronia* should take place of me,
 And *Fulvia* come i' the *Rare*, or o' the *by*?
 That I would be her Second in a Business,
 Though it might vantage me all the Sun sees?
 It was a silly phant'ie of yours. Apply
 Your self to me, and the *Consul*, and be wise;
 Follow the Fortune I ha' put you into:

You

You may be something this way, and with safety.

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no Whisperings, Lady.

Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his Course was.

Cic. How hazardous? How certain to all ruin.

Did he, or do yet any of them imagine

The Gods would sleep to such a *Strygian* Practice;

Against that Commonwealth which they have founded

With so much Labour, and like Care have kept,

Now near seven hundred Years? It is a Madness,

Wherewith Heaven blinds 'em, when it would confound

That they should think it. Come, my *Curius*, ('em,

I see your Nature's right; you shall no more

Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,

And trouble this good Shame no farther. Stand:

Firm for your Country, and become a Man

Honour'd and lov'd. It were a noble Life,

To be found dead, embracing her. Know you

What Thanks, what Titles, what Rewards the *Senate*

Will heap upon you, certain, for your Service?

Let not a desperate Action more engage you,

Than Safety should; and wicked Friendship force,

What Honesty and Vertue cannot work.

Ful. He tells you right, sweet Friend, 'tis saving Counsel.

Cur. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers;

I mean, my Countries: you have form'd me new,

Inspired me with what I should be truly.

And I entreat, my Faith may not seem cheaper

For springing out of Penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,

It shall be dearer rather; and because

I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more:

Keep still your former Face, and mix again

With these lost Spirits; run all their Mazes with 'em;

For such are Treasons: Find their Windings out,

And subtle Turnings, watch their Snake Ways,

Through Brakes and Hedges, into Woods of Darkness,

Where they are fain to creep upon their Breasts

In Paths ne'er trod by Men, but Wolves and Panther's.

Learn, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those

Whose Names I have; what new ones they draw in;

Who else are likely; what those great ones are

They

They do not name; what ways they mean to take;
 And whither their Hopes point, to War, or Ruin
 By some Surprise. Explore all their Intents;
 And what you find may profit the Republick,
 Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
 Or this your vertuous Friend, on whom I lay
 The Care of urging you. I'll see that *Rome*
 Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous Mother.
 Be secret as the Night. *Cur.* And constant, Sir.

Cic. I do not doubt it; though the time cut off
 All Vows. The Dignity of Truth is lost
 With much protesting. Who is there! This way,
 Left you be seen and met. And when you come,
 Be this your Token to this Fellow. Light 'em.

[*He whispers with him.*]

O *Rome*, in what a Sickness art thou fall'n!
 How dangerous and deadly! when thy Head
 Is drown'd in Sleep, and all thy Body Fev'ry!
 No Noise, no Pulling, no Vexation wakes thee,
 Thy *Lethargy* is such: or if, by chance,
 Thou heav'st thy Eye-lids up, thou dost forget
 Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper Danger.
 I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,
 Who wake for thee, though thou snore for thy self.
 Is it not strange, thou shoudst be so diseas'd,
 And so secure? But more, that the first Symptoms
 Of such a Malady should not rise out
 From any worthy Member, but a base
 And common Strumpet, worthless to be nam'd
 A Hair, or part of thee? Think, think, hereafter,
 What thy needs were, when thou must use such Means:
 And lay it to thy Breast, how much the Gods
 Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making
 So vile a thing the Author of thy Safety.
 They could have wrought by nobler ways, have struck
 Thy Foes with forked Lightning, or ramm'd Thunder;
 Thrown Hills upon 'em, in the Act; have sent
 Death, like a Damp, to all their Families;
 Or caus'd their Consciences to burst 'em. But
 When they will shew thee what thou art, and make
 A scornful difference 'twixt their Power and thee,

They

They help thee by such Aids as Geese and Harlots.
 How now ? What answer ? Is he come ? *Lic.* Your Brother
 Will streight be here ; and your Colleague *Antonius*
 Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cic.* I, that
 Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my fear.
 He is a Man 'gainst whom I must provide,
 That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
 He, though he be not of the Plot, will like it,
 And wish it should proceed : for, unto Men
 Prest with their Wants, all Change is ever welcome.
 I must with Offices and Patience win him,
 Make him by Art, that which he is not born,
 A Friend unto the Publick, and bestow
 The *Province* on him, which is by the *Senate*
 Decreed to me ; that Benefit will bind him.
 'Tis well, if some Men will do well for Price :
 So few are vertuous when the Reward's away.
 Nor must I be unmindful of my Private,
 For which I have call'd my Brother, and the *Tribunes*,
 My Kinsfolk, and my Clients, to be near me.
 He that stands up 'gainst Traitors, and their Ends,
 Shall need a double Guard, of Law, and Friends :
 Especially in such an envious State,
 That sooner will accuse the Magistrate,
 Than the Delinquent ; and will rather grieve
 The Treason is not acted, than believe.

Casár, Catiline.

The Night grows on, and you are for your Meeting :
 I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
 And put your Enterprize in act. The more
 Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
 The less assuredly they are perform'd.
 And thence it hapneth, that the bravest Plots
 (Not executed streight) have been discover'd.
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more ; there may be yet one wretched Spirit,
 With whom the fear of Punishment shall work
 Bove all the thoughts of Honour and Revenge.
 You are not now to think what's best to do,
 As in Beginnings ; but what must be done,

Being

Being thus entred; and slip no advantage
 That may secure you. Let 'em call it Mischief:
 When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be Vertue.
 Th'are petty Crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
 Nor must you think of Peril, since Attempts
 Begun with Danger, still do end w'th Glory;
 And, when Need stirs, Despair will be call'd Wisdom.
 Lets ought the care of Men or Fame to fright you;
 For they that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of Victory, how e'er it beatch ev'd;
 And Vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with Wants,
 Would stop at Death, or any thing beyond it?
 Come, there was never any great thing yet
 Aspired, but by Violence or Fraud:
 And he that sticks (for folly of a Conscience)
 To reach it—— *Cat.* Is a good Religious Fool.

Cas. A superstitious Slave, and will die a Beast.
 Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,
 By this. Prepare you Wings as large as Sails,
 To cut through Air, and leave no Print behind you.
 A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon,
 Does eat a Bat; and so must you a Consul,
 That watches. What you do, do quickly, *Sergius*.
 You shall not stir for me. *Cat.* Excuse me. Lights there.

Cas. By no means.

Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to *Caesar*.
 And like to *Crassus*.

Cas. Mind but your Friends Counsels.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lucca.

Cati. Or I will bear no Mind. How now, *Aurelia*?
 Are your Confederates come? the Ladies? *Aur.* Yes.

Cat. And is *Sempronia* there?

Aur. She is. *Cat.* That's well.

She has a sulphurous Spirit, and will take
 Light at a Spark. Break with them, gentle Love,
 About the drawing as many of their Husbands
 Into the Plot, as can; if not, to rid 'em.
 That'll be the easier practice unto some,
 Who have been tir'd with 'em long. Solicit
 Their Aids for Money, and their Servants help,
 In firing of the City at the time

Shall

Shall be design'd. Promise 'em States, and Empires;
And Men, for Lovers, made of better Clay
Than ever the old Porter *Titan* knew.

Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?

Lec. They are all here.

Cat. Love, you have your Instructions:

I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on.

You'll form it? *Percius*, fetch the Silver Eagle

I ga' you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter.

Catiline, *Cethegus*, *Curius*, *Lentulus*, *Vargunteius*, *Longinus*, *Gabinus*, *Ceparius*, *Autronius*, &c.

O Friends, your Faces glad me. This will be
Our last, I hope, of Consultation.

Cet. So it had need. *Cur.* We lose Occasion daily.

Cat. I, and our Means: whereof one wounds me most:
That was the fairest: *Piso* is dead in Spain.

Cet. As we are here. *Lon.* And as 'tis thought, by envy
Of *Pompey's* Followers. *Len.* He too's coming back
Now out of *Asia*. *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We must be swift in. Take your Seats, and hear.

I have already sent *Septimius*

Into the *Picene* Territory, and *Julius*,

To raise Force for us in *Apulia*;

Manlius at *Fesula* is (by this time) up;

With the old needy Troops that follow'd *Sylla*:

And all do but expect when we will give

The Blow at home. Behold this Silver Eagle,

'Twas *Marinus* Standard in the *Cimbrian* War,

Fatal to *Rome*; and, as our *Augures* tell me,

Shall still be so: for which one ominous Cause,

I have kept it safe, and done it sacred Rites,

As to a Godhead, in a Chapel built

Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your Hands,

To follow it, with Vows of Death and Ruin,

Struck silently, and home. So Waters speak

When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,

The twentieth from the firing of the *Capitol*,

As fatal too to *Rome*, by all Predictions;

And in which honour'd *Lentulus* must rise

A King, if he pursue it. *Cur.* If he do not,

He is not worthy the great Destiny.

Len.

Len. It is too great for me; but what the Gods:
And their great Loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.
We have enough beside; all *Gallia, Belgia,*
Greece, Spain, and Africk. *Cur.* I, and *Asia* too;
Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Noblest *Romans,*
Methinks our Looks are not so quick and high
As they were wont.

Cur. No? whose is not? *Cat.* We have
No Anger in our Eyes, no Storm, no Lightning:
Our heat is spent, and fum'd away in Vapour,
Before our Hands be at work. I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness. *Cet.* Yes,
And be your self such, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?
'Tis sharply answer'd. *Caius.* *Cet.* Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave these untimely Quarrels.

Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one to ruin.

Cet. More *Romes*? More Worlds.

Cur. Nay then, more Gods, and Natures,
If they took part. *Len.* When shall the time be, first?

Cat. I think, the *Saturnals.* *Cet.* 'Twill be too long.

Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a Month.

Cet. A Week, a Day, an Hour is too far off:
Now were the fittest time. *Cat.* We ha' not laid
All things so safe and ready. *Cet.* While we are laying,
We shall all lie, and grow to Earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done e're thought.

Cat. Nay, now your Reason
Forakes you, *Caius.* Think but what commodity
That time will minister; the Cities Custom
Of being then in Mirth and Feast— *Len.* Loos'd whole
In Pleasure and Security— *Ant.* Each House
Resolv'd in Freedom— *Cur.* Every Slave a Master—

Lon. And they too no mean Aids —

Cur. Made from their hope
Of Liberty— *Len.* Or hate unto their Lords.

Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus,*
Why do your Passions now disturb our Hopes?

Cet.

Cat. Why do your Hopes delude our Certainties?

Cat. You must lend him his way. Think, for the Order,
And Process of it. *Lon.* Yes. *Len.* I like not Fire;
'Twill too much waste my City. *Cat.* Were it Embers,
There will be Wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To spring anew. It must be Fire, or nothing.

Lon. What else should fright or terrifie 'em?

Var. T. ue.

In that Confusion, must be the chief Slaughter.

Cur. Then we shall kill 'em bravest.

Cep. And in heaps.

Aut. Strew Sacrifices.

Cur. Make the Earth an Altar.

Lon. And Rome the Fire.

Lec. 'Twill be a noble Night.

Var. And worth all *Sylla's* Days.

Chr. When Husbands, Wives,

Grandfires, and Nephews, Servants, and their Lords,
Virgins, and Priests, the Infant, and the Nurse,
Go all to Hell together in a Fleet.

Cat. I would have you *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the Charge o' the Firing, which must be
At a Sign given with a Trumpet, done
In twelve chief Places of the City at once.

The Flax and Sulphur are already laid
In at *Cethegus* House; so are the Weapons.

Gabinus, you, with other Force, shall stop
The Pipes and Conduits, and kill those that come
For Water. *Cur.* What shall I do? *Cat.* All will have
Employment, fear not: Ply the Execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *Cat.* I will be
At hand, with the Army, to meet those that, 'scape:

And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* House,
To seize his Sons alive; for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,

As *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads, or Mowers
A Field of Thistles, or else, up, as Plows
Do barren Lands, and strike together Flints
And Clods, th' ungrateful *Senate* and the People;
Till no Rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her self

Into

Into the Scale; but, in your violent Acts,
 The fall of Torrents, and the noise of Tempests,
 The boyling of *Charybdis*, the Seas Wildness,
 The eating force of Flames, and wings of Winds,
 Be all out-wrought by your transcendent Furies.
 It had been done e're this, had I been *Consul*;
 We had had no stop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius*?

Cat. Th' other has won him, lost: that *Cicero*
 Was born to be my opposition,
 And stands in all our ways. *Cur.* Remove him first.

Cet. May that yet be done sooner?

Cat. Would it were done. *Cur. Var.* I'll do't.

Cet. It is my Province; none usurp it.

Len. What are your Means?

Cet. Enquire not. He shall die.

Shall, was too slowly said. He's dying. That
 Is yet too slow. He's dead. *Cat.* Brave, only *Roman*,
 Whose Soul might be the World's Soul, were that dying;
 Refuse not yet the Aids, of these your Friends.

Len. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.

Cat. And under the pretext of Clientele,
 And Visitation, with the morning Hail,
 Will be admitted. *Cet.* What is that to me?

Var. Yes, we may kill him in his Bed, and safely.

Cet. Safe is your way then, take it. Mine's mine own.

Cat. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and persuade,
 The Morning is the fittest time. *Lon.* The Night
 Will turn all into Tumult. *Len.* And perhaps
 Miss of him too. *Cat.* Entreat and conjure him
 In all our Names——

Lon. By all our Vows and Friendships.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [To them.

What! is our Council broke up first? *Aur.* You say,
 Women are greatest Talkers. *Sem.* We ha' done,
 And are now fit for action. *Lon.* Which is Passion.
 There's your best activity, Lady. *Sem.* How
 Knows your wife Father's that?

Lon. Your Mother's Daughter

Did teach me, Madam. *Cet.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him;
 He is a Giber; and our present Business
 Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*

Tells

Tells me, you ha' done most masculinely within,
And Play the Orator. *Sem.* But we must hasten
To our Design as well, and execute;
Not hang still in the Fever of an Accident.

Cat. You say well. Lady. *Sem.* I do like our Plot
Exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave
Little to Fortune in it. *Cat.* Your Banquet stays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?

Sem. O, the two Lovers are coupling.

Cur. In good faith,
She's very ill with sitting up. *Sem.* You'd have her
Laugh, and lie down? *Ful.* No, faith, *Sempronius*,
I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the Morning. *Curius* shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me: my Health
I must respect. *Aur.* Farewel, good *Fulvia*.

[*Curius whispers this to Fulvia.*]

Cur. Make haste, and bid him get his Guards about him.
For *Vargunteius* and *Cornelius*
Have undertane it, should *Cetheus* miss:
Their Reason, that they think his open Rashness
Will suffer easier discovery
Than their Attempt, so vailed under Friendship.
I'll bring you to your Coach. Tell him, beside;
Of *Cesar's* coming forth here. *Cat.* My sweet Madam,
Will you be gone? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
In some Indisposition. *Cat.* I do wish
You had all your Health, sweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll do her Service. *Len.* To her Coach, and Duty.

Catiline.

What Ministers Men must for practice use!
The rash, th'ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the Dregs of Mankind,
To Whores, and Women! Still it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their Rooms
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle Fires,
Slaves carry Burthens, Butchers are for Slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks, for Poysons;
As these for me: Dull stupid *Lentulus*,
My Stile, with whom I stalk; the rash *Cetheus*,
My Executioner; and fat *Longinus*,

Statilius.

Statilius, Curius, Ceparius, Cimber,
 My Labourers, Pioneers, and Incendiaries:
 With these domestick Traitors, Bosom-thieves,
 Whom Custom hath call'd Wives; the readiest Helps
 To betray heady Husbands, rob the Easie,
 And lend the Moneys on Returns of Lust.
 Shall *Catiline* not do now, with these Aids,
 So fought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
 Their Labour, but his Profit? and make *Cesar*
 Repent his vent'ring Counse's to a Spirit
 So much his Lord in Mischief? when all these
 Shall, like the Brethren sprung of Dragon's Teeth,
 Ruin each other, and he fall amongst 'em,
 With *Craffus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears
 But like, or near a great One. May my Brain
 Resolve to Water, and my Blood turn Phlegm,
 My Hands drop off unworthy of my Sword,
 And that b' inspired of it self to rip
 My Breast for my lost Entrails, when I leave
 A Soul that will not serve; and who will, are
 The same with Slaves, such Clay I dare not fear.
 The Cruelty I mean to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my Name;
 Whi'ft After-ages do toilout themselves
 In thinking for the like, but do it less:
 And were the Power of all the Fiends let loose,
 With Fate too boot, it should be still Example,
 When, what the *Gaul* or *Moor* could not effect,
 Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of Spight,
 Shall be the Work of one, and that my Night.

Cicero, Fulvia, Quintus.

Cic. I thank your Vigilance. Where's my Brother?

Quintus?

Call all my Servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,
 And say it to your self, you are my Savers:
 But that's too little for you; you are *Rome's*.
 What could I then hope less? O Brother! now
 The Engines I told you of are working,
 The Machine 'gins to move. Where are your Weapons?
 Arm all my Household presently, and charge
 The Porter, he let no Man in till Day.

Qui.

Qui. Not Clients, and your Friends?

Cic. They wear those Names,

That come to murder me. Yet send for *Cato*,

And *Quintus Catulus*; thole I dare trust:

And *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the *Prators*,

By the back way. *Qui.* Take care, good Brother *Marcus*,

Your Fears be not form'd greater than they should;

And make your Friends grieve, while your Enemies laugh.

Cic. 'Tis Brother's Counsel, and worth Thanks. But do
As I entreat you. I provide, not fear.

Was *Cesar* there, say you? *Ful. Curius* says he met him

Coming from thence. *Cic.* O, so. And had you a Council

Of Ladies too? who was your Speaker, Madam?

Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;

Sempronia, who had both her *Greek* and *Figures*,

And ever and anon would ask us if

The witty Consul could have mended that,

Or Orator *Cicero* could have said it better?

Cic. She's my gentle Enemy. Would *Cethegus*

Had no more Danger in him. But my Guards

Are you, great Powers, and th' unbated Strengths

Of a firm Conscience, which shall arm each Step

Tane for the State; and teach me slack no Pace

For fear of Malice. How now, Brother? *Qui. Cato*,

And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you,

And *Crassus* with 'em. I have let 'em in

By th' Garden. *Cic.* What would *Crassus* have?

Qui. I hear

Some whispering 'bout the Gate, and making Doubt

Whether it be not yet too early, or no?

But I do think, they are your Friends and Clients,

Are fearful to disturb you. *Cic.* You will change

T' another Thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter

The Charge I will'd you?

Qui. Yes. Withdraw, and hearken.

Vargunteius, *Cornelius*, *Porter*, *Cicero*, *Cato*, *Catulus*,

Crassus.

Var. The Door's not open yet.

Cor. You were best to knock.

Var. Let them stand close then; and, when we are in,

Rush after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He

Has

Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. Who's there? *Var.* A Friend, or more.

Por. I may not let

Any Man in, till Day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy Reason?

Por. I am commanded so. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
We are not discover'd. *Var.* Yes, by Revelation.

Pr'ythee, good Slave, who has commanded thee?

Por. He that may best, the Consul.

Var. We are his Friends.

Por. All's one. *Cor.* Best give your Name.

Var. Dost thou hear, Fellow?

I have some instant Business with the Consul.

My Name is *Vargunteius*.

Cic. True, he knows it,

[*Cicero speaks to them from above.*]

And for what friendly Office you are sent.

Cornelius too is there? *Var.* We are betray'd.

Cic. And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not?

Var. Speak you, he knows my Voice.

Cic. What say you to't?

Cor. You are deceiv'd, Sir. *Cic.* No, 'tis you are so;

Poor mis-led Men. Your States are yet worth Pity,

If you would hear, and change your savage Minds.

Leave to be mad; forsake your Purposes

Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror;

The Commonwealth hath Eyes, that wake as sharply
Over her Life, as yours do for her Ruin.

Be not deceiv'd, to think her Lenity

Will be perpetual; or, if Men be wanting,

The Gods will be, to such a calling Cause.

Consider your Attempts, and while there's Time,

Repent you of 'em. It doth make me tremble,

There should those Spirits yet breath, that when they can

Live honestly, would rather perish basely. (not

Cato. You talk too much to 'em, *Marcus*, they are lost.

Go forth, and apprehend 'em. *Cat.* If you prove

This Practice, what should let the Commonwealth

To take due Vengeance? *Var.* Let us shift away.

The Darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,

Some have abus'd our Names. *Cor.* Deny it all.

Cato.

Cato. *Quintus*, what Guards ha' you? call the *Tribunes*
 And raise the City. Consul, you are too mild. (Aid,
 The Foulness of some Facts takes thence all Mercy.
 Report it to the *Senate*. Hear! the Gods

[*It thunders and lightens violently on the sudden.*
 Grow angry with your Patience. 'Tis their Care,
 And must be yours, that guilty Men escape not.
 As Crimes do grow, Justice should rowse itself.

C H O R U S.

W HAT is this, Heavens, you prepare
 With so much Swiftness, and so sudden rising?
 There are no Sons of Earth that dare,
 Again, Rebellion? or the Gods surprizing?
 The World doth shake, and Nature fears;
 Yet is the Tumult, and the Horror greater
 Within our Minds, than in our Ears:
 So much *Rome's* Faults (now grown her Fate) do threat
 The Priest and People run about, (her,
 Each Order, Age, and Sex amaz'd at other;
 And at the Ports all thronging out,
 As if their Safety were to quit their Mother:
 Yet find they the same Dangers there,
 From which they make such Haste to be preserved:
 For guilty States do ever bear
 The Plagues about them which they have deserv'd,
 And till those Plagues do get above
 The Mountains of our Faults, and there do sit;
 We see 'em not. Thus still we love
 The Evil we do, until we suffer it.
 But most, Ambition, that near Vice
 To Virtue, hath the Fate of *Rome* provok'd;
 And made that now *Rome's* self no Price
 To free her from the Death wherewith she's yoked,
 That restless Ill that still doth build
 Upon Success, and ends not in aspiring:
 But there begins; and ne'er is fill'd
 While ought remains that seems but worth desiring.
 Wherein the Thought, unlike the Eye,
 To which things far seem smaller than they are,

Deems

Deems all Contentment plac'd on high :
 And thinks there's nothing great but what is far;
 O, that in Time *Rome* did not cast
 Her Errors up, this Fortune to prevent;
 To have seen her Crimes e're they were past,
 And felt her Faults before her Punishment.

A C T IV.

Allobroges.

Divers Senators pass by, quaking and trembling.

All. CAN these Men fear, who are not only ours,
 But the World's Masters? Then I see the Gods
 Upbraid our Sufferings, or would humble them,
 By sending these affrights while we are here :
 That we might laugh at their ridiculous Fear,
 Whose Names we tremble at beyond the *Alps*.
 Of all that pass, I do not see a Face
 Worthy a Man; that dares look up, and stand
 One Thunder out: but downward all, like Beasts,
 Running away from every Flash is made.
 The falling World could not deserve such Baseness.
 Are we employ'd here by our Miseries,
 Like superstitious Fools (or rather Slaves)
 To plain our Grievs, Wrongs and Oppressions,
 To a mere clothed Senate, whom our Folly
 Hath made, and still intends to keep our Tyrants?
 It is our base petitionary Breath
 That blows 'em to this Greatness; which this prick
 Would soon let out, if we were bold and wretched.
 When they have taken all we have, our Goods,
 Crop, Lands and Houses, they will leave us this:
 A Weapon and an Arm will still be found,
 Tho' naked left, and lower than the Ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

Cato. Do; urge thine Anger still: good Heaven and just.
 Tell guilty Men what Powers are above them.

In such a Confidence of Wickedness

'Twastime they should know something fit to fear.

Cato. I never saw a Morn more full of Horror.

Cato. To *Catiline* and his: But to just Men,
Tho' Heaven should speak with all his Wrath at once,
That with his Breath the Hinges of the World
Did crack, we should stand upright, and unfear'd.

Cic. Why, so we do, good *Cato*. Who be these?

Cato. Ambassadors from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'em, by their Habits.

All. I, these Men
Seem of another Race; let's sue to these,
There's Hope of Justice with their Fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the Senate, and of *Rome*, to-day
We pray you to forbear us: On the Morrow,
What Suit you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(Whose Patronage your State doth use) but know it,
And on the Consul's Word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an Answer worth your Patience.

All. We could not hope for more, most worthy Consul.

This Magistrate hath struck an Awe into me,
And by his Sweetness won a more Regard
Unto his Place, than all the boist'rous Moods
That ignorant Greatness practiseth, to fill
The large unfit Authority it wears.
How easy is a noble Spirit discern'd
From harsh and sulphurous Matter that flies out
In Contumelies, makes a Noise, and stinks!
May we find good and great Men; that know how
To stoop to Wants, and meet Necessities,
And will not turn from any equal Suits.
Such Men, they do not succour more the Cause
They undertake with Favour and Success,
Than by it their own Judgments they do raise,
Turning just Mens Needs into their Praise.

The Senate.

Præ. Room for the Consuls. Fathers, take your Places,
Here in the House of *Jupiter the Stayer*,
By Edict from the Consul, *Marcus Tullius*.
You're met, a frequent Senate. Hear him speak.

G

Cic.

Cic. What may be happy and auspicious, still
 To Rome and hers. Honour'd and Conscript Fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the Dangers
 Threatning the State and you, were yet so hid
 In Night, or Darkneſs thicker in their Breasts,
 That are the black Contrivers; ſo that no
 Beam of the Light could pierce 'em; yet the Voice
 Of Heav'n, this Morning, hath ſpoke loud enough
 T' inſtruct you with a Feeling of the Horror,
 And wake you from a Sleep as ſtark as Death.
 I have of late ſpoke often in this Senate
 Touching this Argument, but ſtill have wanted
 Either your Ears or Faith; ſo incredible
 Their Plots have ſeem'd, or I ſo vain, to make
 Theſe Things for mine own Glory and falſe Greatneſs,
 As hath been given out. But be it ſo.
 When they break forth, and ſhall declare themſelves
 By their too foul Effects, then, then the Envy
 Of my juſt Cares will find another Name.
 For me, I am but one, and this poor Life
 So lately aim'd at, not an Hour yet ſince,
 They cannot with more Eagerneſs purſue,
 Than I with Gladneſs would lay down, and loſe,
 To buy Rome's Peace, if that would purchaſe it.
 But when I ſee they'd make it but the ſtep
 To more and greater; unto yours, Rome's, all;
 I would with thoſe preſerve it, or then fall.

Cas. I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
 See how his Gorget 'peers above his Gown;
 To tell the People in what Danger he was.
 It was abſurdly done of *Vargunteius*,
 To name himſelf before he was got in.

Cra. It matters not, ſo they deny it all:
 And can but carry the Lye conſtantly.
 Will *Catiline* be here?

Cas. I have ſent for him.

Cra. And ha' you bid him to be confident?

Cas. To that his own Neceſſity will prompt him.

Cra. Seem to believe nothing at all that *Cicero*
 Relates us. *Cas.* It will mad him.

[*Quintus Cicero brings in the Tribunes and Guards.*

Cra.

Cra. O, and help

The other Party. Who is that? his Brother?

What new Intelligence has he brought him now?

Cas. Some Cautions from his Wife, how to behave him.

Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in.

Thank their kind Loves. It is a Comfort yet,

That all depart not from their Country's Cause.

Cas. How now, what means this Muster, Consul *An-tonius*?

Ant. I do not know, ask my Colleague, he'll tell you.

There is some Reason in State that I must yield to;

And I have promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,

With giving me the Province.

Cic. I profess,

It grieves me, Fathers, that I am compell'd

To draw these Arms, and Aids for your Defence;

And more, against a Citizen of Rome,

Born here amongst you, a *Patrician*,

A Man, I must confess, of no mean House,

Nor no small Virtue, if he had employ'd

Those excellent Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,

Unto the Good, not Ruin of the State.

But being bred in's Father's needy Fortunes,

Brought up in's Sister's Prostitution.

Confirm'd in civil Slaughter, entering first

The Commonwealth, with Murder of the Gentry;

Since both by Study and Custom conversant

With all Licentiousness. What could be hop'd

In such a Field of Riot, but a Course

Extreme pernicious? tho' I must protest,

I found his Mischiefs sooner with mine Eyes

Than with my Thought; and with these Hands of mine,

Before they touch'd at my Suspicion.

Cas. What are his Mischiefs, Consul? you declame

Against his Manners, and corrupt your own:

No wise Man should, for hate of guilty Men,

Lose his own Innocence.

Cic. The noble *Casar*

Speaks God-like Truth. But when he hears I can

Convince him, by his Manners, of his Mischiefs,

He might be silent ; and not cast away
His Sentences in vain, where they scarce look
Toward his Subject.

Cato. Here he comes himself.

If he be worthy any good Man's Voice,
That good Man sit down by him : *Cato* will not.

[*Catiline sits down, and Cato rises from him.*]

Catu. If *Cato* leave him, I'll not keep aside.

Cati. What Face is this the Senate here puts on
Against me, Fathers ! Give my Modesty
Leave to demand the Cause of so much Strangeness.

Cas. It is reported here, you are the Head
To a strange Faction, *Lucius.*

Cic. I, and will

Be prov'd against him.

Cati. Let it be. Why, Consul,
It in the Commonwealth there be two Bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a Head ;
The other strong and healthful, but hath none :
If I do give it one, do I offend ?
Restore your selves unto your Temper, Fathers ;
And, without Perturbation, hear me speak,
Remember who I am, and of what Place,
What petty Fellow this is that opposes ;
One that hath exercis'd his Eloquence
Still to the bane of the Nobility :
A boasting insolent Tongue-man.

Cato. Peace, lew'd Traytor,
Or wash thy Mouth. He is an honest Man,
And loves his Country ; would thou didst so too.

Cati. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him.

Cato. No ;

Thou art too impudent.

Catu. *Catiline*, be silent.

Cati. Nay then, I easily fear, my just Defence
Will come too late to so much prejudice !

(*Cas.* Will he sit down ?)

Cati. Yet let the World forsake me,
My Innocence must not.

Cato. Thou innocent ?

So are the *Furies.* *Cic.* Yes, and *Ate* too.

Dost thou not blush, pernicious *Catiline*?
 Or hath the Paleness of thy Guilt drunk up
 Thy Blood, and drawn thy Veins as dry of that
 As is thy Heart of Truth, thy Breast of Virtue?
 Whither at length wilt thou abuse our Patience?
 Still shall thy Fury mock us? To what Licence
 Dares thy unbridled Boldness run it self?
 Do all the nightly Guards, kept on the Palace,
 The Cities Watches, with the Peoples Fears,
 The Concourse of all good Men, this so strong
 And fortified Seat here of the Senate,
 The present look upon thee, strike thee nothing?
 Dost thou not feel thy Counsels all laid open?
 And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in
 With each Man's Knowledge? which of all this Order
 Canst thou think ignorant (if they'll but utter
 Their Conscience to the right) of what thou didst
 Last Night, what on the Former, where thou wert,
 Whom thou didst call together, what your Plots were?
 O Age and Manners! This the Consul sees,
 The Senate understands, yet this Man lives!
 Lives? I, and comes here into Counsel with us;
 Partakes the publick Cares: and with his Eye
 Marks and points out each Man of us to Slaughter.
 And we, good Men, to satisfy the State,
 If we can shun but this Man's Sword and Madness.
 There was that Virtue once in *Rome*, when good Men,
 Would, with more sharp Coercion, have restrain'd
 A wicked Citizen, than the deadliest Foe.
 We have that Law still, *Catiline*, for thee;
 An Act as grave, as sharp: The State's not wanting,
 Nor the Authority of this Senate; we,
 We that are Consuls, only fail our selves.
 This twenty Days the Edge of that Decree
 We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
 As in a Sheath, which drawn, should take thy Head.
 Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
 Thy wicked Confidence, but to confirm it.
 I could desire, grave Fathers, to be found
 Still merciful, to seem, in these main Perils

Grasping the State, a Man remiss and slack;
 But then I should condemn my self of Sloth
 And Treachery. Their Camp's in *Italy*,
 Pitch'd in the Jaws here of *Hebruria*;
 Their Numbers daily increasing, and their General
 Within our Walls: nay, in our Counsel! plotting
 Hourly some fatal *Milchiet* to the Publick.
 If, *Catiline*, I should command thee now,
 Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
 Whether a'l good Men would not think it done
 Rather too late, than any Man too cruel.

Cato. Except he were of the same Meal and Batch.

Cic. But that which ought to have been done long since,
 I will, and (for good Reason) yet forbear.
 'Then will I take thee, when no Man is found
 So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self,
 But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.
 While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
 Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st;
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd
 From working least Commotion to the State.
 I have those Eyes and Ears shall still keep guard,
 And spion on thee, as they have ever done,
 And thou not feelit. What then canst thou hope?
 If neither Night can with her Darkness hide
 Thy wicked Meetings, nor a private House
 Can in her Walls contain the guilty whispers
 Of thy Conspiracy: If all break out,
 All be discover'd, change thy Mind at last,
 And lose thy Thoughts of Ruin, Flame and Slaughter.
 Remember how I told, here to the *Senate*,
 That such a Day thy *Lictor*, *Caius Manlius*,
 Would be in Arms. Was I deceived, *Catiline*?
 Or in the Fact, or in the Time? the Hour?
 I told too in the *Senate*, that they purpose
 Was on the Fifth (the *Kalends* of *November*)
 To have Slaughter'd this whole Order: which my Caution
 Made many leave the City. Can'st thou here
 Deny, but this thy black Design was hindered
 That very Day by me? Thy self clos'd in
 Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not move
 Against a publick Reed? When thou wert heard.

To say

To say upon the parting of the rest,
 Thou would'st content thee with the Murder of us
 That did remain. Hadst thou no Hope beside,
 By a Surprize by Night, to take *Præneste*?
 Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not find the Place
 Made good against thee with my Aids, my Watches?
 My Garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing *Sergius*;
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
 But I both see and hear it; and am with thee,
 By and before, about and in thee too.
 Call but to Mind thy last Night's Business. Come,
 I'll use no Circumstance: At *Lecca's* House,
 The Shop, and Mint of your Conspiracy,
 Among your Sword-men, where so many Associates
 Both of thy Mischiefe and thy Madness met.
 Dar'st thou deny this? Wherefore art thou silent?
 Speak, and this shall convince thee: Here they are,
 I see 'em in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
 O, you Immortal Gods! in what Cime are we?
 What Region do we live in? in what Air?
 What Common-wealth or State is this we have?
 Here, here, amongst us, our own Number, Fathers,
 In this most holy Council of the World
 They are that seek the spoil of me, of you,
 Of ours, of all; what I can Name's too narrow:
 Follow the Sun and find not their Ambition.
 These I behold, being Consul; nay, I ask
 Their Counsels of the State, as from good Patriots:
 Whom it were fit the Ax should hew in Pièces;
 I not so much as wound yet with my Voice.
 Thou wast last Night with *Lecca, Catiline*,
 Your Shares of *Italy* you there divided;
 Appointed who, and whither each should go;
 What Men should stay behind in *Rome*, were chosen;
 Your Offices set down; the Parts mark'd out,
 And places of the City, for the Fire;
 Thy self (thou affirm'dst) wast ready to depart,
 Only a little let there was that staid thee.
 That I yet liv'd. Upon the Word, stept forth
 Three of thy Crew, to rid thee of that Care;
 Two undertook this Morning, before Day,

To kill me in my Bed. All this I knew,
Your Convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my Servants,
Call'd both my Brother and Friends, shut out your Clients
You sent to visit me; whose Names I told
To some there, of good Place, before they came.

Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirm it.

Ces. He's lost and gone. His Spirits have forsook him.

Cic. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, dost thou stay?
Go where thou mean'st. The Ports are open; forth.
The Camp abroad wants thee, their Chief, too long.
Lead with thee all thy Troops out. Purge the City.
Draw dry that noisome and pernicious Sink,
Which left behind thee, would infect the World.
Thou wilt free me of all my Fears at once,
To see a Wall between us. Dost thou stop
To do that now commanded; which before,
Of thine own Choice, thou'rt prone to? Go. The Consul
Bids thee, an Enemy, to depart the City.
Whither, thou'lt ask? to Exile? I not bid
Thee that. But ask my Counsel, I perswade it.
What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a Soul, without thine own foul knot,
But fears and hates thee. What Domestick Note
Of private Filthiness, but is burnt in
Into thy Life? What close and secret Shame
But is grown one with thine own Intamy?
What Lust was ever absent from thine Eyes?
What lewd Fact from thy Hands? what Wickedness
From thy whole Body? where's that Youth drawn in
Within thy Nets, or catch'd up with thy Baits,
Before whose Rage thou hast not borne a Sword,
And to whose Lusts thou hast not held a Torch?
Thy latter Nuptials I let pass in Silence;
Where Sins incredible on Sins were heapt:
Which I not name, lest in a Civil State
So monstrous Facts should either appear to be,
Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
I come to that which is more known, more publick;
The Life and Safety of us all by thee
Threatned and sought. Stood'st thou not in the Field

When

When *Lepidus* and *Tullus* were our Consuls,
 Upon the Day of Choice, arm'd, and with Forces,
 To take their Lives, and our chief-Citizens?
 When not thy Fear, nor Conscience chang'd thy Mind,
 But the meer Fortune of the Common-wealth
 Withstood thy active Malice? Speak but right.
 How often hast thou made attempt on me?
 How many of thy Assaults have I declin'd
 With shifting but my Body (as we'd say)
 Wrested thy Dagger from thy Hand, how oft?
 How often hath it faln, or slipt by Chance?
 Yet can thy side not want it: which how vow'd,
 Or with what Rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
 That still thou mak'st it a Necessity,
 To fix it in the Body of a Consul.
 But let me lose this Way, and speak to thee,
 Not as one mov'd with Hatred, which I ought,
 But Pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cat. No more than unto *Tantalus* or *Tityus*.

Cic. Thou cam'st e'er while into this Senate. Who
 Of such a frequency, so many Friends
 And Kindred thou hast here saluted thee?
 Were not the Seats made bare upon thy entrance?
 Riss' not the Consular Men, and left their Places.
 So soon as thou sat'st down? and fled thy side,
 Like to a Plague or Ruin? knowing how oft
 They had been by thee mark'd out for the Shambles?
 How dost thou hear this? Surely, if my Slaves
 At home fear'd me with half th' affright and horror,
 That here thy Fellow-Citizens do thee,
 I should soon quit my House, and think it need too.
 Yet thou dar'st tarry here? Go forth at last,
 Condemn thy self to Flight and Solitude,
 Discharge the Common-wealth of her deep Fear.
 Go; into Banishment, if thou wait'st the Word.
 Why dost thou look? They all consent unto it.
 Dost thou expect th' Authority of their Voices,
 Whose silent Wills condemn thee? While they sit,
 They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;
 And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.
 Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the Envy.

Put there's no Thought thou shouldst be ever he,
 Whom either Shame should call from Filthiness,
 Terror from Danger, or Discourse from Fury.
 Go; I entreat thee, yet why do I so?
 When I already know they're sent afore,
 That rarry for thee in Arms, and do expect thee
 On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day
 Set down 'twixt thee and *Manlius*; unto whom
 The Silver Eagle too is sent before:
 Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
 As thou conceiv'st it to the Common-wealth.
 But may this wise and sacred Senate say,
 What mean'st thou *Marcus Tullius*? It thou know'st
 That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
 Of an intestine War; that he is the Author
 Of such a Wickedness; the caller out
 Of Men of mark in Mischief, to an Action
 Of so much Horror; Prince of such a Treason;
 Why dost thou send him forth? why let him scape?
 This is to give him Liberty and Power:
 Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
 To deserv'd Death, and a just Punishment.
 To these so holy Voices thus I answer,
 If I did think it timely, Conscript Fathers,
 To punish him with Death, I would not give
 The Fencer use of one short Hour to breathe;
 But when there are in this grave Order some,
 Who with soft Censures still do nurse his Hopes;
 Some that with not believing have confirm'd
 His Designs more, and whole Authority
 The weaker, as the worst Men too have follow'd:
 I would now send him where they all should see
 Clear as the Light, his Heart shine; where no Man
 Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
 But should cry out, ho saw, touch'd, felt and graspt it:
 Then, when he hath run out himself; led forth
 His desp'rate party with him; blown together
 Aids of all kinds, both Shipwreck'd Minds and Fortunes:
 Not only the grown Evil that now is sprung
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded;
 But the Stock, Root, and Seed of all the Mischiefs,

Choaking

Choaking the Common-wealth. Where should we take
 Of such a swarm of Traitors only him,
 Our Cares and Fears might seem a while reliev'd,
 But the main peril would bide still inclos'd
 Deep in the Veins and Bowels of the State.
 As Human Bodies labouring with Fevers,
 While they are tost with hate, if they do take
 Cold Water, seem for that short Space much eas'd,
 But afterward are ten Times more afflicted.
 Wherefore, say, let all this wicked Crew
 Depart, divide themselves from good Men, gather
 Their Forces to one Head; as I said oft,
 Let 'em be sever'd from us with a Wall;
 Let 'em leave off attempts upon the Consul
 In his own House; to circle in the *Prator*;
 To girt the Court with Weapons; to prepare
 Fire and Balls, Swords, Torches, Sulphur, Brands:
 In short, let it be writ in each Man's Forehead
 What Thoughts he bears the Publick. I here promise,
 Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my self,
 That Diligence in us Consuls, for my Honour'd
 Colleague abroad, and for my self at home;
 So great Authority in you, so much
 Vertue in these the Gentlemen of *Rome*;
 Whom I could scarce restrain to Day, in Zeal,
 From seeking out the Parricide to Slaughter;
 So much consent in all good Men and Minds,
 As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
 All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, reveng'd.
 And with this Omen go, pernicious Plague,
 Out of the City, to the wish'd Destruction
 Of thee and those that, to the Ruin of her,
 Have tane that bloody and black Sacrament.
 Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*
 Both of this City and this Empire, wilt
 (With the same Auspice thou didst raise it first)
 Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
 And Buildings of this City; from our Walls,
 Lives, States and Fortunes of our Citizens,
 This Fiend, this Fury, with his Complices.
 And all th' offence of good Men (these known Traytors

Untoo

Unto their Country, Thieves of *Italy*,
 Joyn'd in so damn'd a League of Mischief) thou
 Wilt with perpetual Plagues, alive and dead,
 Punish for *Rome*, and save her innocent Head.

Cati. If an Oration, or high Language, Fathers,
 Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it:
 H' has strove to emulate this Morning's Thunder,
 With his prodigious Rhetorick. But I hope
 This Senate is more grave than to give Credit
 Rashly to all the Vomits, 'gainst a Man
 Of your own Order; a *Patrician*;
 And one whose Ancestors have more deserv'd
 Of *Rome* than this Man's Eloquence could utter,
 Turn'd the best way: as still it is the worst.

Cato. His Eloquence hath more deserv'd to Day,
 Speaking thy Ill, than all thy Ancestors
 Did in their good: and that the State will find,
 Which he hath sav'd.

Cati. How, he? were I that Enemy
 That he would make me: I'd not wish the State
 More wretched than to need his preservation.
 What do you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules*?
 An *Atlas*? a poor petty Inmate?

Cato. Traytor.

Cati. He save the State! A Burgeſs Son of *Arpinum*.
 The Gods would rather twenty *Romes* should periſh,
 Than have that Contumely ſtuck upon 'em,
 That he ſhould ſhare with them in the preſerving
 A Shed or Sign-poſt. *Cato.* Peace, thou prodigy.

Cati. They would be forc'd themſelves again, and loſt
 In the firſt rude and indigeſted Heap;
 E're ſuch a wretched Name as *Cicero*
 Should ſound with theirs.

Catu. Away, thou Impudent Head.

Cati. Do you all back him? are you ſilent too?
 Well, I will leave you, Fathers, I will go.

[He turns ſuddenly on *Cicero*]

But—my fine dainty Speaker——

Cic. What now, Fury?
 Wilt thou aſſault me here?

(*Chor.* Help, aid the Conſul.)

Cati

Cati. See, Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him?
In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious Orator,
Hope of so brave a Death as by this Hand.

(*Cato.* Out of the Court with the pernicious Traytor.)

Cati. There is no Title that this flattering Senate,
Nor Honour the base Multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catiline's* Anger.

(*Cato.* Stop,
Stop that portentous Mouth.)

Cati. Or when it shall
I'll look thee dead.

Cato. Will none restrain the Monster?

Catu. Parricide.

Qui. Butcher, Traytor, leave the Senate.

Cati. I am gone, to banishment, to please you, Fathers.
Thrust head-long forth?

Cato. Still dost thou murmur, Monster?

Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a——

Cic. What?

Cato. Not guiltier than thou art.

Cati. I will not burn

Without my Funeral Pile. *Cato.* What says the Fiend?

Cati. I will have matter, Timber.

Cato. Sing out, Screech-owl.

Cati. It shall be in——

Catu. Speak thy imperfect Thoughts.

Cati. The common Fire, rather than mine own.

For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.

Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him. *Ces.* Unless
He presently take Arms; and give a blow,
Before the Consul's forces can be levy'd.

Cic. What is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?

Catu. See, that the Common-wealth receive no loss.

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the Consuls.

Cra. 'Tis time. *Ces.* And need.

Cic. Thanks to this frequent Senate.

But what decree they unto *Chrius*,

And *Fulvia*? *Catu.* What the Consul shall think meet.

Cic. They must receive reward, though't be not known;
Lest when a State needs Ministers, they ha' none.

Cato.

Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius* do not I believe;
But *Crassus* and this *Cesar* here ring hollow.

Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove 'em.

Cato. Why dare we not? what honest Act is that
The *Roman Senate* should not dare and do?

Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous Act,
To stir too many Serpents up at once.

Cesar and *Crassus*, if they be ill Men,
Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,
That while we take one Head from this foul *Hydra*,
There spring not twenty more. *Cato.* I prove your Counsel.

Cic. They shall be watch'd and lookt to. Till they do
Declare themselves, I will not put 'em out
By any question. There they stand. I'll make
My self no Enemies, nor the State no Traytors.

Catiline, *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, *Curius*, *Gabinus*, *Longinus*, *Statilius*.

Cati. False to our selves? All our Designs discover'd
To this State Cat? *Cet.* I, had I had my way,
He had mew'd in Flames at home, not i' the Senate:
I had sing'd his Furs by this Time. *Cat.* Well there's
No time of calling back, or standing still.
Friends be your selves; keep the same *Roman Hearts*
And ready Minds you had yester-night. Prepare
To execute what were solv'd. And let not
Labour, or Danger, or Discovery fright you.
I'll to the Army: you (the while) mature
Things here at Home. Draw to you any Aids
That you think fit, of Men of all Conditions,
Of any Fortunes that may help a War,
I'll bleed a Life, or win an Empire for you.
Within these few Days look to see my Ensigns
Here at the Walls: Be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an Envy on the Consul,
And give a less Suspicion of our Course,
Let it be given out here in the City,
That I am gone an innocent Man to exile
Into *Massilia*, willing to give way
To Fortune and the Times; being unable
To stand so great Faction, without troubling
The Common-wealth: whose Peace I rather seek,

Than

Than all the glory of Contention,
 Or the support of mine own Innocence.
 Farewel the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the rest; and thou my better Genius,
 The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,
 We'll sacrifice to Liberty. *Cet.* And Revenge.
 That we may praise our Hands once. *Len.* O you Fates:
 Give Fortune now her Eyes, to see with whom
 She goes along, that she may ne'er forsake him.

Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*,
 A valiant Man is his own Fate and Fortune.

Lon. The Fate and Fortune of usall go with him.

Gab. Sta. And ever guard him.

Cat. I am all your Creature.

Len. Now Friends 'tis left with us. I have already
 Dealt by *Umbrenus* with the *Allobroges*,
 Here reliant in *Rome*, whose State I hear,
 Is discontent with the great Usuries

They are oppress'd with: and have made Complaints
 Divers unto the Senate; but all in vain.

These Men I have thought (both for their own Oppressi-
 As also that by Nature, they are a People (ons

Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,

And now in present harred with our State)

The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn

To our Society, and to aid the War.

The rather for their Seat; being next Bord'ers

On *Italy*; and that they abound with Horse:

Of which one want our Camp doth only labour.

And I have found 'em coming. They will meet

Soon at *Sempronius's* House, where I would pray you

All to be present, to confirm 'em more,

The sight of such Spirits hurt not, nor the Store.

Gab. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I.

Cur. Nor I. *Cet.* Would I

Had somewhat by my self apart to do.

I ha' no Genius to these many Counsels.

Let me kill all the Senate for my share,

I'll do it at next sitting. *Len.* Worthy *Caius*,

Your presence will add much.

Cet. I shall marr more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

The State's beholden unto you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care. And those *Allobroges*
Are more than wretched, if they lend a listning
To such perswasion. *San.* They, most worthy Consul,
As Men employ'd here, from a griev'd State,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected to their Evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear
To any thing that sounded Liberty:
But since, on better Thoughts, and my urg'd Reasons,
They are come about, and won to the true side,
The Fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.

Cic. What is that same *Umbrenus* was the Agent?

San. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and known unto their State.

Cic. Are the Ambassadors come with you? *San.* Yes.

Cic. Well, bring'em in, if they be firm and honest,
Never had Men the means so to deceive
Of *Rome* as they. A happy wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands for the discovery,
And manifest Conviction of these Traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy Lords,
Confed'rates of the Senate, you are welcome.
I understand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
Your careful Patron here, you have been lately
Solicited against the Common-wealth.
By one *Umbrenus* (take a Seat I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be Associates
In their intended War. I could advise,
That Men whose Fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are *Rome's* Friends, would not without a Cause
Become her Enemies; and mix themselves
And their Estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whose meer despair doth arm 'em:
That were to hazard certainties for Air,
And undergo all danger for a Voice.
Believe me Friends, loud Tumults are not laid
With half the easiness, that they are rais'd.
All may begin a War, but few can end it.

The

The Senate have decreed, that my Colleague
 Shall lead their Army against *Catiline*,
 And have declar'd both him and *Manlius* Traytors.
Metellus Celer hath already given
 Part of their Troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
 To all will quit 'em; and rewards propos'd
 Even to Slaves that can detect their Courtes.
 Here in the City, I have by the *Prators*,
 And *Tribunes*, plac'd my Guards and Watches so,
 That not a Foot can tread, a Breath can whisper,
 But I have knowledge. And be sure, the Senate
 And People of *Rome*, of their accusom'd Greatness,
 Will sharply and severely vindicate,
 Not only any Fact, but any Practice
 Or Purpose 'gainst the State. Therefore my Lords,
 Consult of your own ways, and think which Hand
 Is best to take. You now are present Suitors
 For some redress of wrongs; I'll undertake
 Not only that shall be assur'd you: but
 What Grace, or Priviledge else, Senate or People,
 Can cast upon you worthy such a Service,
 As you have now the way and means to do 'em,
 If but your Wills consent with my Designs.

All. We covet nothing more, most worthy Consul.
 And how so e'er we have been tempted lately
 To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
 We are not yet so wretched in our Fortunes,
 Nor in our Wills so lost, as to abandon
 A friendship prodigally of that price,
 As is the Senate. and the People of *Rome's*,
 For hopes that do precipitate themselves.

Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then:
 (When shall you speak with *Lentulus* and the rest?)

All. We are to meet anon at *Brutus's* House.

Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome*.

San. O but his Wife *Sempronia*. *Cic.* You instruct me,
 She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'em;
 And to express the best Affection
 You can put on, to all that they intend.
 Like it, applaud it, give the Common-wealth
 And Senate lost to 'em. Promise any Aids

By

By Arms or Counsel. What they can desire
 I would have you prevent. Only say this,
 You have had dispatch in private by the Consul,
 Of your Affairs, and for the many fears
 The State's now in, you are will'd by him this Evening,
 To depart *Rome*: which you by all sought means
 Will do, of reason to decline suspicion.
 Now for the more authority of the business
 They have trusted to you, and to give it Credit
 With your own State at home, you would desire
 Their Letters to your Senate and your People,
 Which shewn, you durst engage both Life and Honour,
 The rest should every way answer their hopes.
 Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
 And as you give me notice at what Port
 You will go out, I'll ha' you intercepted,
 And all the Letters taken with you: So
 As you shall be redeem'd in all Opinions,
 And they convicted of their manifest Treason.
 Ill Deeds are well turn'd back upon their Authors:
 And 'gainst an Injurer, the Revenge is just.
 This must be done now. *All.* Chearfully and firmly.
 We are they would rather haste to undertake it,
 Than stay to say so. *Cic.* With that confidence, go:
 Make your selves happy, while you make *Rome* so.
 By *Sanga*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.
Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturtius, Allobroges.

Sem. When come these Creatures, the Ambassadors?
 I would fain see 'em. Are they any Scholars?

Len. I think not, Madam.

Sem. Ha' they no Greek? *Len.* No surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here? waiting on 'em then,
 If they be nothing but meer States-men? *Len.* Yes,
 Your Ladyship shall observe their Gravity,
 And their Resolvedness, their many Cautions,
 Fitting their Persons. *Sem.* I do wonder much,
 That States and Common-wealths employ not Women
 To be Ambassadors, sometimes? we should
 Do as good publick Service, and could make

As

As honourable Spies (for so *Thucydides*
Calls all Ambassadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?

Cet. Do you ask me? Am I your Scout or Bawd?

Len. O, *Caius*, it is no such business. *Cet.* No?
What does a Woman at it then? *Sem.* Good Sir,
There are of us can be as exquisite Traytors,
As e'er a Male-conspirator of you all.

Cet. I, at Smock-treason, Matron, I believe you;
And if I were your Husband; but when I
Trust to your Cob-web Bosoms any other,
Let me there die a Fly, and feast you, Spider.

Len. You are too srowie, and harsh, *Cethegus*. *Cet.* You
Are kind and courtly. I'd be torn to pieces,
With wild *Hippolitus*, nay prove the death
Every Limb over, e're I'd trust a Woman
With Wind, could I retain it.

Sem. Sir, they'll be trussed
With as good Secrets yet as you have any:
And carry 'em too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your Heart

Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in Tongue, or Carriage, good *Galipso*:

Lon. Th' Ambassadors are come.

Cet. Thanks to thee *Mercury*,
That so hast rescu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Volturtius*?

Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private.

Len. O! 'tis about the Prophecie belike,
And promise of the *Sibylls*. *Gab.* It may be.

Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?

Gab. No, good Lady,
You may partake: I have told 'em who you are.

Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.

Cet. Can these or such be any aids to us?
Look they, as they were built to shake the World,
Or be a moment to our Enterprize?

A thousand such as they are could not make
One Atom of our Souls. They should be Men
Worth Heaven's Fear, that looking up but thus
Would make *Jove* stand upon his Guard, and draw
Himself within his Thunder; which amaz'd,
He should discharge in vain and they unhurt.

Or if they were like *Capaneus* at *Thebes*,
 They should hang dead upon the highest Spires,
 And ask the second Bolt to be thrown down.
 Why *Lentulus* talk you so long? This time
 Had been enough, t' have scatter'd all the Stars,
 T' have quench'd the Sun and Moon, and made the World
 Despair of Day, or any light but ours.

Len. How do you like this Spirit? In such Men
 Mankind doth live. They are such Souls as these
 That move the World. *Sem.* I, though he bear me hard,
 I yet must do him right. He is a Spirit
 Of the right *Martian* Breed. *All.* He is a *Mars*!
 Would we had time to live here and admire him.

Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the Consul,
 And I commend your Care: It was but reason,
 To ask our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.
 Go in, and we will take an Oath, and seal 'em.
 You shall have Letters too to *Catiline*,
 To visit him i' the way, and to confirm
 The Association. This our Friend, *Volturnus*,
 Shall go along with you. Tell our great General
 That we are ready here; that *Lucius Bestia*
 The Tribune is provided of a Speech,
 To lay the Envy of the War upon *Cicero*:
 That all but long for his Approach and Person;
 And then you are made Free-men as our selves.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomptinus, Sanga.

Cic. I cannot tear the War but to succeed well,
 Both for the Honour of the Cause, and Worth
 Of him that doth command. For my Colleague,
 Being so ill affected with the Gout,
 Will not be able to be there in Person;
 And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must
 Of Need take Charge o' the Army; who is much
 The better Soldier, having been a Tribune,
Prefect, Lieutenant, Prator in the War
 These thirty Years, so conversant i' the Army,
 As he knows all the Soldiers by their Names.

Fla. They'll fight then bravely with him.

Pom. I, and he

Will lead 'em on as bravely. *Cic.* They have a Foe
 Will ask their Braveries, whose Necessities

Will

Will arm him like a Fury. But however
 I'll trust it to the Manage and the Fortune
 Of good *Petreibus*, who's a worthy Patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three Legions too,
 Will stop their Course for *Gallia*. How now *Fabius*?

San. The Train hath taken. You must instantly
 Dispose your Guards upon the *Milvian* Bridge:
 For by that way they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pomptinus and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
 To lead that Force you have; and seize them all:
 Let not a Person 'scape. Th' Ambassadors
 Will yie'd themselves. If there be any Tumult,
 I'll send you Aid. I, in mean time, will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinus* and *Cethegus*,
Statilius, *Ceparius*, and all these,
 By several Messengers: who no doubt will come
 Without Sense or Suspicion. Prodigal Men
 Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'em,
 I'll place those Guards upon 'em, that they start not.

San. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*?

Cic. A State's Anger
 Should not take knowledge either of Fools or Women;
 I do not know whether my Joy or Care
 Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
 So foul a Treason, or must undergo
 The Envy of so many great Mens Fate.
 But happen what there can, I will be just,
 My Fortune may forsake me, not my Virtue:
 That shall go with me, and before me still,
 And gad me doing well, though I hear ill.

Prators, Allobroges, Volturtius.

Fla. Stand, who goes there?

All. We are th' *Allobroges*,
 And Friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be so, then yield
 Your selves unto the *Prators*, who in name
 Of the whole Senate and the People of *Rome*,
 Yet, till you clear your selves, charge you of Practice
 Against the State. *Vol.* Dye Friends, and be not taken,

Fla. What Voice is that? down with 'em all.

All. We yie'd.

Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there.

Vol. Hold, hold, hold,

I yield upon Conditions. *Ilz.* We give none
To Traitors, strike him down. *Vol.* My Name's *Volturnius*,
I know *Pomtinus*. *Pom.* But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these trayterous Terms.

Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my Life.

Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol. Promise to do your best. I am not so guilty
As many others I can name; and will,
If you will grant me Favour. *Pom.* All we can
Is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have saved *Rome*.

C H O R U S.

NOW do our Ears before our Eyes,
Like Men in Mills,

Discover who'd the State surprize,
And who resists?

And as these Clouds do yield to Light,
Now do we see

Our Thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which seem'd t'agree?

Ot what strange Pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;

But as new Airs our Ears invade,
Still censure so?

That now do hope, and now do fear,
And now envy;

And then do hate, and then love dear,
But know not why:

Or if we do, it is so late,
As our best Mood,

Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of Good.

How have we chang'd and come about
In every doome,

Since wicked *Catiline* went out,
And quitted *Rome*?

One while we thought him innocent;
And then we accus'd

The Consul, for his Malice spent,
And Power abus'd.

Since that, we hear he is in Arms,
We think not so:

Yct

Yet charge the Consul with our Harms,
 That let him go.
 So in our Censure of the State,
 We still do wander;
 And make the careful Magistrate,
 The Mark of Slander.
 What Age is this, where honest Men,
 Plac'd at the Helm,
 A Sea of some foul Mouth or Pen,
 Shall over-whelm?
 And call their Diligence Deceit;
 Their Virtue Vice;
 Their Watchfulness but lying in wait;
 And Blood the Price.
 O, let us pluck this evil Seed
 Out of our Spirits;
 And give to every noble Deed
 The Name it merits.
 Lest we seem fain (if this endures)
 Into those times,
 To love Disease; and brook the Cures
 Worse than the Crimes.

A C T V.

Petreius.

[The Army.]

Pet. IT is my Fortune and my Glory, Soldiers,
 This day to lead you on; the worthy Consul
 Kept from the Honour of it by Disease:
 And I am proud to have so brave a Cause
 To exercise your Arms in. We not now
 Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
 Th' Extent, and Bounds o'th' People of *Rome* shall be;
 But to retain what our great Ancestors,
 With all their Labours, Counsels, Arts and Actions,
 For us were purchasing so many Years.
 The Quarrel is not now of Fame or Tribute,
 Or of Wrongs done unto Confederates,
 For which the Army of the People of *Rome*
 Was wont to move: but for your own Republick,

For

For the rais'd Temples of th' immortal Gods,
 For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,
 For the dear Souls of your lov'd Wives and Children,
 Your Parents Tombs, your Rites, Laws, Liberty,
 And briefly, for the safety of the World:
 Against such Men, as only by their Crimes
 Are known; thrust out by Riot, Want, or Rashness.
 One sort, *Sylla's* old Troops, left her in *Fesula*,
 Who suddenly made rich in those dire Times,
 Are since, by their unbounded vast expence,
 Grown needy and poor; and have but left t' expect
 From *Catiline* new Bills, and new Prescriptions.
 These Men (they say) are valiant; yet, I think 'em
 Not worth your pause: For either their old Vertue
 Is in their Sloth and Pleasures lost; or, if
 It tarry with 'em, so ill match to yours,
 As they are short in Number or in Cause.
 The second sort are of those (City-beasts,
 Rather than Citizens) who whilst they reach
 After our Fortunes, have let fly their own;
 These whelm'd in Wine, swell'd up with Meats, and weak-
 With hourly Whoredoms, never left the side [ned
 Of *Catiline* in *Rome*; nor here are loos'd
 From his Embraces; such as (trust me) never
 In riding or in using well their Arms,
 Watching, or other military Labour,
 Did exercise their Youth; but learn'd to Love,
 Drink, Dance, and Sing, make Feasts and be fine Gamesters:
 And these will wish more hurt to you than they bring you.
 The rest are a mix'd kind, all sorts of Furies,
 Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Out-laws, Thieves,
 The Murderers of their Parents, all the Sink
 And Plague of *Italy* met in one Torrent,
 To take, to-day, from us the Punishment,
 Due to their Mischiefs, for so many Years.
 And who in such a Cause, 'gainst such Fiends,
 Would not now wish himself all Arm and Weapon?
 To cut such Poysons from the Earth, and let
 Their Blood out to be drawn away in Clouds,
 And pour'd on some inhabitable P'ace,
 Where the hot Sun and Slime breeds nought but Monsters:
 Chiefly

Chiefly when this sure Joy shall crown our side;
 That the least Man that falls upon our Party
 This Day (as some must give their happy Names
 To Fate, and that eternal Memory
 Of the best Death, writ with it, for their Country)
 Shall walk at Pleasure in the Tents of Rest;
 And see far off, beneath him, all their Host
 Tormented after Life: and *Catiline* there
 Walking a wretched and less Ghost than he.
 I'll urge no more: Move forward with your Eagles,
 And trust the Senate's and *Rome's* Cause to Heaven.

Arm. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Cesar, Crassus.

Cas. I ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*,
 When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'em lost,
 Many Days since. *Cas.* But, wherefore did you bear
 Their Letter to the Consul, that they sent you
 To warn you from the City? *Cra.* Did I know
 Whether he made it? it might come from him,
 For ought I could assure me: if they meant
 I should be safe among so many, they might
 Have come as well as writ. *Cas.* There is no Loss
 In being secure. I have of late too ply'd him
 Thick with Intelligencies, but they have been
 Of Things he knew before. *Cra.* A little serves
 To keep a Man upright on these State-bridges,
 Although the Passage were more dangerous.
 Let us now take the standing Part. *Cas.* We must,
 And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet,
 I would fain help these wretched Men. *Cra.* You cannot.
 Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves?

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, Brother *Quintus*.
 There's no Man's private Enmity shall make
 Me violate the Dignity of another.
 If there were Proof 'gainst *Cesar*, or whoever,
 To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.
 But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both
 Shall know, the Consul will not, for their Grudge,
 Have any Man accus'd or named falsely.

Quin. Not falsely; but if any Circumstance,

H

By

By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*,
 Would carry it. *Cic.* That sha'l not be sought by me.
 It it reveals itself, I would not spare
 You, Brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more than great)
 Thou hadst thy Education with the Gods.

Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.
 This Office I am sorry, Sir, to do you.

The Senate.

What may be happy still and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Please you, Fathers,
 To break these Letters, and to view them round.
 If that be not found in them, which I fear,
 I yet entreat at such a time as his,
 My Diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
 The Weapons hither from *Cethegus'* House?

Fra. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready with *Volturtius*,
 To bring him when the Senate calls; and see
 None of the rest confer together. Fathers,
 What do you read? Is it yet worth your Care,
 If not your Fear, what you find practis'd there?

Cas. It hath a Face of Horror! *Cra.* I am amaz'd!

Cato. Look there!

Syl. Gods! Can such Men draw common Air?

Cic. Although the Greatness of the Mischief, Fathers,
 Hath often made my Faith small in this Senate,
 Yet since my casting *Catiline* out (for now
 I do not fear the Envy of the World,
 Unless the Deed be rather to be fear'd,
 That he went hence alive; when those I meant
 Should follow him, did not) I have spent both Days
 And Nights in watching what their Fury and Rage
 Was bent on, that so staid against my Thought:
 And that I might but take 'em in that light,
 Where when you met their Treason with your Eyes,
 Your Minds at length would think for your own Safety.
 And now 'tis done. There are their Hands and Seals.
 Their Persons too are safe, thanks to the Gods.

Being in *Volturtius* and the *Allobroges*.

These be the Men were trusted with their Letters.

Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing: I

Was

Was travelling for *Gallia*, and am sorry——

Cic. Quake not *Volsurtins*, speak the Truth, and hope Well of this Senate, on the Consul's Word.

Vol. Then I knew all. But truly I was drawn in But t'other Day. *Cas.* Say what thou know'st, and fear not. Thou hast the Senate's Faith, and Consul's Word

[*He answers with Fear and Interruptions.*]

To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was sent with Letters——

And had a Message too—from *Lentulus*——

To *Catiline*——that he should use all Aids——

Servants, or others——and come with his Army,

As soon unto the City as he could——

For they were ready, and but staid for him——

To intercept those that should flee the Fire——

These Men (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.

All. Yes, Fathers, and they took an Oath to us, Besides their Letters, that we should be free; And urg'd us for some present Aid of Horse.

Cic. Nay, here be other Testimonies, Fathers,

[*The Weapons and Arms are brought forth.*]

Cethegus' Armoury. *Cra.* What, not all these?

Cic. Here's not the hundred Part. Call in the Fencer, That we may know the Arms to all these Weapons.

Come my brave Sword-player, to what active Use

Was all this Steel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd

In *Sylla's* Days, it had been to cut Throats,

But now it was to look on only: I lov'd

To see good Blades, and feel their Edge, and Points,

To put a Helm upon a Block, and cleave it,

And now and then to stab an Armour through.

Cic. Know you that Paper? That will stab you through.

Is it your hand? Hold, save the pieces. Traytor,

Hath thy Guilt wak'd thy Fury? *Cet.* I did write

I know not what; nor care not: That Fool *Lentulus*

Did dictate, and I t'other Fool did sign it.

Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Does he know his hand too?

And *Lentulus*. Reach him that Letter. *Sta.* I

Confess it all. *Cic.* Know you that seal yet, *Publius*?

Len. Yes, it is mine. *Cic.* Whose Image is that on it?

Len. My Grand-father's.

Cic. What, that renown'd good Man,

That did so only embrace his Country; and lov'd
His fellow Citizens! Was not his Picture,
Though mute, of Power to call thee from a Fact
So foul — *Len.* As what, impetuous *Cicero*?

Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon these. Do not these Faces argue

Thy guilt and impudence? *Len.* What are these to me?

I know 'em not. *All.* No, *Publius*? we were with you
At *Brutus* House. *Vol.* Last night.

Len. What did you there?

Who sent for you? *All.* Your self did. We had Letters
From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinus Cimber, all but from *Longinus*,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in Person after us (he said)

To take the charge o' the Horse, which we should levy.

Cic. And he is fled to *Catiline* I hear.

Len. Spies? Spies? *All.* You told us too o' the *Sybil's*
And how you were to be a King this year, (Books,
The Twentieth from the burning of the *Capitol*,
That their *Cornellii* were to Reign in *Rome*,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great Spirits were with you in the Action.

Cet. These are your honourable Ambassadors,
My Sovereign Lord. *Cat.* Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.

All. Besides *Gabinus*, your Agent nam'd
Antronius, *Servius Sylla*, *Vargunteius*,
And divers others. *Vol.* I had Letters from you
To *Catiline*, and a Message, which I have told
Unto the *Senate* truly word for word:

For which I hope they will be gracious to me.

I was drawn in by that same wicked *Cimber*,

And thought no hurt at all. *Cic.* *Volturtius*, peace.

Where is thy Visor or thy Voice now *Lentulus*?

Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?

Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,

That both thy Eloquence and Impudence,

And thy ill Nature too, have left thee at once?

Take him aside. There's yet one more, *Gabinus*,

The Engineer of all. Shew him that Paper,

If he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?

Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent Head!

Stick

Stick it in 'o his Throat; were I the *Consul*,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.

Gab. Is there a Law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Dost thou ask
After a Law, that would 'st have broke all Laws
Of nature, Manhood, Conscience, and Religion?

Gab. Yes I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious *Cimber*.
Th' inquiring after good does not belong

Unto a wicked Person. *Gab.* I, but *Cato*

Does nothing but by Law. *Cra.* Take him aside.

There's Proof enough though he confess not. *Gab.* Stay,

I will confess, All's true your Spies have told you,

Make much of 'em. *Cet.* Yes, and reward 'em well,

For fear you get no more such. See they do not

Dye in a Ditch, and stink now you ha' done with 'em;

Or beg o' the Bridges here in *Rome*, whose Arches

Their active industry hath sav'd. *Cic.* See *Fathers*

What Minds and Spirits these are, that being convicted

Of such a Treason, and by such a Cloud

Of Witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness?

What would their Rage have done, if they had conquer'd?

I thought when I had thrust out *Catiline*,

Neither the State nor I should need t' have fear'd

Lentulus sleep here, or *Longinus* lat,

Or this *Cethegus* rashness; it was he

I only watch'd, while he was in our Walls,

As one that had the Brain, the Hand, the Heart.

But now we find the contrary! Where was there

A People griev'd, or a State discontent,

Able to make or help a War 'gainst *Rome*.

But these, th' *Ailobroges*, and those they found?

Whom had not the just Gods been pleas'd to make

More Friends unto our safety than their own,

As it then seem'd, neglecting these Mens offers,

Where had we been? or where the Commonwealth?

When their great Chief had been call'd home; this Man,

Their absolute King (whose noble Grand-father,

Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious *Gracchus*,

Took a brave wound for dear defence of that

Which he would spoil) had gather'd all his Aids

Of Ruffians, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men?

Given us up for murder to *Cethegus*?

The other rank of Citizens to *Gabinus*?

The City to be fir'd by *Cassius*?
 And *Italy*, nay the World, to be laid waste
 By curst *Catiline* and his Complices?
 Lay but the thought of it before you Fathers,
 Think but with me you saw his glorious City,
 The Light of all the Earth, Tower of all Nations,
 Suddenly falling in one Flame. Imagine
 You view'd your Country buried with the heaps
 Of slaughter'd Citizens that had no Grave;
 This *Lentulus* here, reigning, (as he dreamt)
 And those his Purple Senate; *Catiline* come
 With his fierce Army; and the cries of Matrons,
 The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
 Shricks of the living, with the dying Groans
 On every side t' invade your Sense; until
 The Blood of *Rome* were mixed with her Ashes!
 This was the Spectacle these Fiends intended
 To please their Malice. *Cat.* I, and it would
 Have been a brave one, Consul. But your Part
 Had not then been so long as now it is:
 I should have quite defeated your Oration,
 And slit that fine rhetorical Pipe of yours
 I' the first Scene. *Cat.* Insolent Monster! *Cic.* Fathers,
 Is it your Pleasures they shall be committed
 Unto some safe, but a free Custody,
 Until the Senate can determine farther?
Sen. It pleaseth well. *Cic.* Then *Marcus Crassus*,
 Take you charge of *Gabinus*; send him home
 Unto your House. You *Caesar*, of *Statilius*.
Cethegus shall be sent to *Cornificius*:
 And *Lentulus* to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
 Who now is *Ædile*. *Cat.* It were best, the Prætors
 Carried 'em to their Houses, and deliver'd 'em.
Cic. Let it be so. Take 'em from hence. *Cas.* But first
 Let *Luntulus* put off his Prætorship.
Len. I do resign it here unto the Senate:
Cas. So, now there's no Offence done to Religion.
Cat. *Caesar*, 'twas piously and timely urg'd.
Cic. What do you decree to th' *Allobroges*,
 That were the Lights to this Discovery?
Cra. A free Grant from the State, of all their Suits.
Cas. And a Reward out of the Publick Treasure,

Cat.

Cat. I, and the Title of honest Men, to crown 'em.

Cic. What to *Volturtius*? *Cas.* Life, and Favour's well.

Vol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, some Mony, thou need'st
"Twill keep thee honest; want made thee a Knave. [it:

Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the Prætors,
Have publick Thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good Service. *Cra.* They deserve it all.

Cat. But what do we decree unto the Consul,
Whose Virtue, Counsel, Watchfulness, and Wisdom,
Hath freed the Commonwealth, and without Tumult,
Slaughter, or Blood, or scarce raising a Force,
Rescu'd us all out of the Jaws of Fate?

Cra. We owe our Lives unto him, and our Fortunes.

Cas. Our Wives, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.

Syl. We all are saved by his Fortitude.

Cat. The Commonwealth owes him a Civick Garland.
He is the only Father of his Country.

Cas. Let there be publick Prayer, to all the Gods,
Made in that Name, for him. *Cra.* And in these words:
For that he hath, by his Vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the Flame, the Senate from the Sword,
And all her Citizens from Massacre.

Cic. How are my Labours more than paid grave Fathers,
In these great Titles, and decreed Honours!
Such as to me, first of the Civil Robe,
Of any Man since *Rome* was *Rome*, have happ'ned;
And from this frequent Senate; which more glads me,
That I now see you have Sense of your own Safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great Danger,
Than those wherein w'are born, and brought to light,
Because the gladness of our Safety is certain,
But the condition of our Birth not so;
And that w'are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the Sense of Joy: Why should not then
This Day, to us and all Posterity
Of ours, be had in equal Fame and Honour,
With that when *Romulus* first rear'd these Walls,
When so much more is saved, than he built?

Cas. It ought. *Cra.* Let it be added to our Fasti.

Cic. What Tumult's that?

Fla. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,

Going to *Catiline*, and says he was sent
 By *Marcus Crassus*, whom he names to be
 Guilty of the Conspiracy. *Cic.* Some lying Varlet.
 Take him away to Prison. *Cra.* Bring him in,
 And let me see him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Crassus*.
 Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell
 By whose pernicious Counsel he durst slander
 So great and good a Citizen. (*Cra.* By yours,
 I fear, 'twill prove.) *Syl.* Some o' the Traitors, sure,
 To give their Action the more Credit, bid him
 Name you, or any Man. *Cic.* I know my self,
 By all the Tracts and Courses of this Business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his Country.

Fla. Here is a Libel too, accusing *Cesar*,
 From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.

Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the Court.

Ces. A Trick on me too? *Cic.* It is some mens malice.
 I said to *Curius*, I did not believe him.

Ces. Was not that *Curius* your Spy, that had
 Reward decreed unto him the last Senate,
 With *Fulvia*, upon your private Motion?

Cic. Yes.

Ces. But he has not that Reward yet? *Cic.* No.
 Let not this trouble you, *Cesar*; none believes it.

Ces. It shall not, if that he have no Reward.
 But if he have, sure I shall think my self
 Very untimely and unsafely honest,
 Where such as he is may have Pay t' accuse me.

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble *Cesar*,
 But all Contentment. *Ces.* Consul, I am silent.

Catiline.

[*The Army.*

I never yet knew, Soldiers, that in Fight
 Words added Virtue unto valiant Men;
 Or, that a General's Oration made
 An Army fall or stand: But how much Prowess,
 Habitual or natural, each Man's Breast
 Was Owner of, so much in Act it shew'd.
 Whom neither Glory, or Danger can excite,
 'Tis vain t' attempt with Speech; for the Mind's fear
 Keeps all brave Sounds from entering at that Ear.
 I yet would warn you some few things, my Friends,
 And give you Reason of my present Counsels.

You.

You know, no less than I, what State, what Point
 Our Affairs stand in; and you all have heard
 What a calamitous Misery the Sloth
 And Sleepiness of *Lentulus* hath pluck'd
 Both on himself, and us; how, whilst our Aids
 There, in the City look'd for, are defeated;
 Our entrance into *Gallia* too is stopt:
 Two Armies wait us; one from *Rome*, the other
 From the *Gaul*-Provinces: And where we are,
 (Although I most desire it) the great want
 Of Corn and Victuals forbids longer stay.
 So that of need we must remove; but whither,
 The Sword must both direct, and cut the Passage.
 I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
 To have your Valours and your Souls about you,
 And think you carry in your labouring Hands
 The things you seek, Glory, and Liberty,
 Your Country, which you want now, with the Fates,
 That are to be instructed by our Swords.
 If we can give the Blow, all will be safe to us.
 We shall not want Provision, nor Supplies.
 The Colonies and Free Towns will lie open;
 Where, if we yield to fear, expect no Place,
 Nor Friend, to shelter those whom their own Fortune;
 And ill-us'd Arms have left without Protection.
 You might have liv'd in Servitude, or Exile,
 Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the Great ones;
 But that you thought those things unfit for Men:
 And, in that Thought, you then were valiant.
 For no Man ever yet chang'd Peace for War,
 But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
 There's more necessity you should be such,
 In fighting for your selves, than they for others.
 He's base that trusts his Feet, whose Hands are arm'd.
 Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
 What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leisure
 For the great Spectacle. Draw then your Swords;
 And if our Destiny envy our Virtue
 The Honour of the Day, yet let us care
 To sell our selves at such a Price as may
 Undo the World to buy us, and make Fate,
 While she tempts ours, fear her own Estate.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this hasty calling of the Senate?

Sen. We shall know streight. Wait till the Consul speaks.

Pom. Fathers Conscript, bethink you of your Sâfeties,
And what to do with these Conspirators:

Some of their Clients, their Freed-men, and Slaves,

'Gin to make Head: There is one of *Lentulus*' Bawds.

Runs up and down the Shops, through every Street,

With Money, to corrupt the poor Artificers,

And needy Tradesmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*

Hath sent too to his Servants, who are many,

Chosen, and exercis'd in bold Attemptings,

That forthwith they should arm themselves, and prove

His Rescue: All will be in instant Uproar,

If you prevent it not with present Counsels.

We have done what we can to meet the Fury,

And will do more. Be you good to your selves.

Cic. What is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?

Syllanus, you are Consul next design'd;

Your Sentence of these Men. *Syl.* 'Tis short, and this.

Since they have sought to blot the name of *Rome*

Out of the World, and raze this glorious Empire

With her own Hands, and Arms turn'd on her self,

I think it fit they die: And could my Breath

Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy

An Article of Time, or Eye of Light,

Longer, to poison this our Common air.

Sen. I think so too.

Sen. And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.

Cic. Your Sentence, *Caius Caesar*.

Cas. Conscript Fathers,

In great Affairs, and doubtful, it behoves

Men that are ask'd their Sentence, to be free

From either Hate or Love, Anger or Pity:

For where the least of these do hinder, there

The Mind not easily discerns the Truth.

I speak this to you in the Name of *Rome*,

For whom you stand; and to the present Cause:

That this foul Fact of *Lentulus*, and the rest,

Weigh not more with you than your Dignity;

And you be more indulgent to your Passion,

Than to your Honour. If there could be found

A Pain or Punishment equal to their Crimes,
 I would devise, and help: But if the greatness
 Of what they ha' done, exceed all Man's Invention,
 I think it fit to stay where our Laws do.
 Poor petty States may alter, upon humour,
 Where, if th' offend with anger, few do know it,
 Because they are obscure; their Fame and Fortune
 Is equal, and the same. But they that are
 Head of the World, and live in that seen height,
 All Mankind knows their Actions. So we see,
 The greater Fortune hath the lesser Licence.
 They must not favour, hate, and least be angry:
 For what with others is call'd Anger, there
 Is Cruelty and Pride. I know *Syllanus*,
 Who spoke before me, a just, valiant Man,
 A Lover of the State, and one that would not,
 In such a Business, use or Grace or Hatred;
 I know too well, his Manners and Modesty:
 Nor do I think his Sentence cruel, (for
 'Gainst such Delinquents what can be too bloody?)
 But that it is abhorring from our State:
 Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
 Our Laws give Exile, and not Death. Why then
 Decrees he that? 'Twere vain to think, for fear;
 When, by the diligence of so worthy a Consul,
 All is made safe and certain. Is't for Punishment?
 Why, Death's the end of Evils, and a Rest,
 Rather than Torment: It dissolves all Grievs;
 And beyond that, is neither Care nor Joy.
 You hear, my Sentence, would not have 'em die.
 How then? set free, and increase *Catiline's* Army?
 So will they, being but banish'd. No, Grave Fathers,
 I judge 'em, first, to have their States confiscate;
 Then, that their Persons remain Prisoners
 I' the free Towns, far off from *Rome*, and sever'd;
 Where they might neither have Relation,
 Hereafter, to the Senate, or the People.
 Or, if they had, those Towns then to be mulcted,
 As Enemies to the State, that had their Guard.
Sen. 'Tis good and honourable, *Caesar* hath utter'd.
Cic. Fathers, I see your Faces and your Eyes
 All bent on me, to note, of these two Censures,
 Which

Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
 And answering the Dignity of the Speakers,
 The greatness of th' Affair, and both severe.
 One urgeth Death; and he may well remember
 This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens so.
 The other Bonds, and those perpetual, which
 He thinks found out for the more singular Plague.
 Decree which you shall please: You have a Consul,
 Not readier to obey, than to defend
 Whatever you shall act, for the Republick;
 And meet with willing Shoulders any Burden,
 Or any Fortune, with an even Face,
 Though it were Death; which to a valiant Man
 Can never happen foul, nor to a Consul
 Be immature, or to a wise-man wretched.

Syl. Fathers, I spake but as I thought the Needs
 O' th' Commonwealth requir'd. *Cat.* Excuse't not.

Cic. Cato. speak your Sentence. *Cat.* This it is,
 You here dispute on kinds of Punishment,
 And stand consulting what you should decree
 'Gainst those of whom you rather should beware:
 This Mischief is not like those common Facts,
 Which, when they are done, the Laws may prosecute.
 But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
 When it is happ'ned, will not wait your Judgment.
 Good *Caius Cæsar* here hath very well,
 And subtilly discours'd of Life and Death;
 As if he thought those things a pretty Fable,
 That are deliver'd us of Hell and Furies,
 Or of the divers way that ill Men go
 From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly Places.
 And therefore he would have these live, and long too;
 But far from *Rome*, and in the small free Towns,
 Lest here they might have Rescue: As if Men
 Fit for such Acts were only in the City,
 And not throughout all *Italy*; or, that Boldness
 Could not do more, where it found least resistance?
 'Tis a vain Counsel, if he think them dangerous:
 Which if he do not, but that he alone,
 In so great fear of all Men, stand unfrighted,
 He gives me cause, and you, more to fear him.
 I am plain, Fathers. Here you look about

One at another, doubting what to do;
 With Faces, as you trusted to the Gods,
 That still have sav'd you; and they can do't: But
 They are not Wishings; or base womanish Prayers,
 Can draw their Aids; but Vigilance, Counsel, Action;
 Which they will be ashamed to forsake.

'Tis Sloth they hate, and Cowardise. Here you have
 The Traitors in your Houses; yet you stand,
 Fearing what to do with 'em: Let 'em loose,
 And send 'em hence with Arms too, that your Mercy
 May turn your Misery, as soon as't can.

O, but they are Great Men, and have offended
 But through Ambition: We would spare their Honour.
 I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their Fame,
 Or Modesty, or either God, or Man:

Then I would spare 'em. But as things now stand,
 Fathers, to spare these Men, were to commit
 A greater Wickedness than you would revenge.
 If there had been but Time and Place for you
 To have repair'd this Fault, you should have made it;
 It should have been your Punishment, to have felt
 Your tardy Error: but Necessity
 Now bids me say, Let 'em not live an Hour,
 If you mean *Rome* should live a Day. I have done.

Sen. Cato hath spoken like an Oracle.

Cra. Let it be so decreed. *Sen.* We are all fearful.

Syl. And had been base, had not not his Virtue rais'd us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy Consul, we'll assist you.

Cas. I am not yet chang'd in my Sentence, Fathers.

Cat. No matter. What be those? *Sen.* Letters for *Cesar*.

Cat. From whom? Let 'em be read in open Senate,
 Fathers, they come from the Conspirators;
 I crave to have 'em read, for the Republick.

Cas. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a Love-letter,
 From you dear Sister, to me: though you hate me,
 Do not discover it. *Cat.* Hold thee, Drunkard. Consul,
 Go forth, and confidently. *Cas.* You'll repent
 This rashness, *Cicero.* *Pra.* *Cesar* shall repent it.

Cic. Hold, Friends.

Pra. He's scarce a Friend unto the Publick.

Cic. No violence. *Cesar.* be safe. Lead on.
 Where are the Publick Executioners?

Bid

Bid 'em wait on us. On to *Spinther's* House.

Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the sad revengers
Of Capital Crimes against the Publick, take
This Man unto your Justice; strangle him.

Len. Thou dost well, Consul. 'Twas a Cast at Dice,
In *Fortune's* Hand, not long since, that thy self
Shouldst have heard these, or other Words as fatal.

Cic. Lead on to *Quintus Cornificius* House.

Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be
Said, he was once. *Cet.* A Beast, or, what is worse,
A Slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the Name
For all that's base, hereafter; that would let
This Worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His Body into—— Ha! art thou not mov'd?

Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.

Cet. O, the Whore Fortune, and her Bawds the Fates!
That put these Tricks on Men, which knew the Way
To Death by a Sword. Strangle me, I may sleep;
I shall grow angry with the Gods else. *Cic.* Lead
To *Caius Caesar*, for *Statilius*.

Bring him, and rude *Gabinus* out. Here, take 'em
To your cold Hands, and let 'em feel Death from you.

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure.

Sta. And me too.

Cat. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou maist now stand up,
And call it happy *Rome*, thou being Consul.
Great Parent of thy Country, go, and let
The old Men of the City, ere they die,
Kiss thee; the Matrons dwell about thy Neck;
The Youths and Maids lay up, 'gainst they are old,
What kind of Man thou wert, to tell their Nephews,
When, such a Year, they read, within our Fasti,
Thy Consulship. Who's this? *Petreius*? *Cic.* Welcome,
Welcome, renowned Soldier. What's the News?
This Face can bring no ill with't unto *Rome*.
How does the worthy Consul, my Colleague?

Pet. As well as Victory can make him, Sir.
He greets the Fathers, and to me hath trusted
The sad Relation of the Civil Strife;
For, in such War, the Conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the House of Concord?

Cat.

Cat. No, happy Consul: Here let all Ears take
The Benefit of this Tale. If he had Voice
To spread unto the Poles, and strike it through
The Center, to th' Antipodes, it would ask it.

Pet. The Straits and Needs of *Catiline* being such,
As he must fight with one of the two Armies,
That then had neer enclos'd him; it pleas'd Fate
To make us th' Object of his desperate Choice,
Wherein the Danger almost poiz'd the Honour:
And as he rise, the Day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the Earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her Wings, and make the World her Quarry.
At this we rous'd, lest one small Minute's stay
Had left it to be inquir'd, what *Rome* was:
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great Cause, in form of Battle stood:
Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the Face
Of any Man, but of a Publick Ruin:
His Count'nance was a Civil War it self:
And all his Host had standing in their Looks
The Paleness of the Death that was to come.
Yet cried they out like Vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our Fates.
Nor staid we longer for 'em: But himself
Struck the first Stroke; and with it fled a Life,
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow Neck of Land
Had broke between two mighty Seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the Slaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides
Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood on Hills,
Circling the Place, and trembled to see Men
Do more than they; whilst Piety left the Field,
Griev'd for that Side, that in so bad a Cause
They knew not what a Crime their Valour was.
The Sun stood still, and was, behind the Cloud
The Battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted Horse, whom still the Noise drove backward.
And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a Flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it self;
Had not the Fortune of the Commonwealth
Come, *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.

Which

Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his Troops
 Cover'd that Earth they had fought on, with their Trunks
 Ambitious of great Fame, to crown his Ill,
 Collected all his Fury, and ran in
 (Arm'd with a Glory high as his Despair)
 Into our Battle, like a *Lybian* Lion
 Upon his Hunters, scornful of our Weapons,
 Careless of Wounds, plucking down Lives about him,
 Till he had circled in himself with Death:
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
 And as in that Rebellion 'gainst the Gods,
Minerva holding forth *Medusa's* Head,
 One of the Gyant-Brethren felt himself
 Grow Marble at the killing Sight, and now
 Almost made Stone, begant' inquire, what Flint,
 What Rock it was, that crept through all his Limbs,
 And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd;
 So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,
 Became his Tomb: Yet did his Look retain
 Some of his Fierceness, and his Hands still mov'd,
 As if he labour'd yet to grasp the State
 With those Rebellious Parts. *Cat.* A brave bad Death!
 Had this been honest now, and for his Country,
 As 'twas against it, who had e'er fallen greater?

Cic. Honour'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I, must thank you.
 How modestly has he spoken of himself!

Cat. He did the more.

Cic. Thanks to the immortal Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my Labours,
 My Watchings, and my Dangers. Here conclude
 Your Praises, Triumphs, Honours, and Rewards,
 Decreed to me: Only the Memory
 Of this glad Day, if I may know it live
 Within your Thoughts, shall much affect my Conscience,
 Which I must always study before Fame.
 Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
 And ever is ill got, without the first.

F I N I S.

BARTHOLOMEW
FAIR.

A

COMEDY.

Dedicated to His MAJESTY

King JAMES I.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus : nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret a fello
Fabellam surdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.*

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MDCC XXIX.





THE
PROLOGUE.
TO THE
KING's MAJESTY.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;
Such Place, such Men, such Language, and such Ware;
You must expect: With these, the zealous noise
Of your Lands Faction, scandaliz'd at Toys,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Your self have known, and have been vext with long;
These for your Sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private Man,
(Who of himself, or shall think well or can)
The Maker doth present: And hopes, to Night
To give you for a Fairing, true Delight.

Dramatis Personæ.

- J**ohn Little-wit, *a Proctor.*
Win Little-wit, *his Wife.*
Dame Purecraft, *her Mother and a Widow.*
Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, *her Suitor, a Banbury Man.*
Win-Wife, *his Rival, a Gentleman.*
Quarlous, *his Companion, a Gamester.*
Bartholomew Cokes, *an Esquire of Harrow.*
Humphrey Wasp, *his Man.*
Adam Overdo, *a Justice of Peace.*
Dame Overdo, *his Wife.*
Grace Welborn, *his Ward.*
Lant. Leatherhead, *a Hobby-Horse Seller.*
Joan Trash, *a Gingerbread Woman.*
Ezechiel Edgworth, *a Cutpurse.*
Nightingale, *a Ballad-singer.*
Ursula, *a Pig Woman.*
Moon-calf, *her Tapster.*
Jordan Knock-hum, *a Horse-courser and a Ranger o'*
Turnbull.
Val. Cutting, *a Roarer.*
Captain Whit, *a Bawd.*
Punque Alice, *Mistress o' the Game.*
Trouble-all, *a Mad-man.*
- Three Watchmen, Costard-monger, Mouse-*
trap-man, Clothier, Wrestler, Porters,
Door-keepers, Puppets.

T H E



THE
INDUCTION
ON THE
STAGE.
STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the *Play*, Master *Little-wit*, the *Proctor*, has a *Stitch* new-faln in his black *Silk Stocking*; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty. He plays one o' the *Arches* that dwells about the *Hospital*, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha' the *Truth* on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* hear me, or his Man, Master *Broom*, behind the *Arras*) it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain *English*. When't comes to the *Fair* once, you were e'en as good go to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smithfield*. He has not hit the *Humours*, he does not know 'em; he has not convers'd
with

The Induction.

with the *Bartholomew*-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a Sword and Buckler-Man in his *Fair*; nor a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kind-heart, if any bodies Teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*; nor a Jugler with a well-educated Ape, to come over the Chain for the King of *England*, and back again for the *Prince*, and sit still on his Arse for the *Pope* and the King of *Spain*! None o' these fine Sights! Nor has he the Canvas-cut i' the Night, for a Hobby-horse-man to creep into his She-neighbour, and take his Leap there! Nothing! No: And some Writer (that I know) had had but the Penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a *Fickajog* i' the Booths, you should ha' thought an Earthquake had been i' the *Fair*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their own absurd Courses; they will be inform'd of nothing. He has (*sirreverence*) kick'd me three or four times about the Tying-house, I thank him, but for offering to put in with my Experience. I'll be judg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one Conceit of mine! would not a fine Pump upon the Stage ha' done well, for a Property now? and a *Panque* set under upon her Head, with her Stern upward, and ha' been sous'd by my witty young Masters o' the *Inns o' Court*? What think you o' this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an *Ass*! I! and yet I kept the Stage in Master *Farleton*'s time, I thank my Stars. Ho! and that Man had liv'd to have play'd in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his Vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantial Watch to ha' stoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the Stage-practice.

To him, Bookholder and Scrivener.

Book. How now? what rare Discourse are you fallen upon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage.

The Induction.

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding Gentlemen of the Ground here, ask'd my Judgment.

Book. Your Judgment, Rascal? for what? sweeping the Stage? or gathering up the broken Apples for the Bears within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *Spectacles*, when such a Youth as you pretend to a Judgment. And yet he may, i' the most o' this matter i' faith: For the *Author* hath writ it just to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgments here, his Play-fellows in Wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scrivener*, and certain Articles drawn out in haste between our *Author* and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi' me the Counterpain.

Scriv. *Articles of Agreement*, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the *Bankside*, in the County of *Surry*, on the one Party; And the *Author* of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said Place and County, on the other Party: the one and thirtieth day of *October*, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, *James*, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith: And of *Scotland* the Seven and fortieth.

Imprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the Parties abovesaid, and the said *Spectators* and *Hearers*, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded Judgments and Understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the Places their Mony or Friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two Hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present them, by us, with a new sufficient Play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of Noise, as Sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the Wit or the Honesty to think well of themselves.

It is further agreed, That every Person here have his or their free-will of Censure, to like or dislike at
their

The Induction.

their own charge, the *Author* having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any Man to judge his Six-pen'worth, his Twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen Pence, two Shillings, half a Crown, to the value of his Place; provided always his Place get not above his Wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for *Censures* here, as they do for *Lots* at the *Lottery*: Marry, if he drop but Six-pence at the Door, and will censure a Crowns-worth, it is thought there is no Conscience or Justice in that.

It is also agreed, That every Man here exercise his own Judgment, and not censure by *Contagion*, or upon *Trust*, from another's Voice, or Face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that he be fixt and settled in his Censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to morrow; and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next week (if need be :) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite and arraign *Plays* daily. He that will swear, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best *Plays*, yet shall pass unexcepted at here, as a Man whose Judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an Ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid Ignorance; and next to *Truth*, a confirm'd *Error* does well; such a one the *Author* knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed, That how great soever the Expectation be, no Person here is to expect more than he knows, or better Ware than a *Fair* will afford: neither to look back to the Sword and Buckler Age of *Smithfield*, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a leer-Drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kind-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oily *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and

The Induction.

a Comfort of Roarers for Musick. A wise *Justice* of *Peace* meditant, instead of a *Jugler*, with an *Ape*. A civil *Cutpurse* searchant. A sweet *Singer* of new Ballads allurant: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as ever was broach'd, rampant. If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says, nor a Nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mix his Head with other Mens Heels; let the concupiscence of *Figs* and *Dances* reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid *Hearers* and *Spectators*, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any *State-decipherer*, or *Politick Picklock* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by *Ginger-bread Woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse Man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired Ignorance) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Justice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pig-woman*, what conceal'd *Statesman* by the *Seller of Mouse-traps*, and so of the rest. But that such Person or Persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a Forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your Laughter aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the Fool by his Place aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of Scurrility, because the Language somewhere favours of *Smithfield*, the Booth, and the *Pig-broth*, or of Prophaneness, because a *Mad-man* cries, *God quit you*, or *bless you*. In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your Seals already (which is your Mony) you will now add the other part of Suffrage, your Hands. The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fair* be not kept in the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the *Author* hath observ'd a special *Decorum*, the Place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit.

K

How-

The Induction.

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse* here, would be glad to take up a *Commodity* of them, at any *Laughter* or *Loss* in another place.



Bartho-



Bartholomew Fair.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Little-Wit. [To him] *Win.*

Little-Wit.



Pretty Conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a Silk-worm, out of my self. Here's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o' th' Hill*, i' th' County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence to marry Mistress *Grace Well-born*, of the said Place and County: And when does he take it forth? to day! the Four and Twentieth of *August*! *Bartholomew-day*! *Bartholomew* upon *Bartholomew*! there's the Device! who would have mark'd such a Leap-Frog Chance now? A very less than *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! Well, go thy ways, *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o' the pretty Wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit* of *London* (so thou art call'd) and something beside. When a Quirk or a Quiblin do's 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of Conceit: (there now, I speak Quib too) let 'em carry thee out o' the Arch-deacon's Court into his Kitchen, and make a Fack of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am again la!) *Win*, Good-

morrow, *Win*. I marry, *Win*. Now you look finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap does convince! you'd not ha' worn it, *Win*, nor ha' had it Velvet, but a rough Country Bever, with a Copper Band, like the Conney-skin-woman of *Budge-Row*? Sweet *Win*, let me kiss it! And her fine high Shoes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *Win*, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are such a Fool still!

Litt. No, but half a one, *Win*, you are t'other half: Man and Wife make one Foo', *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the Diocess, that ever had the Fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am again!) I do feel Conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn Tongue too. A Pox o' these Pretenders to Wit! Your *Three Cranes*, *Miter* and *Mermaid* men! Not a Corn of true Salt, not a Grain of right Mustard amongst them all. They may stand for Places, or so, again the next *Wit* fall, and pay Two Pence in a Quart more for their *Canary* than other Men. But gi' me the Man can start up a Justice of Wit out of Six Shillings Beer, and give the Law to all the Poets and Poet Suckers i' Town, because they are the Players Gossips. 'Slid, other Men have Wives as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

Win-wife, *Little-wit*, *Win*.

Win-w. Why, how now, Master *Little-wit*! measuring of Lips? or molding of Kisses? which is it?

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my *Win*'s dressing here! Does't not fine, Master *Win-wife*? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not ha' worn this Habit. I challenge all *Cheapside* to shew such another: *More-fields*, *Pimlico-path*, or the *Exchange*, in a Summer-Evening, with a Lace to boot, as this has. Dear *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kiss you. He comes a wooing to our Mother, *Win*, and may be our Father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harm in him, *Win*.

Win-w. None i' the Earth, Master *Little-wit*.

Litt. I envy no Man my Delicates, Sir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the Garden where they grow still! A Wife here with a *Strawberry-Breath*, *Cherry-Lips*, *Apricot-Cheeks*, and a soft Velvet Head, like a *Melicotton*.

Litt.

Lit. Good, i'faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! Veivet Head!

Win-w. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to Fruit of a latter kind: the Sober Matron, your Wive's Mother.

Lit. I! we know you are a Suitor, Sir; *Win*, and I both, wish you well: By this Licence here would you had her, that your Two Names were as fast in it as here are a Couple. *Win* would fain have a fine young Father i' Law, with a Feather: that her Mother might Hood it, and Chain it, with Mistress *Overdoe*. But you do not take the right Course, Master *Win-wife*.

Win-w. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? Is Madnes a right Course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon *Win*. You have a Friend, (one Master *Quarlous*) comes here sometimes.

Win-w. Why? he makes no Love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a Tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: But—

Win-w. What?

Lit. He is the more Mad-cap o' the Two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot Coal i' your Mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear *Win*.

Win. I'll tell him my self.

Lit. Do, and take all the Thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

Win. Sir, my Mother has had her Nativity-water cast lately by the Cunning-men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her Fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this Sen'night; and when it is, it must be a Madman, they say.

Lit. I, but I must be a Gentleman Madman.

Win. Yes, so t'other Man of *More-fields* says.

Win-w. But do's she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at *Bedlam* twice since every day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a Confederacy, a mere Piece of Practice upon her by these *Impostors*.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young Madcap-Gentleman (for the Devil can equivocate as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than Master *Quarlous* hereafter.

Win. Where is she? stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elder come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in here at Meal-tide, to praise the painful Brethren, or pray that the sweet Singers may be restor'd; Says a Grace as long as his Breath lasts him! Some time the Spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my Mother, or *Win*, are fain to fetch it again with Malmsey, or *Aqua Coelestis*.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious Life with him for his Diet, and his Clothes too, he breaks his Buttons, and cracks Seams at every Saying he sobs out.

Joh. He cannot abide my Vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my Mother, a *Proctor* was a Claw of the *Beast*, and that she had little less than committed *Abomination* in marrying me so as she has done

Joh. Every Line (he says) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishop's Court, is a long black Hair, kemb'd out of the Tail of *Anti-Christ*.

Win-w. When came this *Profelyte*?

Joh. Some three Days since.

Quarlous, John, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O Sir, ha' you ta'en Soil here? It's well a Man may reach you after three Hours running yet! What an unmerciful Companion art thou, to quit thy Lodging at such ungentlemanly Hours? None but a scatter'd Covey of Fidlers, or one of those Ragrakers in Dunghills, or some Marrow-bone Man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all Description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou Thorns i' thy Eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy Bed?

Win-w. I cannot tell: It seems you had neither i' your Feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should have drawn after you by the Scent rather. Mr. *John Little-wis*! God save you, Sir. 'Twas a hot Night with some

some of us, last Night, *John*: shall we pluck a Hair o' the same Wolf to Day, Proctor *John*?

Joh. Do you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what we discours'd on last Night?

Quar. Not I, *John*: nothing that I either discourse or do, at those times I forfeit all to Forgetfulness.

Joh. No, not concerning *Win*? Look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: Hark you, Sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this Head, I'll beware how I keep you company, *John*, when I am drunk, and you have this dangerous Memory! that's certain.

Joh. Why Sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last Night, sprinkled with a Cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *John* here, to come and do somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to Day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me: Before *Truth*, if you have that fearful Quality, *John*, to remember when you are sober *John*, what you promise drunk, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once I am content to wink at you; where's your Wife? Come hi her, *Win*.

[He kisseth her.

Win. Why, *John*! do you see this, *John*? look you! help me, *John*.

Joh. O *Win*, fie, what do you mean, *Win*? Be womanly, *Win*; make an Out-cry to your Mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipful good Friend, *Win*: And he is Master *Win-wife*'s Friend too: And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your Mother, *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps be our Father, *Win*: They'll do you no harm, *Win*; they are both our worshipful good Friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Master *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrel with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

Joh. Yes, do, good *Win*.

Win. I' faith you are a Fool, *John*.

Joh. A Fool, *John*, she calls me; do you mark that, Gentlemen? Pretty *Little-wit* of Velvet! a Fool-*John*.

Quar. She may call you an *Apple-John*, if you use this.
Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my Respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o' the sudden! I fear this Family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your Daughter-in-Law, and may ask you t'lessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat Cream. Well, I will forbear, Sir; but i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy Exercise of Widow-hunting once! this drawing after an old Reverend Smock by the Splay-Foot: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i' the Town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine Occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a Piece of Buff, as if thou hadst the Perpetuity of *Pannyer-Alley* to stink in; or perhaps worse, currying a Carkas that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become 'em; the honest Instrument of Procreation has (forty Years since) left to belong to 'em; thou must visit 'em as thou wouldst do a *Tomb*, with a Torch, or three Handfuls of Link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy Inches. A sweet Course for a Man to waste the Brand of Life for, to be still raking himself a Fortune in an old Woman's Embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a Month married to one of 'em, look like the *Quartane Ague* and the *Black Jaundise* met in a Face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd Legs of a *Spinner*, or Voice of a *Cricket*. I would endure to hear fifteen Sermons a Week for her, and such course and loud ones, as some of 'em must be: I would e'en desire of Fate, I might dwell in a Drum, and take in my Sustenance with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine Ears or Stomach to the Patience of a dry *Grace*, as long as thy Table-Cloth? and droan'd out by thy Son here (that might be thy Father) till all the Meat o' thy Foard has forgot it was that Day i' the Kitchen? Or to brook the Noise made in a Question of *Predestination*, by the good Labourers and painful Eaters assembled together, put to 'em by the Matron your Spouse; who moderates with a Cup of Wine, eyer and anon, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between?

between? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober drawn *Exhortation* of Six Hours, whole better Part was the *Hum-ha hum*? Or to hear Pray'rs groan'd out over thy Iron Chests, as if they were *Charms* to break 'em? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle* Spoons, to suffer! and a Cup to eat a Cawdle in! For that will be thy Legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her State safe enough from thee, an' she be a right Widow.

Win-w. Alas, I am quite off that Scent now.

Quar. How so?

Win-w. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one that; they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

Win-w. Master *Little-wit* can tell us.

Joh. Sir! good *Win* go in, and if Master *Bartholomew* Cokes his Man come for the Licence (the little old Fellow) let him speak with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

Win-w. What call you the Reverend *Elder* you told me of? your *Banbury*-man?

Joh. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir; he is more than an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

Joh. He was a Baker, Sir, but he does dream now, and see Visions; he has given over his Trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a *Scruple* he took, that (in spic'd Conscience) those Cakes he made, were serv'd to *Bridales*, *May-Poles*, *Morrisses*, and such profane Feasts and Meetings; his Christen-Name is *Zeal-of-the-Land*.

Joh. Yes, Sir, *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*.

Win-w. How! what a Name's there!

Joh. O they have all such Names, Sir; he was Witness for *Win* here; (they will not be call'd Godfathers) and nam'd her *Win-the-fight*; you thought her Name had been *Winnifred*, did you not?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Joh. He would ha' thought himself a stark *Reprobate*, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a *Blue-starch* Woman o' the Name, at the same time. A notable hypocritical *Vermine*

it is; I know him. One that stands upon his Face, more than his Faith, at all times: Ever in seditious Motion, and reproving for Vain-glory; of a most *Lunatick* Conscience and Spleen, and affects the Violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has undone a Grocer here, in *Newgate-Market*, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeal as he, that's by the way:) By his Profession, he will ever be i' the State of Innocence though, and Childhood; derides all *Antiquity*, defies any other *Learning* than *Inspiration*; and what Discretion soever Years should afford him, it is all prevented in his *Original Ignorance*; ha' not to do with him, for he is a Fellow of a most arrogant and invincible Dulness, I assure you, Who is this?

Waspé, John, Winwife, Quarious.

Waspé. By your leave, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and God give you good Morrow. Master *Little-wit*, my Business is to you. Is this License ready?

Joh. Here I ha' it for you in my Hand, Master *Humphrey*.

Waspé. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's Labour in vain, you know. I am no Clerk, I scorn to be sav'd by my Book, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it up o' your Word, and gi' it me; what must you ha' for't?

Joh. We'll talk of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

Waspé. Now or not at all, good Mr. *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

Joh. Sweet *Win*, bid *Solomon* send me the little black Box within in my Study.

Waspé. I, quickly, good Mistress, I pray you: For I have both Eggs o' the Spit, and Iron i' the Fire, say what you must have, good Mr. *Little-wit*.

Joh. Why, you know the Price, Mr. *Numps*.

Waspé. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in haste) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a *Mark* for your thing here, and *Eight Pence* for the Box; I could ha' sav'd *Two Pence* i' that, an I had bought it myself; but here's *Fourteen Shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little Wife stays! pray God

Solomon,

Solomon, your Clerk, be not looking i' the wrong Box,
Mr. Proctor.

Joh. Good i' faith! no; I warrant you, *Solomon* is wiser than so, Sir.

Waf. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Master *Little-wit*, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my Heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? *Jack Little-wit*, what Business does thy pretty Head think this Fellow may have, that he keeps such a coyl with?

Quar. More than buying of Ginger-bread i' the Cloyster here, for that we allow him) or a gilt Pouch i' the Fair.

Joh. Master *Quarulous*, do not mistake him; he is his Master's Both hands, I assure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his Boots a Mornings, or his Stockings, does he?

Joh. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old Fellow, and his Name is *Wasse* too.

Quar. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

Waf. A Plague o' this Box, and the Pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, Sir!

Joh. Nay, good Mr *Wasse*.

Waf. Good Master *Hornet*, Turd i' your Teeth, hold you your Tongue: do not I know you? Your Father was a *Pothecary*, and sold Glsters, more than he gave, I wusse: and Turd i' your little Wife's Teeth too (here she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her Velvet Custard on her Head, Sir.

Joh. O! be civil, Master *Numps*.

Waf. Why, say I have a Humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me? you?

Joh. Here is the Box now.

Waf. Why a Pox o' your Box, once again: let your little Wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

Win-w. With all our Hearts, Sir.

Waf. That I have a charge, Gentlemen.

Joh. They do apprehend, Sir.

Waf.

Waf. Pardon me, Sir: neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an Ass) I have a young Master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole Care of his Well-doing is now mine. His foolish School-masters have done nothing, but run up and down the Country with him to beg Puddings, and Cake-bread of his Tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing *Catches*, and repeat *Rattle Bladder*, *rattle*, and *O Madge*! I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile Tunes, which he will sing at Supper, and in the Sermon-times! If he meet but a Carman i' the Street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his Tunes over at Night in his Sleep! he has a Head full of Bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a Gentlewoman: 'Tis true, she is a Justice of Peace his Wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the Hood; and his Natural Sister: But what may happen under a Woman's Government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of Piece than you think for! but nineteen Years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the Head, God blefs him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine Fellow!

Win-w. He has made his Master a finer by this Description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's Cross and Pile, whether for a new Farthing.

Waf. I'll tell you, Gentlemen—

Joh. Will't please you drink, Master *Wafpe*.

Waf. Why, I ha' not talk'd so long to be dry, Sir; you see no Dust or Cobwebs come out o' my Mouth: do you? You'd ha' me gone, would you?

Joh. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr. *Numps*!

Waf. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your Match, your *Win* there, she has as little Wit as her Husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Joh. She's my Match indeed; and as little Wit as I, Good!

Waf. We ha' been but a Day and a half in Town, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday i' the Afternoon we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman he shall

shall marry, Mistress Grace; but afore I will endure such another half Day with him, I'll be drawn with a good Gib-cat, through the great Pond at home, as his Uncle Hodge was! Why, we could not meet that *Heathen* thing all Day, but staid him: he would name you all the Signs over, as he went, aloud: and where he spy'd a *Parrot*, or a *Monkey*, there he was pitch'd, with all the little Long-Coats about him, Male and Female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad fo' the black Boy in *Bucklersbury*, that takes the scurvy, roguish *Tobacco* there.

Joh. You say true, Master *Numps*: there's such a one indeed.

Wasp. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any Hand.

Cokes, Mistress *Over-do*, *Wasp*, *Grace*, *Quarulous*,
Win-wife, *John*, Win.

Cokes. O *Numps*! are you here, *Numps*? look where am, *Numps*! and Mistress *Grace* too! nay, do not look angrily, *Numps*: my Sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Wasp. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We came all to seek you, *Numps*.

Wasp. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your Fourteen Shillings worth of small Ware here? or that I had chang'd it i' the Fair for Hobby-horses? S' precious—to seek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. *Numps* do you shew Discretion, tho' he be exorbitant (as Mr. *Over-do* says) and't be but for Conservation of the Peace.

Wasp. Marry gip, Goody She-Justice, Mistress *French-hood*! Turd i' your Teeth, and Turd i' your *French-hood's* Teeth too, to do you Service, do you see? Must you quote your *Adam* to me! you think you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistress *Over-do*; when I am in Place? No such matter, I assure you, your Reign is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

Over. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your Passions.

Wasp.

Wasp. Will't so, forsooth? good Lord! how sharp you are, with being at *Beth'lem* Yesterday! *Whetstone* has set an Edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your Dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waf. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the Licence, *Numps*? for Love's Sake let me see't; I never saw a Licence.

Waf. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good *Numps*.

Waf. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i' these Fooleries; set your Heart at rest, there's nothing in't but hard Words; and what would you see't for?

Cok. I would see the Length and the Breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Waf. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see it at home, and I'll look upon the Case here.

Waf. Why, do so; a Man must give way to him a little in trifles: Gentlemen. These are Errors, Diseases of Youth; which he will mend when he comes to Judgment and Knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this *Dry Nurse*, I say still, is a delicate Man.

Win-w. And I am, for the Coffer, his Charge! Did you ever see a Fellow's Face more accuse him for an Ass?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder Wench should marry such a Cokes.

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd Scorn she casts upon all his Behaviour and Speeches?

Cok. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another Piece of Business more, the Fair, *Numps*, and then—

Waf. Bless me! deliver me; help, hold me! the Fair!

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, *Numps*, and vex it self. I am resolute *Bartholomew* in this; I'll make no tuit on't to you; 'twas all the End of my Journey indeed, to
shew

Mew. Mrs. *Grace* my *Fair*. I call't my *Fair*, because of *Bartholomew*: you know my Name is *Bartholomew*, and *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Joh. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this Morning. I had that i' faith upon his Licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, *John*, this ambitious Wit of yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the End.

Joh. No? why Sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, *John*; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure Place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a Wit is a dangerous thing in this Age; do not over-buy it.

Joh. Think you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do *John*.

Cok. A pretty little Soul, this same Mrs. *Little-wit*, would I might marry her.

Grace. So would I, or any body else, so I might 'scape you.

Cok. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

Waf. Why, see it, Sir, see it, do, see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'Slid see it.

Cok. The *Fair*, *Numps*, the *Fair*.

Waf. Would the *Fair*, and all the Drums and Rattles in't, were i' your Belly for me: they are already i' your Brain: He that had the means to travel your Head now, should meet finer Sights than any are i' the *Fair*, and make a finer Voyage on't; to see it all hung with Cockle-shells, Pebbles, fine Wheat-straws, and here and there a Chicken's Feather, and a Cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an-you' mark him, like one that were made to catch Flies, with his Sir *Cranion-Legs*.

Win-w. And his *Numps*, to flap 'em away.

Waf. God bewi' you, Sir, there's your *Fec* in a Box, and much good do't you.

Cok.

Cok. Why, your Friend, and *Bartholomew*; an' you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, *Numps*?

Waf. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, *Brother*; and lose him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the *Fair*, I wusse.

Waf. You do not know the Inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to, nor what Trouble I have with him in these Humours. If he go to the *Fair*, he will buy of every thing to a Baby there; and Household-stuff for that too. If a Leg or an Arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the Press. Pray Heav'n I bring him off with one Stone! And then he is such a Ravener after Fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t' other Day, to compound a Business between a Katern-pear Woman, and him, about snatching! 'Tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you must not leave him now to these Hazards, *Numps*.

Waf. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: Well, Sir, will you go now? If you have such an itch i' your Feet, to foot it to the *Fair*, why do you stop, am I your Tarriers? go, will you go? Sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O *Numps*! have I brought you about? come Mistress *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Bat*, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the *Fair*; nor Ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any Quality or Fashion.

Cok. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistress *Grace*, we are enow of ourselves to make it a Fashion; and for Qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll find Qualities.

Quar. What a Rogue in Apprehension is this! to understand her Language no better.

Win-w. I, and offer to marry her. Well, I will leave the Chase of my Widow for to Day, and directly to the *Fair*. These Flies cannot, this hot Season, but engender us excellent creeping Sport,

Quar. A Man that has but a Spoonful of Brain would think so. Farewel, *John*.

John.

Joh. Win, you see 'tis in Fashion to go the Fair, Win: we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an Affair i' the Fair, Win, a Puppet-play of mine own making: say nothing, that I writ for the Motion Man, which you must see, Win.

Win. I would I might, *John*; but my Mother will never consent to such a *prophane Motion*; she will call it.

Joh. Tut, we'll have a Device, a dainty one: (Now Wit, help at a Pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, and 't be thy Will.) I have it, Win, I have it i' faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a Pig, sweet Win, i' the Fair; do you see, i' the Heart o' the Fair; not at Pye-corner. Your Mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee long presently, and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy Lace i' the mean time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet Win.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never so straight lac'd.

Joh. You say true, you have been bred i' the Family, and brought up to't. Our Mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seven Year with it, like Gentle-folks.

Win. I, let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilful Widow for nothing; nor a sanctified Sister for a Song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the Mother in me, you shall see; fetch her, fetch her; ah, ah.

Purecraft, Win, *John*, *Busy*, *Salomon*.

Purec. Now, the blaze of the beauteous Discipline, fright away this Evil from our House! How now, *Win-the-fight*, Child; how do you? Sweet Child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Purec. Look up, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the Enemy to enter you at this Door, remember that your Education has been with the purest; what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean Beast, Pig, to you, Child?

Win. Uh, uh.

Joh. Not I, o' my Sincerity, Mother; she long'd above three Hours e're she would let me know it; who was it, Win?

Win.

Win. A prophane black thing with a Beard, *John*;

Purec. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter; the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly Motion of Pig; be strong against it, and its foul Temptations, in these Assaults, whereby it broacheth Flesh and Blood, as it were on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal Provocations; good Child, sweet Child, pray.

Joh. Good Mother, I pray you, that she may eat some Pig, and her Belly full too; and do not you cast away your own Child, and perhaps one of mine, with your Tale of the Tempter: How do you, *Win.* Are you not sick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, *John*, (uh, uh.)

Purec. What shall we do? Call our zealous Brother *Busy* hither, for his faithful Fortification in this Charge of the Adversary; Child, my dear Child, you shall eat Pig; be comforted, my sweet Child.

Win. I, but i' the *Fair*, Mother.

Purec. I mean i' the *Fair*, if it can be any way made or found lawful. Where is our Brother *Busy*? will he not come? Look up, Child.

Joh. Presently, Mother, as soon as he has cleans'd his Beard. I found him fast by the Teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pie i' the Cupboard, with a great white Loaf on his left Hand, and a Glass of *Malmsey* on his right.

Purec. Slander not the Brethren, wicked one.

Joh. Here he is now, purified Mother.

Purec. O Brother *Busy*! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a Scruple; my Daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a natural Disease of Women; call'd *A longing to eat Pig*.

Joh. I, Sir, a *Bartholomew Pig*; and in the *Fair*.

Purec. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a Widow of the sanctified Assembly, or a Widow's Daughter, may commit the Act without offence to the weaker Sisters.

Bus. Verily, for the Disease of Longing, it is a Disease, a carnal Disease, or Appetite, incident to Women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: Now Pig, it is a Meat, and a Meat that is nourishing and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: But in the *Fair*, and as a *Bartholomew*

mew Pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a *Bartholomew* Pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fair* no better than one of the *High-places*. This, I take it, is the state of the Question: A *High-place*.

Joh. I, but in state of Necessity, *Place* should give Place, Mr. *Busy*. (I have a Conceit left yet.)

Purec. Good Brother, *Zeal-of-the-Land*, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Joh. Yes Sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, Sir; you see the Danger my little Wife is in, Sir.

Purec. Truly, I do love my Child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her First-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a Face of Offence with the weak, a great Face, a foul Face; but that Face may have a Veil put over it, and be shaddowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the *Fair*, I take it, in a Booth, the Tents of the Wicked: The Place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the *Prophane*, so it be eaten with a reformed Mouth, with *Sobriety*, and Humbleness; not gorg'd in with Gluttony or Greediness, there's the Fear: For, should she go there, as taking Pride in the Place, or Delight in the unclean Dressing, to feed the Vanity of the Eye, or Lust of the Palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Joh. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but Courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest Booth in the *Fair*, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it o' the Ground.

Purec. I, and I'll go with you myself, *Win-the-fight*, and my Brother *Zeal-of-the-land* shall go with us too, for our better Consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Joh. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier.) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my Cloke.

Sal. Here, Sir.

Bus. In the way of Comfort to the Weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: By the publick

publick eating of Swine's Flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of *Judaism*, whereof the Brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly.

Joh. Good i' faith, I will eat heartily too: because I will be no *Jew*, I could never away with that stiff-necked Generation: And truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pig so i' the Mother's Belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Justice Overdo.

WELL, in Justice Name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth! desie all the World, *Adam Overdo*, for a Disguise, and all *Story*; for thou hast fitted thy self, I swear. Fain would I meet the *Lincens* now, that Eagle's Eye, that piercing *Epidaurian* Serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* calls him) that could discover a Justice of Peace (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this Covering. They may have seen many a Fool in the Habit of a Justice; but never 'till now, a Justice in the Habit of a Fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the publick Good; and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all Ages. There is a doing of Right out of Wrong, if the Way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshiptul Man, sometime a capital Member of this City, for his high Wisdom in this Point, who would take you now the Habit of a Porter, now of a Carman, now of the Dog-killer, in this Month of *August*; and in the Winter, of a Seller of Tinder-boxes; and what would he do in all these Shapes? marry, go you into every Ale-house, and down into every Cellar; measure the Length of Puddings, take the Gage of black Pots and Cans, I, and Custards, with a Stick; and their Circumference with a Thread; weigh the Loaves of Bread on his middle Finger; then would he send for 'em home; give the Puddings to the Poor, the Bread to the Hungry, the Custards to his Children, break the

the Pots, and burn the Cans himself; he would not trust his corrupt Officers, he would do't himself. Would all Men in Authority would follow this worthy President, For (alas) as we are publick Persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other Mens Ears, we see with other Mens Eyes. A foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman, is all our Information; he slanders a Gentleman, by the Virtue of his Place, (as he calls it) and we, by the Vice of ours, must believe him. As a while ago, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursivant, for a *Seminary*; and a proper young Batchelor of Musick for a Bawd. This we are subject to that live in high Place, all our Intelligence is idle, and most of our Intelligencers Knaves; and by your Leave, our selves thought little better, if not errant Fools, for believing 'em. I *Adam Overdo*, am resolv'd therefore to spare Spy-money hereafter, and make mine own Discoveries. Many are the yearly Enormities of this *Fair*, in whose Courts of *Pye-poulders* I have had the Honour, during the three Days, sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the special Day for detection of those foresaid Enormities. Here is my black Book for the purpose; this the Cloud that hides me; under this Covert I shall see and not be seen. On *Junius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end; in Justice Name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth.

Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Costermonger, Passengers.

Leath. The *Fair's* pestilence dead methinks; People come not abroad to-day, whatever the Matter is. Do you hear, Sister *Trash*, Lady o' the Basket? sit farther with your Gingerbread Progeny there, and hinder not the Prospect of my Shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the *Fair*, what Stuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what Stuff are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale Bread, rotten Eggs, musty Ginger, and dead Honey, you know.

Just. I! have I met with Enormity so soon?

Leath. I shall mar your Market, old *Jone*.

Tra.

Tra. Mar my Market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst, I defie thee, I, and thy Stable of Hobby-Horses. I pay for my Ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-Poet, and an Ingineer. I'll find a Friend shall right me, and make a Ballad of thee, and thy Cattle all over. Are you pufft up with the Pride of your Wares? your *Arfedine*?

Leath. Go too, old *Fone*, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore Justice *Overdo*, he is the Man must charm you, I'll ha' you i' the *Pie-poulders*.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee Face to Face, afore his Worship when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o' my Body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing as any Woman in *Smithfield*; I, charm me?

Just. I am glad to hear my Name is their Terror, yet this is doing of Justice.

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babbies o' the best? Fiddles o' the finest?

Enter Costermonger.

Cost. Buy any Pears, Pears, fine, very fine Pears.

Tra. Buy any Gingerbread, gilt Gingerbread!

Night. Hey, *Now the Fair's a filling!*

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o' the Booths here billing:

Yearly withold Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fair without his Lading?

Buy any Ballads; new Ballads?

Urs. Fie upon't: who wou'd wear out their Youth and Prime thus, in roasting of Pigs, that had any cooler Vocation? Hell's a kind of cold Cellar to't, a very fine Vault, o' my Conscience! what *Mooncalf*.

Moon. Here, Mistreiss.

Night. How now *Urs'la*? in a Heat, in a Heat?

Urs. My Chair, you false Faucet you; and my Morning's Draught, quickly, a Bottle of Ale, to quench me, Raskal. I am all Fire and Fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first Woman, a Rib again, I am afraid.

I do water the Ground in Knots, as I go, like a great Garden-pot; you may follow me by the S. S. I make.

Night. Alas, good *Urs*, was *Zekiel* here this Morning?

Urf. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

Night. *Zekiel Edgworth*, the civil Cut-purse, you know him well enough; he that talks Bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

Urf. He promis'd to be here this Morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently. [Mooncalf brings in the Chair.]

Urf. Best take your Morning Dew in your Pelly, *Nightingale*: Come, Sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get this Chair let out o' the Sides for me, that my Hips might play? you'll never think of any thing, till your Dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grass-hopper's Thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the Corner o' the Booth, fleaing your Breech with a Candle's End, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, *Stote*, fill.

Just. This Pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second Enormity; she hath been before me, *Punk*, *Pinnacle*, and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty Years upon Record i' the *Pie-pouldres*.

Urf. Fill again, you unlucky Vermine.

Moon. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistress, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urf. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, e'er the Fair be done, you think, now you ha' heated me: A poor vex'd thing I am, I feel myself dropping already, as fast as I can: two Stone a Sewet a Day is my Proportion: I can but hold Life and Soul together, with this (here's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiff of Tobacco, at most. Where's my Pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incube*.

Night. Nay, *Urs'la*, thou'lt gall between the Tongue and the Teeth, with fretting, now.

Urf. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his Place of Trust, Tapster, a Man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but look to't, Sirrah, you were best, three Pence a Pipe-full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half Pound of Tobacco, and a quarter of a Pound

Pound of *Coltsfoot* mixt with it too, to eech it out. I that have dealt so long in the Fire, will not be to seek in Smoke, now. Then six and twenty Shillings a Barrel I will advance o' my Beer, and fifty Shillings a hundred o' my Bottle-Ale; I ha' told you the Ways how to raise it. Froth your Cans well i' the filling, at length Rogue, and jog your Bottles o' the Buttock, Sirrah, then skink out the first Glasse ever, and drink with all Companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true Trick, Rascal, must be, to be ever busie, and mistake away the Bottles and Cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any Body call (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear'em. Give me a Drink of Ale.

Just. This is the very *Womb* and *Bed* of Enormity! gross as her self! This must all down for Enormity, all, every whit on't. [*One knocks.*]

Urf. Look who's there, Sirrah: Five Shillings a Pig is my Price, at least; if it be a Sow Pig, Six-pence more; if she be a great-bellied Wife, and long for't, Six-pence more for that.

Just. O tempora! O mores! I would not ha' lost my Discovery of this one Grievance, for my Place, and Worship o' the *Bench*. How is the Poor abus'd here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moencalf*, and win out Wonders of Enormity. By thy leave, goodly Woman, and the Fatness of the *Fair*; oily as the King's Constable's Lamp, and shining as his Shooing-horn! hath thy Ale Virtue, or thy Beer Strength, that the Tongue of Man may be tickled, and his Palate pleas'd in the Morning? let thy pretty Nephew here go search and see.

Urf. What new Roarer is this?

Moon. O Lord! do you not know him, Mistress? 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how do you? welcome to the *Fair*; when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your Back against a Booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little Disciples, i' my Days!

Just. Let me drink, Boy, with my Love, thy Aunt, here;

here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my Mouth, and my Words fall foul on the Fair.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him Drink? and offer him to sit?

Moon. Is't Ale, or Beer, Master *Arthur*?

Just. Thy best, pretty Stripling, thy best; the same thy Dove drinketh, and thou drawest on Holydays.

Urs. Bring him a Six-penny Bottle of Ale: they say, a Fool's shansel is lucky.

Just. Bring both, Child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beer for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, Boy. My Disguise takes to the very Wish and Reach of it. I shall by the Benefit of this discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the Reputation of what I would be: A certain midling thing, between a Fool and a Madman.

To them, Knockhum.

Knock. What! my little lean *Urs'la*! my She-Bear! art thou alive yet, with thy Litter of Pigs, to grunt out another *Bartholomew Fair*? ha!

Urs. Yes, and to amble afoot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a Cart, up the heavy Hill.

Knock. Of *Holborn*, *Urs'la*, mean'st thou so? for what, for what, pretty *Urs*?

Urs. For cutting Half-penny Purises, or stealing little penny Dogs, out o' the Fair.

Knock. O! good Words, good Words, *Urs*.

Just. Another special Enormity. A Cut-purse of the Sword, the Boot, and the Feather! those are his Marks.

Urs. You are one of those Horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in *Turn-bull-street*, of a Surfeit of Bottle-Ale and Tripes?

Knock. No, 'twas better Meat, *Urs*: Cows Udders, Cows Udders!

Urs. Well, I shall be-meet with your mumbling Mouth one Day.

Knock. What? thou'lt poison me with a Neust in a Bottle of Ale, wilt thou? or a Spider in a Tobacco-pipe, *Urs*? Come, there's no Malice in these fat Folks, I never fear thee, and I can scape thy lean *Mooncalf* here. Let's drink it out, good *Urs*, and no Vapours!

Just. Dost thou hear, Boy? (there's for thy Ale, and
L the

the Remnant for thee) speak in thy Faith of a Faucet, now; is this goodly Person before us here, this Vapours, a Knight of the Knife?

Moon. What mean you by that, Master *Arthur*?

Just. I mean a Child of the Horn-thumb, a Babe of* Booty, Boy, a Cut-purse.

Moon. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockhum*; *Jordane* the Ranger of *Turn-buil*. He is a Horse-courser, Sir.

Just. Thy dainty Dame, though, call'd him Cut-purse.

Moon. Like enough, Sir; she'll do forty such things in an Hour (as you listen to her) for her Recreation, if the Toy take her i' the greasie Kerchief: It makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Just. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd now, and ha' put a Fool's Blot upon myself, if I had not play'd an after Game o' Discretion.

[*Urs*'s comes in again dropping.

Knock. Alas poor *Urs*, this is an ill Season for thee.

Urs. Hang yourse'f, Hackney-man.

Knock. How, how, *Urs*? Vapours? Motion breed Vapours?

Urs. Vapours? Never tusk, nor twirle your Dibble, good *Jordane*, I know what you'll take to a very Drop. Though you be Captain o' the Roarers, and fight well at the case of Piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your Tusks; you angry? you are hungry: come, a Pig's Head will stop your Mouth, and stay your Stomach at all Times.

Knock. Thou art such another mad merry *Urs*, still! Troth I do make Conscience of vexing thee, now i' the Dog-days, this hot Weather, for fear of foundring thee i' the Body, and melting down a *Pillar* of the Fair. Pray thee take thy Chair again, and keep State; and let's have a fresh Bottle of Ale, and a Pipe of Tobacco; and no Vapours. I'll ha' this Belly o' thine taken up, and thy Grass scour'd, Wench: Look, here's *Ezekiel Edgworth*; a fine Boy of his Inches, as any is i' the Fair! has still Money in his Purse, and will pay all, with a kind Heart, and good Vapours.

To them, Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.

Edg. That I will indeed, willing'y, Master Knockhum; fetch some Ale and Tobacco.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen? Maid, see a fine Hobby-horse for your young Master; cost you but a Token a Week his Provender.

Cor. Ha, you any Corns i' your Feet and Toes?

Tin. Buy a Moufe-trap, a Moufe-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

Tra. Buy some Gingerbread.

Nigh. Bal'ads, Ballads! fine new Ballads.

Hear for your Love, and buy for your Money.

A delicate Ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A Preservative again' the Punques evil.

Another of Goose green-starch, and the Devil.

A dozen of Divine Points, and the Godly Garters.

The Fairing of good Counsel, of an Ell and three quarters.

What is't you buy?

The Wind mill blown down by the Witch's Fart!

Or Saint George, that O! did break the Dragon's Heart.

Edg. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your Mart a little.

Night. O my Secretary! what says my Secretary?

Just. Child o' the Bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moon. A civil young Gentleman, Master Arthur, that keeps Company with the Roarers, and disburfes all still. He has ever Money in his Purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good Offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serves no body. A great Friend of the Ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

Just. What Pity 'tis, so civil a young Man should haunt this debauch'd Company? Here's the Bane of the Youth of our Time apparent. A proper Pen-man, I see't in his Countenance, he has a good Clerk's Look with him, and I warrant him a quick Hand.

Moon. A very quick Hand, Sir.

Edg. All the Purfes, and Purchase, I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at Night in her Lodge, and share. Look you

chuse good places for your standing i' the Fair, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

[*This they whisper, that Overdo hears it not.*]

Urf. I, near the fullest Passages; and shaft 'em often.

Edg. And i' your singing, you must use your Hawks Eye nimbly, and fly the Purse to a Mark still, where 'tis worn, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the Sign with your Beak, or hang your Head that way i' the Tune.

Urf. Enough, tak no more on't: Your Friendship (Masters) is not now to begin. Drink your Draught of Indenture, your Sup of Coverant, and away; the Fair fills apace, Company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'era Pig ready yet.

Knock. Well said! fill the Cups, and light the Tobacco: let's give fire i' the Works, and noble Vapours.

Eag. And shall we ha' Smocks *Urs'la*, and good Whimfies, ha?

Urf. Come, you are i' your bawdy Vein! the best the Fair will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keep his Word. How do the Pigs, *Mooncalf*?

Moon. Very passionate, Mistress, one on 'em has wept out an Eye. Master *Arthur o' Bradley* is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any Tobacco, Master *Arthur*?

Just. No, Boy, let my Meditations alone.

Moon. He's studying for an Oration, now.

Just. If I can with this Day's Travel, and all my Policy, but rescue this Youth here out of the Hands of the lewd Man and the strange Woman, I will sit down at Night, and say with my Friend *Ovid*, *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

Knoc. Here *Zekiel*, here's a Health to *Urs'la*, and a kind Vapour; thou hast Money i' thy Purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy Friends f me in a courteous Vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Master *Dan Knockhum*, is always at your Service.

Just. Ha, sweet Nature! what Goshawk would prey upon such a Lamb?

Knock. Let's see what 'tis, *Zekiel*; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

To them, *Win-wife*, *Quarlous*.

Win-w. We are here before 'em, methinks.

Qua. A l the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Bear? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholomew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's *Orpheus* among the Beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable Bread, Gentlemen?

Quar. And *Ceres* selling her Daughter's Picture, in Ginger-work.

Win-w. That these People should be so ignorant to think us Chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy Ginger-bread, or Hobby-Horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better Ware than they have, nor better Customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true Customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? thirty Shillings? Who's yonder! *Ned Win-wife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I think! yes: Gi' me it all, gi' me it all. Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a Pipe of Tobacco with us? Do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

Win-w. Do not see him; he is the roaring Horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, and he roar'd as loud as *Neptune*; pray thee go with me.

Win-w. You may draw me to as likely an Inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, Man, but to see Sightings now.

Knock. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Win-wife*; will you take any Froth and Smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, Sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much Familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, Sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to Smoke and Froth.

Knoc. A good Vapour! will you sit down, Sir? this is old *Ursula's* Mansion; how like you her Bower? here you

may ha' your Punk and your Pig in State, Sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my Punk cold, Sir.

Just. There's for me : Punk ! and Pig !

Urf. What *Mooncalf*, you Rogue ? [*She calls within.*

Moon. By and by, the Bottle is almost off, Mistress ; here, Master *Arthur*.

Urf. I'll part you and your Play-fellow there, i' the guarded Coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud methinks, you do not talk, nor drink ; are you proud ?

Win-w. Not of the Company I am in, Sir, nor the Place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the Company, do you ! are you in Vapours, Sir ?

Moon. Nay, good Master *Dan. Knockum*, respect my Mistress's Bower, as you call it ; for the Honour of our Booth, none o' your Vapours here.

Urf. Why, you thin lean Polecat you, and they have a Mind to be i' their Vapours, must you hinder 'em ? what did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a Cloak, or such a Trifle ? must you be drawing the Air of Pacification here ? while I am tormented within i' the fire, you Weasel ? [*She comes out with a Fire-brand.*

Moon. Good Mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your Booth's Credit that I spoke.

Urf. Why ! would my Booth ha' broke, if they had fall'n out in't, Sir ? or would their Heat ha' fir'd it ? In, you Rogue, and wipe the Pigs, and mend the Fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you till your Eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the Bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

Quar. Body o' the Fair ! what's this ? Mother o' the Bawds ?

Knoc. No, she's Mother o' the Pigs, Sir, Mother o' the Pigs.

Win-w. Mother o' the *Furies*, I think, by her Fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure some walking Sow of Tallow !

Win-w.

Win-w. An inspir'd Vessel of Kitchen-stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent Geer for the Coach-makers here in *Smithfield*, to anoint Wheels and Axle-tree with.

[*She drinks this while.*]

Urf. I, I, Gamesters, mock a plain plump soft Wench o' the Suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must ha' your thin pinch'd Ware, pent up i' the Compass of a Dog-collar (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, set upright, and a green Feather, like Fennel i' the Joil on't.

Knoc. Well said, *Urs*, my good *Urs*; to 'em *Urs*.

Quar. Is she your Quagmire, *Dan Knockhum*? is this your Bog?

Nig. We shall have a Quarrel presently.

Knoc. How, Bog? Quagmire? foul Vapours! humh!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't. I assure him, might sink into her, and be drown'd a Week, e're any Friend he had could find where he were.

Win-w. And then he would be a Fort'night weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole Shire of Butter; they had need be a Team of *Dutchmen* should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholomew Wit* now, *Urs*, thy *Bartholomew Wit*?

Urf. Hang 'em, rotten, roguish Cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one Day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean Play-house Poultry, that has the bony Rump, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every Rib of 'em is like the Tooth of a Saw; and will so grate 'em with their Hips and Shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a Hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! She's able to give a Man the Sweating-sickness with looking on her.

Urf. Marry look off, with a Patch o' your Face, and a Dozen i' your Beech, tho' they be o' Scarlet, Sir. I ha' seen as fine Out-sides as either o' yours, bring lowfie Linnen to the Brokers, ere now, twice a Week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new Cucking-stool i' the Fair, to be purchas'd; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a Pond of Capacity for her.

Urf. For your Mother, you Rascal, out you Rogue, you Hedge-bird, you Pimp, you Pannier-man's Bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urf. Do you sneer, you Dogs-head, you *Trendle-Tail*! you look as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in Harvest-time, when the Whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff atter your Brother's Birch, Mrs. *Commodity*; that's the Li-very you wear, 'twill be out at the Elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other Remnant.

Knoc. Peace, *Urs*, Peace, *Urs*; they'll kill the poor Whale, and make Oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urf. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win. Let's away, her Language grows greasier than her Pigs.

Urf. Does't so, Snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendred on a She-beggar in a Barn, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warm.

Win. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now: I know she cannot last long; I find by her *Similies* she wanes apace.

Urf. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi' me my Pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an you will not go.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange Vapours! and very idle Vapours! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious Afs, we assure you.

Knoc. Humh! Afs? and serious? nay, then pardon me my Vapour. I have a foolish Vapour, Gentlemen: Any Man that does vapour me the Afs, Master *Quarlous*—

Quar. What then, Master *Jordan*?

Knoc. I do vapour him the Lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any Man that vapours me the Lie, I do vapour that.

Knoc. Nay then, Vapours upon Vapours.

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the Pan, the Pan, the Pan, she comes with the Pan, Gentlemen. God blest the Woman.

[*Urs*'la comes in with the Scalding Pan.

Urf. Oh.

[*They fight.*

Tra. What's the matter?

Just.

Just. Goodly Woman!

Moo. Mistress!

[*She falls with it.*]

Urf. Curse ot Hell, that ever I saw these Fiends, oh! I ha' scalded my Leg, my Leg, my Leg, my Leg. I ha' lost a Limb in the Service! run for some Cream and Sallad Oil, quickly. Are you under peering, you Baboon? rip off my Hoie, an' you be Men, Men, Men.

Moo. Run you for some Cream, good Mother Jone. I'll look to your Basket.

Leath. Best sit up i' your Chair, *Urs*!a. Help, Gentlemen.

Knoc. Be of good cheer, *Urs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a Couple of Stallions here, that abus'd the good Race-bawd o' *Smithfield*; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I' faith, when the Pan came, they had made you run else. (This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit, these Fellows were too fine to carry Money.

Knoc. *Nightingale*, get some help to carry her Leg out o' the Air; take off her Shoes; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the Scratches, the Crown Scab, and the Quinter Bone i' the r'other Leg.

Urf. Oh, the Pox! why do you put me in mind o' my Leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? would you ha' me i' the Hospital afore my time?

Knoc. Patience, *Urs*, take a good Heart, 'tis but a Blister as big as a Windgall; I'll take it away with the white of an Egg, a little Honey and Hog's grease, ha' thy Pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and look to thy Affairs the while: Thou shalt sit i' thy Chair, and give Directions, and shine *Urs* a major.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

Just. These are the Fruits of Bottle Ale and Tobacco! the Fome of the one, and the Fumes of the other! Stay, young Man, and despise not the Wisdom of these few Hairs that are grown gray in care of thee.

Edg. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some o' his!

Cok. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? Welcome into the *Fair*, *Mistress Grace*.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call Company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Just. Thirst not after that frothy Liquor, Ale: for who knows when he openeth the Stopples, what may be in the Bottle? Hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea, a Newt been found there? thirst not after it, Youth; thirst not after it.

Cok. This is a brave Fellow, *Numps*, let's hear him.

Waf. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a garded Coat? You were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an Ass, and may be a-kin to the *Cokeses*.

Cok. O, good *Numps*.

Just. Neither do thou lust after that tawney Weed Tobacco.

Cok. Brave Words!

Just. Whose Complexion is like the *Indian's* that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave Words, Sister?

Just. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

Waf. 'Heart let 'em be brave Words, as brave as they will! and they were all the brave Words in a Country, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? *Mistress Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his Fables, say *Numps* is a Witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i' your Sattin Doublet, *Numps*.

Just. The creeping Venom of which subtile Serpent, as some late Writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous Plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way periway or assuage.

Cok. Good i' faith! is't not, Sister?

Just. Hence it is that the Lungs of the Tobacconist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the Brain smok'd like the back-side of the Pig-woman's Booth here, and the whole Body within black as her Pan you saw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine Similitude that, Sir! did you see the Pan?

Edg.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Just. Nay, the hole in the Nose here, of some Tobacco takers, or the third Nostril, (if I may so call it) which makes that they can vent the Tobacco out, like the Ace of Clubs, or rather the Flower-de-Lice, is caused from the Tobacco, the meer Tobacco! when the poor innocent Pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' mis'd this, Sister?

Over. Not any body but *Numps*.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel.

[He picketh his Purse.

Cok. What would you have, Sister, of a Fellow that knows nothing but a Basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best Musick i' the Fair will not move a Log.

Edg. In, to *Urs'la*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This Fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first Fairing.

Just. But what speak I of the Diseases of the Body, Children of the Fair?

Cok. That's to us, Sister. Brave i' faith!

Just. Hark, O you Sons and Daughters of *Smithfield*! and hear what malady it doth the Mind: It causeth (wearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath something of Master *Overdo*, methinks, Brother.

Cok. So methought, Sister, very much of my Brother *Overdo*: And 'tis when he speaks.

Just. Look into any Angle o' Town, (the *Straights*, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling Lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with Bottle-Ale and Tobacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other; but the Seconds are still Bottle-Ale and Tobacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty Pound a week in Bottle-Ale! Forty in Tobacco! and Ten more in Ale again. Then for a Suit to drink in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another Suit, and then a third Suit, and a fourth Suit! and still the Bottle-Ale slavereth, and the Tobacco stinketh.

Waf.

Waf. Heart of a Mad-man ! Are you rooted here ? Will you never away ? What can any Man find out in this bawling Fellow, to grow here for ? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a Booth, Sir ?

Just. I will conclude briefly—

Waf. Hold your Peace, you roaring Rascal, I'll run my Head i' your Chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertain him ; make your Will, and you say the Word, and him your Heir ! Heart, I never knew one taken with a Mouth of a Peck afore. By this Light, I'll carry you away o' my Back, and you will not come.

[*He gets him up on pick-pack.*]

Cok. Stay, *Numps*, stay, set me down : I ha' lost my Purse, *Numps*, O my Purse ! One o' my fine Purfes is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, Brother ?

Cok. I, as I am an honest Man, would I were an errant Rogue else ! a plague of all roguery damn'd Cut-purses for me.

Waf. Bless 'em with all my Heart, with all my Heart, do you see ! Now, as I am no Infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my Witness) do you see, Sir ? I did not tell you of his Fables, I ? no, no, I am a dull Malt-horse I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd, i' your Conscience now ? Speak i' your Conscience. Much good do you with all my Heart, and his good Heart that has it, with all my Heart again.

Edg. This Fellow is very Charitable, would he had a Purse too ! But I must not be too bold all at a time.

Cok. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best Purse.

Waf. Not your best ! death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? Answer me to that, gi' me a Reason from you, why it should be any ?

Cok. Nor my Gold, *Numps* ; I ha' that yet, look here else, Sister.

Waf. Why so, there's all the feeling he has !

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, Brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Waf.

Waf. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take Notice of a good Jest? I will put it just where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you shall see a delicate fine Trap to catch the Cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come, Mistress Grace, prethee be not melancholy for my Mischance; Sorrow wi' not keep it, Sweet Heart.

Gra. I do not think on't, Sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white Mony, hang it; it may hang the Cut-purse one day. I ha' Gold left to give thee a Fairing yet, as hard as the World goes: Nothing angers me but that no-body here look'd like a Cut-purse, unless 'twere Numps.

Waf. How? I? I look like a Cut-purse? Death! your Sister's a Cut-purse! and your Mother and Father, and all your Kin were Cut-purses! and here is a Rogue is the Bawd o' the Cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with.

They speak all together; and Waspe beats the Justice.

Cok. Numps, Numps.

Over. Good Mr. Humphrey.

Waf. You are the Patrico! are you? the Patriarch of the Cut-purses? You share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of Preaching again? I'll cool you.

Just. Hold thy Hand, Child of Wrath, and Heir of Anger, make it not Childermass Day in thy Fury, or the Feast of the French Bartholomew, Parent of the Massacre.

Just. Murther, Murther, Murther.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leather-head, Trash.

NA Y, tish all gone; now! dish tish, phen thou wilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, phat ish a Man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and thou art in an oder 'orld,

'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh would have ted ush all dish Fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, *Davy Bristle*.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a Pudding. *Toby Hag-gise*; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! You said, let's go to *Ursla's*, indeed; but then you met the Man with the Monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old Fool, not leave seeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early; or that the Ale o' the *Fair* would ha' been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a Clock toest tou tink it ish, Man?

Hag. I cannot tel.

Whit. Tou art a vish Vatchman, i' te mean teem.

Hag. Why, should the Watch go by the Clock, or the Clock by the Watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient Vatchman, but he did tell the Clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient Watchman knows what a Clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te Clock himself, or te Jack dat shtrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Jone Trash* here. Master *Leatherhead*, do you hear, Master *Leath'rhead*?

Whit. It it be a Ledderhead, tistia very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not pierse him.

Lea. I have a little business now, good Friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat? because o' ty wrought neet Cap, and ty Phelvet Sherkin, Man? Phy? I have sheene tee in ty Ledder Sherkin, e'er now, Mashter o' de Hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, Captain *Whit*? he has his choice of Jerkins, you may see by that, and his Caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or imploy'd.

Lea.

Lea. God-a-mercy *Jone*, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not shewn i' my Company, here be Shentlemen, and men of Vorship.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, John, Pure-craft, Win, Knockhum, Moon-calf, Urs'la.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this Prologue o' the Purle; but the best is, we shall have Five *Acts* of him ere Night: He'll be Spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

Whit. O Creech! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht thou? thou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishesht man, but Justish *Overdo*, in all *Bartholomew Fair* now. Gi' me Twelve Pence from tee, I will help tee to a Vife vorth Forty Marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, Rogue; Pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke for't in her Shmock tooas thou canst vish i' faith; wilt thou have her, Vorshipful *Vin-wife*? I will help tee to her here, be an't be, into Pig-Quarter, gi' me ty Twelve Pence from tee.

Win-w. Why, there's Twelve Pence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

Whit. Thou art a vorthy Man, and a vorshipful Man still.

Quar. Get you gone, Rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, Man. Prinsh *Quarlous*, if thou hast need on me, thou shalt find me here at *Urs'la's*, I will see phat Ale and Punque ish i' te Pigshy for tee, blest ty good Vorship.

Quar. Look! who comes here? *John Little-wit*!

Win-w. And his Wife, and my Widow, her Mother: the whole Family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi' 'em all Fairings now.

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What School-master's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my Rival, I believe, the *Baker*!

Bus. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your Eyes be drawn aside with Vanity, nor your Ear with Noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that Start!

Lea.

Lea. What do you lack, what do you buy, pretty Mistress? a fine Hobby-horse, to make your Son a Tilter? a Drum, to make him a Soldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller? What is't you lack? little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, Male or Female?

Bus. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is *Smithfield*, or the *Field of Smiths*, the Grove of Hobby-horses and Trinkets, the Wares are the Wares of Devils, and the whole Fair is the Shop of *Satan*: They are Hooks and Baits, very Baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the Gills, and by the Nostrils, as the Fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them—The *Heathen* Man could stop his Ears with Wax against the Harlot o' the Sea; do you the like with your Fingers against the Bells o' the Feast.

Win-w. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his Oven; a notable hot Baker 'twas when he ply'd the Peel: He is leading his Flock into the Fair now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the Pens; for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knock. Gentlewomen, the Weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine Velvet Caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with Boughs, here i' the way, and cool your selves i' the Shade; you and your Friends. The best Pig and Bottle Ale i' the Fair, Sir. Old *Ursla* is Cook, there you may read; the Pig's Head speaks it. Poor Soul, she has had a *Stringhalt*, the *Marykinchco*; but she's prettily amended.

[Little-wit is gazing at the Sign; which is the Pig's Head, with a large Writing under it.

Whit. A delicate Show-Pig, little Mistress, with sweet Sauce, and Crackling, like de Bay-Leaf i' de Fire, la! Thou shalt ha' de clean side o' de Table-Clor, and di Glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annesb Clare*.

Job. This is fine verily, here be the best Pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did, the Pig's Head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent Mistress, with Fire o' *Juniper* and *Rosemary* Branches! The Oracle of the Pig's Head, that, Sir.

Puree. Son, were you not warn'd of the Vanity of the Eye? Have you forgot the wholesome Admonition so soon?

Joh. Good Mother, how shall we find a Pig, if we do not look about for't? Will it run off o' the Spit, into our Mouths, think you, as in *Luberland*, and cry, *we, we*?

Bus. No, but your Mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer it self by other means to the Sense, as by way of Steam, which I think it doth here in this Place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. [*Busy scents after it like a Hound.*] And it were a Sin of Obstinacy, great Obstinacy, high and horrible Obstinacy, to decline or resist the good Tiltillation of the famelick Sense, which is the Smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the Scent. Enter the Tents of the Unclean, for once, and satisfy your Wife's Frailty. Let your frail Wife be satisfied; your zealous Mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Joh. Come, *Win*, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Bus. We scape so much of the other Vanities, by our early entring.

Puree. It is an edifying Consideration.

Win. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Joh. *Win*, have patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

Knoc. *Moon-calf*, entertain within there, the best Pig i' the Booth, a Pork-like Pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the sincere Stud, come a Pig-hunting. *Whit*, wait, *Whit*, look to your Charge.

Bus. A Pig prepare presently, let a Pig be prepared to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urf. Is this the good Service, *Jordan*, you'd do me?

Knoc. Why, *Urs*? why, *Urs*? thou'lt ha' Vapours i' thy Leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the Scratches else.

Urf. Hang your Vapours, they are stale, and stink like you; are these the Guests o' the Game you promis'd to fill my Pit withal to day?

Knoc. I, what ail they, *Urs*?

Urf.

Urs. Ail they? they are all Sippers, Sippers o' the City, they look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of Bottle Ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed Ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a Fool, *Urs*, and thy *Moon-calf* too, i' your ignorant Vapours now: Hence, good Guests, I say, right Hypocrites, good Gluttons. In, and set a couple o' Pigs o' the Board, and half a dozen of the biggest Bottles afore 'em, and call *Whit*: I do not love to hear Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling Hypocrites! and a Stone-Puritan with a Sorrel Head and Beard, good mouth'd Gluttons: Two to a Pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knoc. O' the right Breed, thou shalt try 'em by the Teeth, *Urs*; where's this *Whit*?

Whit. Behold, Man, and see, what a worthy Man am ee!
With the Fury of my Sword, and the shaking of my Beard,
I will make ten thousand Men afeard.

Knoc. Well said, brave *Whit*, in, and tear the Ale out o' the Bottles into the Bellies of the Brethren, and the Sisters drink to the Cause, and pure Vapours.

Quar. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wise*, to lay aboard thy Widow, thou'lt never be a Master of a better Season or place; She that will venture her self into the Fair, and a Pig-box, will admit any Assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not Enterprizes of that suddenness tho'.

Quar. I'll warrant thee then, no Wife out o' the Widow's Hundred: If I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight Stomacher of hers, I would now assure my self to carry her, yet ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest Undertaker, by Circumstances and Degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgment, I should offer at all together. Look, here's the poor Fool again, that was stung by the Wasp ere while.

Justice, Win-wise, Quarulous.

Just. I will make no more Orations, shall draw on these tragical Conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral Justice, *Adam Overdo* deserv'd this beat-

beating; for I the said *Adam* was one Cause (a By-cause) why the Purse was lost: and my Wife's Brother's Purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good Mirth with it at Supper, (that will be the Sport) and put my little Friend, *Mr. Humphrey Wasp's* Choler quite out of Countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my Table, as I use, and drinking to my Brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Overdo*, as I will, my Wife, for their good Affection to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and shew 'em the Marks. To see what bad Events may peep out o' the Tail of good Purposes! The Care I had of that civil young Man, I took fancy to this Morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that Exhortation, which drew the Company indeed; which drew the Cut-purse; which drew the Mony; which drew my Brother *Cokes* his Loss; which drew on *Wasp's* Anger; which drew on my Beating: A pretty Gradation! and they shall ha' it i' their Dish i' faith at night for Fruit; I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one special blow he ga' me, to have revealed my self; but then (I thank thee, Fortitude) I remembered that a wise Man (and who is ever so great a part o' the Common-wealth in himself) for no particular Disaster ought to abandon a publick good Design. The Husband-man ought not, for one unthankful Year, to forsake the Plough; the Shepherd ought not for one scab'd Sheep to throw by his Tar-box; the Pilot ought not, for one Leak i' the Poop, to quit the Helm; nor the Alderman ought not, for one Custard more at a Meal, to give up his Cloak; the Constable ought not to break his Staff, and forswear the Watch, for one roaring Night; nor the Piper o' the Parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his Pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking Conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come Beating, come Imprisonment, come Infamy, come Banishment; nay, come the Rack, come the Hurdie, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

Win. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor Fool!

Quar.

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher Arguments intend that.

Cokes, Leatherhead, Wasp, Mistress Overdo, Win-wife, Quarlous, Trash, Grace.

Cok. Come, *Mistress Grace*, come Sister, here's more fine Sighs, yet i' faith. Gods'lid where's *Numps*?

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles, Drums, Babies, little Dogs, and Birds for Ladies? What do you lack?

Cok. Good honest *Numps*, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my Heart was at my Mouth, when I mist thee.

Waf. You were best buy a Whip i' your Hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the Goods. Look you now, the treble Fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waf. Pray you take heed you lose not your self; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more Surety. Buy a Token's worth of great Pins, to fasten your self to my Shoulder.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? fine Purfes, Pouches, Pin-cases, Pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' Smiths to wake you i' the Morning? or a fine whistling Bird?

Cok. *Numps*, here be finer things than any we ha' bought by odds! and more delicate Horses, a great deal; good *Numps*, stay, and come hither.

Waf. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your self with a fine easie going Street-nag, for your Saddle again *Michaelmas Term*, do; has he ne'er a little odd Cart for you to make a Carroch on, i' the Country, with four pyed Hobby-horses? why the Measles, should you stand here, with your Train, cheapning of Dogs, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no Children to bestow 'em on, ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' Children, *Numps*, that's all one.

Waf. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants too, they are a kind o' civil Savages, that will part with their Children

Children for Rattles, Pipes, and Knives. You were best buy a Hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good *Numps*, hold that little Tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute *Bar*, thou know'st.

Waf. A resolute Fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcomb; with all my Heart; nay, you have it, Sir, and you be angry, Turd i' your Teet, twice; (if I said it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his Care will go nere to crack him, let's in and comfort him.

Waf. Would I had been set i' the Ground, all but the Head on me, and had my Brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a Charge!

Quar. How now, *Numps*? almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waf. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am; does't grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, *Numps*; to satisfie you.

Waf. *Numps*? 'Sblood, 'you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since Morning sure.

Waf. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Waf. It's no matter why; 'you see with your Eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll believe meanother time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, *Numps*?

Waf. A pretty Question! and a very civil one! yes faith, I ha' my Lading you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose Beast I am by my Burden. If the Pannier-man's Jack were ever better known by his Loins of Mutton, I'll be flead, and feed Dogs for him when his time comes,

Win. How melancholick Mistress *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in *Grace* with her.

Cok. Those six Horses, Friend, I'll have——

Waf. How!

Cok.

Cok. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum (I have one Drum already) and your Smiths; I like that Device o' your Smiths, very pretty well, and four Halberts——and (le' me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three Women for State, I'll have.

Waf. No, the Shop; buy the whole Shop, it will be best, the Shop, the Shop!

Lea. If his Worship please.

Waf. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cok. Peace, *Numps*. Friend, do not meddle with him, and you be wise, and would shew your Head above board; he will sting thorow your wrought Night-cap, believe me. A set of these Violins I would buy too, for a delicate young Noise I have i' the Country, that are every one a Size less than another, just like your Fiddles. I would fain have a fine young Masque at my Marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a Number of Things. And *Numps* will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your Worship buy any Ginger-bread, very good Bread, comfortable Bread?

Cok. Ginger-bread! yes, let's see.

Waf. There's the t'other Sprindge.

[*He runs to her Shop.*]

Lea. Is this well, goody *Jone*, to interrupt my Market in the midst, and call away my Customers? Can you answer this at the *Piepouldres*?

Tra. Why? if his Mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my Ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my Ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your Peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his Shop and thy Basket.

Waf. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why shou'd you put him from it, Friend?

Waf. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? What's the Price on you, Jerkin and all, as you stand? ha' you any Qualities?

Tra. Yes, Good-man-angry-man, you shall find he has Qualities if you cheapen him.

Waf. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for Love or Money?

Trap.

Trap. No indeed, Sir.

Waf. For what then, Victuals?

Tra. He scorns Victuals, Sir; he has Bread and Butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good Meal, if the Toy take him i' the Belly: marry then they must not set him at lower Ends, if they do, he'll go away though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his Place is, and he'll do you forty fine Things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great City-suppers, to put down *Coriat* and *Cokeley*, and been laught at for his Labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the Town over, and the Players, every Company, and his own Company too; he spares no body!

Cok. I' faith?

Tra. He was the first, Sir, that ever baited the Fellow i' the Bear's Skin, an'tlike your Worship: no Dog ever came near him since. And for fine Motions!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a Mask trow?

Tra. O Lord, Master! sought to far and near for his Inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the Puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Do'st thou (in troth) old Velvet Jerkin? give me thy Hand.

Tra. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his Velvet Jerkin, and a Scart too, at Night, when you hear him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up Shop presently, Friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her Hamper beside. Thy Shop shall furnish out the Mask, and hers the Banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit. What's the Price, at a Word, o' thy whole Shop, Case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in six and twenty Shilling seven Pence Half-penny, besides three Shillings for my Ground.

Cok. Well, thirty Shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours to?

Tra. Four Shillings and eleven Pence, Sir, Ground an't like your Worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my Worship very well, poor Woman; that's five Shillings more; what a Mask shall I furnish

nish

Trap.

nish out, for forty Shillings? (Twenty Pound *Scotch*) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my Wedding Gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my Wedding Gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a Device will there be? to make 'em eat their Fingers Ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bridemen, and all? and then I'll ha' this Poësie put to 'em, *For the best Grace*, meaning *Mistress Grace*, my Wedding Poësie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholomew Wit*.

Waf. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first Purchase?

Cok. Yes faith; and I do not think, *Numps*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act that ever I did in my Wardship.

Waf. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

To them, Justice, Edgworth, Nighthingale.

Just. I cannot beget a *Project*, with all my political Brain yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young Man from his debauched Company: I have followed him all the *Fair* over, and still I find him with this Songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their Familiarity; and the young Man of a terrible Taint, *Poetry*! with which idle Disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a State-course. *Actum est*, of him for a Common-wealths-man; if he go to't in *Rhime* once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his Money.

Nig. My Masters and Friends, and good People, draw near, &c. [*Cok. runs to the Ballad Man.*]

Cok. Ballads! hark! hark! pray thee, Fellow, stay a little; good *Numps*, look to the Goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself.

Waf. Why so! he's flown to another Lim-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a Feather left. Is there a Vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? shall I have Credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young Pimp errant and his Squire better match'd.

Win-w. Faith, the Sister comes after 'em well too.

Gra.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the Justice her Husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Mese, he is such a wise one his way—

Win-w. I wonder we see him not here.

Gra. O! he is too serious for this Place, and yet better Sport then than the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen, where-e'er he is, though't be o' the Bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it? A Caveat against Cut-purses! a good Jest i' faith, I would fain see that *Damon*, your Cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed Devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you Sister, here, here, [*He shews his Purse boastingly.*] let him come, Sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any Cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin and shew me one.

Nig. Sir, this is a Spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own Person, and I sing it in mine own Defence. But it will cost a Penny alone if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the Price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholomew*.

Over. Has't a fine Picture, Brother?

Cok. O Sister, do you remember the Pallads over the Nursery-chimney at home o' my own pasting up; there be brave Pictures, other Manner of Pictures than these, Friend.

Was. Yet these will serve to pick the Pictures out o' your Pockets, you shall see.

Cok. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, Fellow; he'll have an Oar in every thing.

Nig. It was intended, Sir, as if a Purse should chance to be cut in my Presence, now, I may be blameless tho'; as by the Sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the Tune of *Paggington's Pound*, Sir.

Cok. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! Mine own Country Dance! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle Admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the Purse-cutter and the Purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a Word more, out of the Tune, an' thou lov'st me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

Nig. My Masters, and Friends, and good People draw near, And look to your Purses for that I do say;

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good Counsel at first dafh.

Nig. And tho' little Money in them you do bear, It cost more to get, than to lose in a Day. Cok. Good?

You oft have been told,

Both the Young and the Old,

And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;

Cok. Well said! he were to blame that would not i' faith.

Nig. Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse, Who both give you warning, for, and the Cut-purse.

Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse, Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

Cok. Good i' faith, how say you, Numps? is there any harm i' this?

Nig. It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade, That oftentimes we are the Cause of this Crime;

Cok. The more Coxcombs they that did it, I wusse,

Nig. Alack and for Pity, why should it be said? As if they regarded or Places or Time.

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

In Westm'nster Hall, ye the Pleaders between;

Then why should the Judges be free from this Curse,

More than my poor self for cutting the Purse?

Cok. God-a-Mercy for that! why should they be more free indeed?

Nig. Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,

Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

Cok. That again, good Ballad-mian, that again. O rare! I would fain rub mine Elbow now, but I dare not pull out my Hand. On I pray thee; he that made this Ballad shall be Poet to my Mask. [He sings the Burden with him.

Nig. At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even i' the Fayl, A Knight of good Worship did there shew his Face Against the foul Sinners, in Zeal for to rail, And lost (ipso facto) his Purse in the Place.

Cok.

Cok. Is it possible?

Nig. Nay, once from the Seat
Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Pouch of Velvet.

Cok. I' faith?

Nig. O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse!

Youth, Youth, &c.

Cok. Youth, Youth, &c. Pray thee stay a little, Friend;
yet o' thy Conscience. Numps, speak, is there any harm i'
this?

Waf. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less you
had Grace to follow it.

Jus. It doth discover Enormity, I'll mark it more: I
ha' not lik'd a paltry Piece of Poetry so well a good while.

Cok. Youth, Youth, &c. where's this Youth now? A
Man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will
not appear. Look here, here's for him; Handy-dandy,
which Hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest;
I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth,
the Cut-purse. *[He shews his Purse.]*

Nig. *At Plays, and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,*
'Tis daily their Practice such Booty to make;
Yea, under the Gallows, at Executions,
They stick not the Stare-about Purse to take.

Nay one without Grace,

At a better Place,

At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's Fate;

Cok. That was a fine Fellow! I would have him now.

Nig. *Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse,*
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?

Cok. But where's their Cunning now, when they should
use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth,
Youth, thou hadst better, &c. The Ratcatchers Charms
are all Fools and Asses to this! A pox on 'em, that they will
not come! that a Man should have such a Desire to a thing,
and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, and 'twere mine,
for a Cut-purse for him to save his Longing.

[He shews his Purse again.]

Cok. Look you, Sister, here, here, where is't now? which Pocket is't in, for a Wager?

Waf. I beseech you leave your Wagers, and let him end his Matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified, *Numps*?

Jus. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: There *Numps* spoke to Purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keep my Purse: On, on, I pray thee, Friend. [*Again.*

[*Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the Ear with a Straw twice to draw his Hand out of his Pocket.*

Ng. But O, you vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,

And know that you ought not, by honest Mens Fall,

Advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And though you go gay

In Silks, as you may,

Is it not the High-way to Heaven, (as they say.)

Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,

And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.

Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,

Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

All. An excellent Ballad! an excellent Ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, Sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole Bundle too.

Win. That Conveyance was better than all, did you see it? he has given the Purse to the Ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I ery you Mercey, I'll not hinder the poor Man's Profit; pray you mistake me not,

Cok.

Win-w. Will you see Sport? look, there's a Fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good, i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrong Pocket.

Win-w. He has it 'fore God he is a brave Fellow; pity he should be detected.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; it that be mistaking, I met you to Day afore: ha! humh! O God! my Purse is gone, my Purse, my Purse, &c.

Waf. Come do not make a Stir, and cry yourself an Ass thorow the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, *Numps*? good *Numps*, how came you by it, I marl?

Waf. I pray you seek some other Gamester to play the Fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair Wit.

Cok. By this good Hand, Glove and all, I ha' lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and Mistress Grace's Handkerchief too, out of the t'other Pocket.

Waf. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

Cok. O God! yes; as I am an honest Man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth*, *Youth*.

Nig. I hope you suspect not me, Sir?

Edg. Thee? that were a Jest indeed! Dost thou think the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou Hands, I pray thee? Away Ass, away.

Jus. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd Fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Over. Brother, it is the preaching Fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other Purse, you know! Nay stay, Sir, and view the Work you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thank your own Handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no pride in your Preferment, you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Jus. What do you mean, sweet Buds of Gentility?

Cok. To have my Pennyworths out on you: Bud, no, less than two Purse a Day serve you? I thought you a simple Fellow when my Man *Numps* beat you i' the Morning, and pitied you.

Over. So did I, I'll be sworn, Brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious Enormity (as Master *Overdo* calls him.)

Jus. Mine own Words turn'd upon me like Swords.

Cok. Cannot a Man's Purse be quiet for you i' the Master's Pocket, but you must intice it forth and debauch it?

Waf. Sir, Sir, keep your Debauch; and your fine *Bartholomew* Terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But give me this from you i' the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

[*Wasp takes the License from him.*]

Cok. Why, *Numps*?

Waf. Why? because you are an Ass, Sir, there's a Reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you have got the Trick of losing, you'd lose your Breech and 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the Vermine you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you have the Truth on't? they are such wretched Flies as you are, that blow Cut-purses abroad in every Corner; your foolish having of Money makes 'em. And there were no wiser than I, Sir, the Trade should lye open for you, Sir, it should i' faith, Sir. I would teach your Wit to come to your Head, Sir, as well as your Land to come into your Hand, I assure you, Sir.

Win. Alack, good *Numps*.

Waf. Nay, Gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once to *Harrom* o' the *Hill* again, if I travel any more, call me *Coriat* with all my heart.

Quar. Stay, Sir, I must have a Word with you in private. Do you hear.

Edg. With me, Sir? what's your Pleasure, good Sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a Cut-purse, Sir, this Gentleman here and I saw you: Nor do we mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the Danger of concealing you) but you must do us a Piece of Service.

Edg. Good Gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young Man, and but a Beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your Beginning shall bring on your Ending for us. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to undertake is this; you saw the old Fellow with the black Box here?

Edg.

Edg. The little old Governor, Sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a Mark already. I would ha' you get away that Box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Would you ha' the Box and all, Sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the Box to play with still (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gain your Worship's good Opinion of me.

Win-w. He says well, 'tis the greater Mastery, and 'twill make the more Sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the Sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, Sirrah, and keep your Word, or —

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my Word with a Gentleman, may I never read Word at my need. Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful Fool deluded! Of all Beasts, I love the serious Ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest Diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not chuse, Sir, but love my Guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that Description in every Hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress Welborn, to be his Ward, or have relation to him at first?

Gra. Faith, through a common Calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his Wife's Brother, this wise Gentleman that you see, or else I must pay value of my Land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no Device of Disparagement, or so? Talk with some crafty Fellow, some Picklock of the Law! Would I had studied a Year longer i' the Inns of Court, and't had been but i' your Case.

Win-w. I, Master Quarlous, are you proffering?

Gra. You'd bring but little Aid, Sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i' faith, Gamester.) An unfortunate foolish Tribe you are fallen into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their Fetters off must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what Care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the Plea I had against 'em.

Win-w. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our Mariners ha' been such hitherto, and our Language, as will give you no Cause to doubt yourself in our Company.

Gra. Sir, I will give myself no Cause; I am so secure of mine own Manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where *John Little-wit* comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his Mother, the Widow.

Win-w. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you Mercy, is the Wind there? must not the Widow be nam'd?

John, Win, Trash, Leatherhead, Knockbum, Busy, Purecraft.

Joh. Do you hear, *Win, Win?*

Win. What say you, *John?*

Joh. While they are paying the Reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing, *Win*; we shall never see any Sights i' the Fair, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*; good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drums, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine Devices, *Win*. The Bull with the Five Legs, *Win*; and the great Hog. Now you have begun with Pig, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

• *Win.* But we sha' not eat of the Bull and the Hog, *John*; how shall I long then?

Joh. O yes, *Win*: You may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: How did the Pothecary's Wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyer's Mouth, after an eloquent Pleading? I assure you, they long'd, *Win*; good *Win*, go in, and long.

Tra.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new Customer, Brother *Leatherhead*, we shall hear no more of him.

[*They plot to be gone.*]

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a Company; it may be we may take some more Money.

Kno. Sir, I will take your Counsel, and cut my Hair, and leave Vapours: I see that Tobacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Ursla* herself, is all Vanity.

Bus. Only Pig was not comprehended in my Admonition, the rest were: For long Hair, it is an Ensign of Pride, a Banner; and the World is full of those Banners, very full of Banners. And Bottle-Ale is a Drink of Satan's, a Diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter Age of Vanity; as the Smoke of Tobacco, to keep us in Mist and Error: But the fleshly Woman (which you call *Ursla*) is above all to be avoided, having the Marks upon her of the three Enemies of Man; the World, as being in the Fair; the Devil, as being in the Fire; and the Flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother *Zeal-of-the-land*! what shall we do? My Daughter *Win-the-fight* is fall'n into her Fit of Longing again.

Bus. For more Pig? There is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some Sights i' the Fair.

Bus. Sister, let her fly the Impurity of the Place swiftly, lest she partake of the Pitch thereof. Thou art the Seat of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every Side of thee.

Kno. An excellent right Hypocrite! Now his Belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Jade. A very good Vapour! I'll in, and joy *Ursla*, with telling how her Fig works; two and a half he eat to his Share; and he has drunk a Pail-full. He eats with his Eyes, as well as his Teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drums, Babies—

Bus. Peace, with thy Apocryphal Wares, thou profane Publican; thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobies Dogs*, Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank

Idol; and thou, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nebuchadnezzar* of the Fair, that sett'st it up for Children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you Mercy, Sir; will you buy a Fiddle to fill up your Noise?

Joh. Look, *Win*, do, look a God's Name, and save your Longing. Here be fine Sights.

Pur. I, Child, so you hate 'em, as our Brother *Zeal* does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a Drum, Sir?

Bus. It is the broken Belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his Lungs, and these Pipes are his Throat, those Feathers are of his Tail, and thy Rattles the Gnashing of his Teeth.

Tra. And what's my Ginger-bread, I pray you?

Bus. The Provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy Basket of Popery, thy Nest of Images, and whole Legend of Ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicker, I'll have you clapp'd fairly by the Heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Bus. The Sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good Brother *Zeal*!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Joh. I'd give a Shilling you could, i' faith Friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your Shilling, I'll give you my Shop; if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you i' the mean time.

Joh. A Match, i' faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, Woman. [*He speaks to the Widow.*] I was mov'd in Spirit, to be here this Day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the Abuses of it, the foul Abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the Merchandise of *Babylon* again, and the peeping of Popery upon the Stalls here, here, in the High Places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the Purple Strumpet there, in her yellow Gown and green Sleeves? the prophane Pipes, the tinkling Timbrels? A Shop of Relicks!

Joh. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Bus.

Bus. And this idolatrous Grove of Images, this Flasket of Idols, which I will pull down —

[*Overthrows the Ginger-bread.*]

(*Tra.* O my Ware, my Ware, God blefs it.)

Bus. In my Zeal, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

[*Leatherhead enters with Officers.*]

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his Zeal; we cannot sell a Whistle for him in Tune. Stop his Noise first.

Bus. Thou can'st not; 'tis a sanctified Noise. I will make a loud and most strong Noise, till I have daunted the prophane Enemy. And for this Cause—

Lea. Sir, here's no Man afraid of you, or your Cause. You shall swear it i' the Stocks, Sir.

Bus. I will thrust myself into the Stocks, upon the Pikes of the Land.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do mean, wicked Men?

Bus. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Joh. Was not this Shilling well ventur'd, *Win*, for our Liberty? Now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves; my Mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Win. Yes, *John*; but I know not what to do.

Joh. For what, *Win*?

Win. For a thing I am asham'd to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Joh. I pray thee be not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be asham'd: Is it any thing about the Hobby-horse Man? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, *John*.

Joh. O! is that all, *Win*? We'll go back to Captain *Jordan*, to the Pig-woman's, *Win*, he'll help us, or she, with a Dripping-pan, or an old Kettle, or something. The poor greasie Soul loves you, *Win*; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, *Win*, and see my Puppet-play, *Win*; you know it's a fine Matter, *Win*.

Lea. Let's away, I counsell'd you to pack up afore, *Jone*:

Tra.

Tro. A Pox of his *Bedlam* Purity. He has spoil'd half my Ware: But the best is, we lose nothing, if we miss our first Merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us, when we are translated, *Jone.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Trouble-all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Poacher, Busy, Purecraft.

Tro. **M**Y Masters, I do make no Doubt, but you are Officers.

Bri. What then, Sir?

Tro. And the King's loving and obedient Subjects.

Bri. Obedient, Friend? Take heed what you speak, I advise you; *Oliver Bristle* advises you. His loving Subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your Leave; we know our selves a little better than so; we are to command, Sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient Subjects going to the Stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough i' your Places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in Question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have Warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. *[He goes away again.]*

Hag. What's he? Bring him up to the Stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have Justice *Overdo's* Warrant, 'tis well; *[Comes again.]* you are safe; that is the Warrant of Warrants. I'll not give this Button for any Man's Warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, Sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your Buttons thus, you will want 'em e're Night, for any store I see about you; you might keep 'em, and save Pins, I wuss. *[Goes away.]*

Jus.

Just. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my Warrant? He seems a sober and discreet Person? It is a Comfort to a good Conscience to be follow'd with a good Fame in his Sufferings. The World will have a pretty Taste by this, how I can bear Adversity; and it will beget a kind of Reverence toward me hereafter, even from mine Enemies, when they shall see, I carry my Calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, Sir, here's a Place for you to preach in. Will you put in your Leg? [*They put him in the Stocks.*]

Just. That I will, chearfully.

Bri. O' my Conscience, a Seminary! he kisses the Stocks.

Cok. Well, my Masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'll go look for my Goods, and *Numps*.

Hag. You may, Sir, I warrant you: Where's the t'other Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Just. In the midst of this Tumult, I will yet be the Author of mine own Rest, and not minding their Fury, sit in the Stocks in that Calm as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your Words? [*Comes again.*] May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the Question, that you have this Warrant?

Hag. What's this Fellow, for God's Sake?

Tro. Do but shew me *Adam Overdo*, and I am satisfied. [*Goes out.*]

Bri. He is a Fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble-all*: He was an Officer in the Court of *Pie powders* here last Year, and put out of his Place by Justice *Overdo*.

Just. Ha!

Bri. Upon which he took an idle Conceit, and's run mad upon't: So that ever since he will do nothing, but by Justice *Overdo's* Warrant; he will not eat a Crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his Apparel ready. His Wife, Sirreverence, cannot get him make his Water, or shift his Shirt, without his Warrant.

Just.

Just. If this be true, this is my greatest Disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor Man, that is of so good a Nature to me, out of his Wits! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me *Adam Overdo*, [*Comes in.*] I am in Doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it.

[*Goes again.*]

Hag. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle*, (and now I think on't better) Justice *Overdo* is a very parantory Person.

Bri. O, are you advis'd of that? and a severe Justicer, by your Leave.

Just. Do I hear Ill o' that Side too?

Bri. He will sit as upright o' the Bench, an' you mark him, as a Candle i' the Socket, and give Light to the whole Court in every Business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a Boil (God bless us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when his list, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the Law on's Side ever. I mark that too.

Just. I will be more tender hereafter. I see Compassion may become a Justice, though it be a Weakness, I confess, and nearer a Vice than a Virtue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the Stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll ha' the Ace of Hearts of our Side, if we can. [*They take the Justice out.*]

Poc. Come, bring him away to his Fellow there. Master *Busby*, we shall rule your Legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your Tongue.

Bus. No, Minister of Darkness, no; thou canst not rule my Tongue; my Tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your *Bartholomew* Abominations, till you be made a Hisling to the neighbour Parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the Stocks then?

Bri. No, Mistress, we'll have 'em both to Justice *Overdo*, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my Gossip *Haggise*, and my Beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed, honest Men!

Bri.

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this Madman that comes here; he put it in our Heads.

Pur. Is he mad? Now Heaven increase his Madness, and bless it, and thank it: Sir, your poor Handmaid thanks you.

[Comes again.

Tro. Have you a Warrant? An' you have a Warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a Warrant, out of the Word, to give Thanks for removing any Scorn intended to the Brethren.

Tro. It is Justice *Overdo's* Warrant that I look for, if you have not that, keep your Word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Costard-monger.

Edg. Comeaway, *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your Warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, Sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an' you have no Warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do.

[Goes out.

Edg. What means he?

Nig. A Mad-man that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more Followers after his ragged Heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our Plot. Guilt's a terrible thing: Ha' you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his Basket of Pears; he is at the Corner here, ready. And your Prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his Protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protectorship, for a Feat I am to do upon him: But this offer'd it self so i' the way, I could not let it 'scape: Here he comes, whistle; be this Sport call'd, *Dorring the Dottrel*.

Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [Nightingale whistles.

Cok. By this Light, I cannot find my Gingerbread Wife, nor my Hobby-horse Man, in all the Fair now, to ha' my Money again: And I do not know the way out on't, to

go home for more. Do you hear, Friend, you that whistle?
what Tune is that you whistle?

Nig. A new Tune, I am practising. Sir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? Nay,
on with thy Tane; I ha' no such haste for an Answer: I'll
practise with thee.

Cof. Buy any Pears, very fine Pears, Pears fine.

*[Nightingale sets his Foot afore him,
and he falls with his Basket.]*

Cok. Gods so! a mufs, a mufs, a mufs, a mufs.

Cof. Good Gentleman, my Ware, my Ware; I am a
poor Man. Good Sir, my Ware.

Nig. Let me hold your Sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my Cloak an' thou wilt, and my Hat too,

*[Cokes falls a scrambling whilst they
run away with his things.]*

Edg. A delicate great Boy! methinks he out-scrambles
'em all. I cannot perswade myself, but he goes to Gram-
mar-School yet, and plays the Truant to-day.

Nig. Would he had another Purse to cut, *Zekiel.*

Edg. Purse! A Man might cut out his Kidneys, I
think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the
Sport.

Nig. His Soul is half-way out on's Body at the Game.

Edg. Away, *Nightingale*; that way.

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for Cattern-Pears, for one
Under-mail: Gi' me my Cloak.

Cof. Good Gentleman, give me my Ware.

Cok. Where's the Fellow I ga' my Cloak to? My Cloak
and my Hat? Ha! Gods'lid is he gone? Thieves, Thieves;
help me to cry, Gentlemen. *[He runs out.]*

Edg. Away, Costard-monger, come to us to *Urs'la's*.
Talk of him to have a Soul! Heart, if he have any more
than a thing given him instead of Salt, only to keep him
from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my Time, presently:
Where should it be trow? in his Blood? He has not so
much to'ard it in his whole Body as will maintain a good
Flea: And if he take this Course, he will not ha' so much
Land left as to rear a Calf, within this Twelve-month.
Was there ever green Plover so pull'd! That his little O-
verseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see
him

him steal Pears, in Exchange for his Bever-hat and his Cloak thus! I must go find him out next, for his Back Box, and his Patent (it seems) he has of his Place; which I think the Gentleman would have a Reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [Cok. comes in again.]

Cok. Would I might lose my Doublet, and Hose too, as I am an honest Man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but Thieving and Cozening i' this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he; an' ever any Bartholomew had that Luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I ha' paid for my Pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer; [Throws away his Pears.] you were Choak-Pears to me: I had been better ha' gone to Mumchance for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my Name's-sake; I would not ha' us'd a Dog o' the Name so. O, Numps will triumph now! Friend, do you know who I am? or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I ha' Money enough there. I ha' lost my self, and my Cloak, and my Hat, and my fine Sword, and my Sister, and Numps, and Mistress Grace, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a Cut-work Handkerchief she ga' me, and two Purfes, to-day; and my Bargain o' Hobby-horses and Gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

[Trouble-all comes again.]

Tro. By whose Warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? Thou art a wise Fellow indeed; as if a Man need a Warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, Justice Overdo's Warrant, a Man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice Overdo? Dost thou know him? I lie there; he is my Brother-in-Law, he married my Sister: Pray thee shew me the Way; dost thou know the House?

Tro. Sir, shew me your Warrant; I know nothing without a Warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee; come along: Thou shalt see I have wrought Pillows there, and Cambrick Sheets, and Sweet-bags too. Pray thee guide me to the House.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful Brother your Mind, and but bring me
three

three Lines of his Hand, or his Clerk's, with *Adam Overdo* underneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an Ass, I ha' found him; Pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull Fool? Farewel, you are a very Coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if Justice *Overdo* sign to it, I am, and so we are all: He'll quit us all, multiply us all.

Grace, Quarulous, Win wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

They enter with their Swords drawn.

Gra. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another Trouble and Offence, and give me no Contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or have my Name or Fortune made the Question of Mens Swords.

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own Reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me: And to that Point there leads a directer Line, than by my Infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profess'd it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yok'd with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any Husband almost upon any Trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) he is a Fool, and has an Estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a Friend beside. But these are not my Aims; I must have a Husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politick Wives.

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, say which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a Woman of an extreme Levity, Gentlemen, or a strange Fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a Place as this, both at one Instant, and not yet of two Hours Acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me) I should so forsake my Modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Gra.

Gra. If you would not give it to my Modesty, allow it ye to my Wit; give me so much of Woman, and Cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a Choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the Man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable Creatures, you have Understanding and Discourse; and if Fate send me an understanding Husband, I have no Fear at all but mine own Manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: Will you consent to a Motion of mine, Gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume Reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And Fitness too.

Gra. I saw one of you buy a Pair of Tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you here a Word or a Name, what you like best, but of two or three Syllables at most; and the next Person that comes this Way, (because *Destiny* has a high Hand in Business of this Nature) I'll demand which of the two Words he or she doth approve, and according to that Sentence, fix my Resolution and Affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my Word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender my self.

Win-w. Why that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your Endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's Fortune, and have myself fitted with some Means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar.

Quar. These Conditions are very courteous. Well, my Word is out of the *Arcadia* then, *Argalus*.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, *Palemon*.

[*Trouble-all comes again.*]

Tro. Have you any Warrant for this, Gentlemen?

Quar. *Win-w.* Ha!

Tro. There must be a Warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged Prophet dropt down i' the Nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little: Good Lady, put him to the Question.

Gra. You are content then?

Win-w. *Quar.* Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two Names written——

Tro. Is Justice *Overdo* one?

Gra. How, Sir? I pray you read 'em to your self; it is for a Wager between these Gentlemen; and with a Stroke, or any Difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful Names for ought I know, Mistrefs, but *Adam Overdo* had been worth three of 'em, I assure you, in this Place, that's in plain English.

Gra. This Man amazes me! I pray you like one of 'em, Sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best Warrant, Mistrefs, to save your Longing; and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for Justice *Overdo*, that's my Conscience, and quit you.

Win-w. Is't done, Lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! What Fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a Fortune-teller we ha' made him; which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promise not to enquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our *Mercury* come; the Licence arrives i' the finest time

timetoo! 'Tis but scraping out *Cokes* his Name, and 'tis done.

Win-w. How now, Lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, Sir; except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The Act is nothing without a Witness. Yonder he is, your Man with the Box, fallen into the finest Company, and so transported with Vapours; they ha' got in a Northern Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Western Man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord-Mayor anon, and Captain *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captain *Jordan* to roar, a circling Boy; with whom your *Numps* is so taken, that you may strip him of his Clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a Surgeon ready to sear him. And Mistress *Justice* there is the goodest Woman! she does so love 'em all over in Terms of Justice and the Style of Authority, with her Hood upright——that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what'll you do, Ned?

Win-w. Why, stay hereabout for you: Mistress *Welborn* must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a Priest i' the mean time; I'll bring the Licence. Lead, which way is't.

Edg. Here, Sir, you are o' the back-side o' the Booth already; you may hear the Noise.

Knockhum, Nordern, Puppy, Cutting, Whit, Edgworth, Quarlous, Overdo, Wasp, Bristle.

Kno. *Whit*, bid *Val Cutting* continue the Vapours for a list, *Whit*, for a list.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the Eale's too meegh-ty.

Kno. How now! my *Galloway Nag* the Staggers! ha! *Whit*, gi' him a Slit i' the Forehead. Chear up, Man; a Needle and Thread to stitch his Ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little Butter and Garlick, long Pepper and Grains. Where's my Horn? I'll give him Mash presently, shall take away this Dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, Zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us i' the Zeds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paiper's Bag, by my troth, I.

Pup.

Pup. Do my Northeren Cloth zhrink i' the wetting?
ha?

Kno. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten; thou'lt never
tire I see. *[They fall to their Vapours again.]*

Cut. No, Sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whi. Who told dee sho? that he vuld never teer, Man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Kno. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, Sir; this they call Vapours.

Whi. He shall not pardon dee, Captain; dou shalt not be
pardon'd. Pre'dee shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever says
nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I misf him.

*[Here they continue their Game of Vapours, which is
Nonsense. Every Man to oppose the last Man that
spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.]*

Waf. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Kno. To what do you say nay, Sir?

Waf. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do
not like it.

Whi. Pardon me, little Man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, Sir; there you are i'
the wrong.

Whi. I tink I be; he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, Sir, for
all you.

Kno. If he have Reason, he may like it, Sir.

Whi. By no meansh, Captain, upon Reason, he may like
nothing upoa Reason.

Waf. I have no Reason, nor I will hear of no Reason,
nor I will look for no Reason, and he is an Ass that either
knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some Sense you may have Reason, Sir.

Waf. I, in some Sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whi. Pardon me, thou oughtst to grant him nothing in no
shensh, if dou do love dy shelf, angry Man.

Waf. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no
Sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no Sense indeed.

Waf.

Waf. 'Slid, but I have Sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Kno. He is i' the right, and does utter a sufficient Vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient Vapour neither, I deny that.

Kno. Then it is a sweet Vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet Vapour.

Waf. Nay, it is no sweet Vapour neither, Sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whi. Yes, I tink it dosh stink, Captain. All Vapour dosh stink.

Waf. Nay, then it does not stink, Sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your Leave, it may, Sir.

Waf. I, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whi. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry Man.

Waf. How can it not?

Kno. Nay, never question him, for he is i' the right.

Whi. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confests it, so ish de little Man to.

Waf. I'll have nothing confest that concens me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no Man minds you, Sir, nor any thing else.

[*They drink again.*]

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

Quar. Call you this Vapours? this is such belching of Quarrels as I never heard. Will you mind your Business, Sir?

Edg. You shall see, Sir.

Nor. I'll ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Master *Wafpe*, that no body should mind you?

Waf. Why, what ha' you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waf. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't; do you hear, new Acquaintance, does no Man mind me, say you?

Cut.

Cut. Yes, Sir, every Man here minds you, but how?

Waf. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my Question.

Whi. No, noting was ty Question, tou art a learned Man, and I am a valiant Man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I vill fight for tee.

Kno. Fight for him, *Whit*? A gros Vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waf. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may chuse.

Waf. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute Vapour.

Waf. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute Vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some fort he may allow you.

Kno. In no fort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the Vapour.

Waf. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no fort.

Whi. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waf. A Turd i' your Teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Kno. Turd, ha Turd? a noisome Vapour, strike, *Whit*.

[*They fall by the Ears*,

Ove. Why Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my Authority, conserve the Peace. In the King's Name, and my Husband's, put up your Weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my self, else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Waf. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian Liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some fort you may, and in some fort you may not, Sir.

Kno. Nay in some fort, Sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this Company.

Waf. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any fort, an't please him.

Quar. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waf.

Waf. No exceeding neither, Sir.

Kno. No, that Vapour is too lofty.

Qua. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your Game of Vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. Do you hear, Sir? I would speak with you in Circle. [He draws a Circle on the Ground.

Qua. In Circle, Sir? what would you with me in Circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*, in Circle?

Qua. 'Slid, your Circle will prove more costly than your Vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your Beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

Qua. How Raskal? are you playing with my Beard? I'll break Circle with you. [They draw all, and fight.

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

Kno. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good Vapours.

Ove. What mean you? are you Rebels, Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serjeant* at Arms, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my Woman-hood, for a Riot, upon my Justice-hood, if you persist.

Waf. Upon your Justice-hood? Marry shite o' your Hood: You'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of Peace's Wife indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your Teeth for a fee, now.

Ove. Why *Numps*, in Master *Overdo*'s Name, I charge you.

Waf. Good Mistress *Underdo* hold your Tongue.

Over. Alas! poor *Numps*.

Waf. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitied by your tuft Taffata now? Why Mistress, I knew *Adam* the Clerk, your Husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for two Pence a Sheet, as high as he bears his Head now, or you your Hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

[The Watch comes in.

Bri. We be Men, and no Infidels; what is the matter here, and the Noises? can you tell?

Waf. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a Man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his Majesty's Watch, Sir.

N

Waf.

Waf. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a sweet Watch indeed. A body would think, an you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your Fleas and your Flock-beds, you Rogues, your Kennels, and lye down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him in his Majesty's Name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the Pidgeon-holes.

Ove. I thank you honest Friends, in the Behalf o' the Crown, and the Peace, and in Master *Overdo's* Name, for suppressing Enormities.

Whi. Stay, *Bristle*, here ish anoder brash o' Drunkards, but very quiet, special Drunkards, will pay de five Shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change Cloth for Ale in the *Fair*, here; te toder ish a strong Man, a mighty Man, my Lord Mayor's Man, and a Wrestler. He has wrestled so long with the Bottle here, that the Man with the Beard hash almost streek up his Heels.

Bri. 'S'id, the Clerk o' the Market has been to cry him all the *Fair* over here, for my Lord's Service.

Whi. Te e he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now Woman o' Shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet Faish? art tou melancholy?

Ove. A little distemper'd with these Enormities; shall I entreat a Courtesie of you, Captain?

Whi. Intreat a hundred Velvet Voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Ove. I cannot with Modesty speak it out, but—

Whi. I vill do it, and more, and more, for de. What *Ursla*, and't be Bitch, and't be Baudan't be!

Urf. How now Raskal? what roar you for, old Pimp?

Whi. Here, put up de Clokes *Ursh*; de purchase; pre de now, shweet *Ursh*, help dis good brave Voman to a *Jordan*, and't be.

Urf. 'Slid call your Captain *Jordan* to her, can you not?

Whi. Nay, pre de leave dy Consheits, and bring the Velvet Voman to de—

Urf. I bring her! hang her: Heart, must I find a common Pot for every Punk i' your Purlews?

Whi.

Whi. O good voordsh, *Urs*, it ish a Guest o' Velvet, i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her Hood, and buy a Sponge, with a Pox to her, my Vessel is employed, Sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old Bottle. An honest Proctor and his Wife are at it within, if she'll stay her time, so.

Whi. As soon ash thou canst shweet *Urs*. Of a valiant Man I tink I am te patientsh Man i' the World, or in all *Smithfield*.

Kno. How now *Whit*? close Vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha?

Whi. No fait, Captain, dough thou beesht a vishe Man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a Woman of Fashion here.

Ove. Yes, Captain, though I am Justice of Peace's Wife, I do love Men of War, and the Sons of the Sword, when they come before my Husband.

Kno. Say'st thou so, Filly? thou shalt have a Leap presently, I'll horse thee my self, else.

Urs. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her Turn?

Whi. Gramercy, good *Urs*, I tank de.

Ove. Master *Overdo* shall thank her.

John, Win, Urs, Knockhum, Whit, Overdo. Alice.

John. Good Ga'mere *Urs*, *Win* and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good Company, *Win*; for half an hour or so, *Win*; while I go, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, *Win*.

Win. Will you leave me alone with two Men, *John*?

Joh. I, they are honest Gentlemen, *Win*, Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*; they'll use you very civilly, *Win*. God b' w' you, *Win*.

Urs. What's her Husband gone?

Kno. On his false gallop, *Urs*, away.

Urs. An' you be right *Bartholomew*-birds, now shew your selves so: we are undone for want of Fowl i' the Fair, here. Here will be *Zetzel Edgworth*, and three or four Gallants with him at Night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quail for 'em: Perswade this between you two, to be-

come a Bird o' the Game, while I work the Velvet Woman within, (as you call her.)

Kno. I conceive thee, *Urs!* go thy ways. Dost thou hear, *Whit?* is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean Head, large Forehead, round Eyes, even Mouth, sharp Ears, long Neck, thin Crest, close Withers, plain Back, deep Sides, short Fillets, and full Flanks; with a round Belly, a plump Buttock, large Thighs, knit Knees, strait Legs, short Pasterns, smooth Hoofs, and short Heels, should lead a dull honest Woman's Life, that might live the Life of a Lady?

Whit. Yes by my faith and trot it is, Captain; de honest Woman's Life is a scurvy dull Life indeed, la.

Win. How, *S.r?* is an honest Woman's Life a scurvy Life?

Whi. Yes fair, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a Bond-woman! but if dou wilt hearken to me, I will make tee a Free-woman and a Lady; dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captain faith.

Kno. I, and be honest too sometimes; have her Wiers and her Tiers, her green Gowns and Velvet Petticoats.

Whi. I, and ride to Ware and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, thee de Players, be in love vit 'em; sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost dee noting.

Kno. Brave Vapours!

Whi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still? that were fine sport.

Whi. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may't do it by my Hand: it shall be justified to thy Husband's Faith, now; tou shalt be as honest as the Skin between his Hornsh, la!

Kno. Yes, and wear a Dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a Husband on 'em ail, for a Foretop: It is the Vapour of Spirit in the Wife to cuckold now-a-days, as it is the Vapour of Fashion in the Husband not to suspect. Your prying Cat-eyed Citizen is an abominable Vapour.

Win. Lord, what a Fool have I been!

Whi. Mend then, and do every ting like a Lady hereafter; never know ty Husband from another Man.

Kno. Nor any one Man from another, but i' the dark.

Whi.

Whi. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any Man.

Urf. Help, help here.

Kno. How now? what Vapour's there?

Urf. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and look well to your Walks. Yonder is your Punk of *Turnbull*, ramping *Alice*, has safn upon the poor Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her Hood over her Ears, and her Hair through it.

Alice enters, beating the Justice's Wife.

Ove. Help, help, i' the King's Name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us, and take our Trade from us, with your Tuft-taf-tata Haunches.

Kno. How now, *Alice*!

Ali. The poor common Whores can ha' no Traffick for the privy rich ones; your Caps and Hoods of Velvet call away our Customers, and lick the Fat from us.

Urf. Peace, you foul ramping Jade you ———

Ali. Oo's foot, you Bawd in Greace, are you talking?

Kno. Why, *Alice*, I say.

Ali. Thou Sow o' *Smithfield*, thou.

Urf. Thou Tripe of *Turnbull*.

Kno. Cat-a-mountain Vapours, ha!

Urf. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

Ali. I, by the same token you rid that week, and broke out the bottom o' the Cart, Night-tub.

Kno. Why, Lion Face! ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear Ruff, slit Waistcoat, make Rags of Petticoat? ha! go to, vanish for fear of Vapours. *Whit*, a Kick, *Whit*, in the parting Vapour. Come, brave Woman, take a good Heart, thou shalt be a Lady too.

Whi. Yes fait, dey shall all both be Ladies, and write Madam. I vill do't my self for dem. *Do* is the Vord, and *D* is the middle Letter of *Maddam*, *DD*, put 'em together, and make Deeds, without which all Words are alike, la.

Kno. 'Tis true, *Ursla*, take 'em in, open thy Wardrobe, and fit 'em to their Calling. Green Gowns, Crimson Petticoats, Green Women! my Lord Mayor's Green Women! Guests o' the Game, true bred. I'll provide you a Coach to take the Air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one?

Kno. O, they are as common as Wheelbarrows, where there are great Dunghills. Every Pettifogger's Wife has 'em; for first he buys a Coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made Cuckold in't: For if their Wives ride not to their Cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden, says the Vapour of Experience.

Trouble-all, Knockhum, Whit, Quarlous, Edgworth, Briffle, Waspe, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. By what Warrant do's it lay so?

Kno. Ha! mad Child o' the *Pye-poulders*, art thou there? fill us a fresh Kan, *Urs*, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a Warrant, Captain.

Kno. 'Slood, thou'lt not stale without a Warrant shortly. *Whit*, give me Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll draw him a Warrant presently.

Tro. It must be Justice *Overdo's*.

Kno. I know, Man; fetch the Drink, *Whit*.

Whi. I pre dee now, be very brief, Captain; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

Kno. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Overdo.*

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, Captain.

Kno. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

Qua. Well, Sir, you are now discharg'd; beware of being spy'd hereafter. [*Quarlous to the Cut-purse.*]

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in hereat *Ursla's*, and take part of a Silken Gown, a Velvet Petticcat, or a wrought Smock; I am promis'd such, and I can spare any Gentleman a moiety.

Qua. Keep it for your Companions in beastliness, I am none of 'em, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your minners, to whom you made your Offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the Hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the Hand of Beadle is too merciful a Punishment for your Trade of Life. I am sorry I employ'd this Fellow, for he thinks me such; *Fascinus quos inquit, aquat.* But it was for Sport; and would

I make it serious, the getting of this License is nothing to me, without other Circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the Word be not mine that the ragged Fellow mark'd; and what Advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd Rascal I am, and fright her out of all good Conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the Opportunity. But my hope is in her Temper yet; and it must needs be next to Despair, that is grounded on any part of a Woman's Discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare (to my Cloaths and my Sword) to meet my tatter'd *Soothsayer* again, who was my Judge in the Question, to know certainly whose Word he has damn'd or sav'd; for till then I live but under a *Reprieve*. I must seek him. Who be these?

Enter Wasp with the Officers.

Wasp. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his Leg in the middle Roundel, and let him hole there.

Wasp. You stink of Leeks, *Metheglyn*, and Cheese, you Rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the Stocks in the mean time? If you have a mind to stink too, your Breeches sit close enough to your Bum. Sit you merry, Sir.

Qua. How now, *Numps*?

Wasp. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Qua. N. y, I'll not offend you, *Numps*; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Wasp. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, *Numps*; do's your Leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, Neighbour *Haggise*, what says Justice *Overdo's* Worship to the other Offenders?

Hag. Why he says just nothing, what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man; he ha' not been sent the *Fair* here all this live-long Day, never since seven a Clock in the Morning. His Clerks know not what

to think on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em then, in your Discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the Stocks in Discretion (there they will be safe in Discretion) for the valour of an Hour, or such a thing, till his Worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, Neighbour *Haggise*; come, Sir, here is company for you; heave up the Stocks.

[*As they open the Stocks, Wasp puts his Shoe on his Hand, and slips it in for his Leg.*]

Waf. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh Diligence, perhaps.

Bri. Put in your Leg, Sir.

Qua. What, *Rabby Busy*! is he come?

[*They bring Busy, and put him in.*]

Bus. I doobey thee, the Lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *Heathen* of the Land, and put a Part in the Stocks for the Holy Cause.

Waf. What are you, Sir?

Bus. One that rejoyceth in his Affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie the Destruction of *Fairs* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-Ales*, and doth sigh and groan for the Reformation of these Abuses.

Waf. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoyce in your Affliction?

Just. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: *Adam*, thou art above these Batt'ries, these Contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy Friend *Horace* says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another Friend of thine says, (I think it be thy Friend *Persius*) *Non te quaesiveris extra*.

Qua. What's here! a Stoick i' the Stocks? The Fool is turn'd Philosopher.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my Spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious Relicks, those Lists of *Latin*, the very Rags of *Rome*, and Patches of *Popery*.

Waf.

Waf. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: Look you, a Device, but shifting in a Hand for a Foot. God b' w' you.

[*He gets out.*]

Bus. Wilt thou then leave thy Brethren in Tribulation?

Waf. For this once, Sir.

Bus. Thou art a halting *Neutral*; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the Heat of Persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Bus. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an Escape, which way? Follow, Neighbour *Haggise*.

Pur. O me! in the Stocks? Have the Wicked prevail'd?

Bus. Peace, religious Sister, it is my Calling, comfort your self; an extraordinary Calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Tro. By whose Warrant, by whose Warrant, this?

[*The Mad-man enters.*]

Qua. O, here's my Man dropt in I look'd for.

Just. Ha!

Pur. O good Sir, they have set the Faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided Holes for the Holy of the Land.

Tro. Had they Warrant for it? shew'd they *Justice Overdo's* Hand? If they had no Warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the Stocks sufficiently, Neighbour *Toby*!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your Warrant is the matter that is in Question; by what Warrant?

Bri. Mad-man, hold your Peace, I will put you in his Room else, in the very same Hole, do you see?

Qua. How! is he a Mad-man!

Tro. Shew me *Justice Overdo's* Warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad Fool, hold your Tongue.

Tro. In *Justice Overdo's* Name, I drink to you, and here's my Warrant.

[*Shews his Can.*]

Just. Alas, poor Wretch! how it earns my Heart for him!

N. 5

Qua.

Qua. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him: I try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman shew'd you two Names some Hours since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to mark in a Book, which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no Name, but *Adam Overdo*, that is the Name of Names, he only is the sufficient Magistrate; and that Name I reverence, shew it me.

Qua. This Fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Just. I shall not breathe in Peace 'till I have made him some Amends.

Qua. Well, I will make another Use of him; is come in my Head: I have a Nest of Beards in my Trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad Fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the Stocks or no; I think I lock'd 'em.

[The Watch-men come back again. The Mad-man fights with 'em, and they leave open the Stocks.]

Tro. Take *Adam Overdo* in your Mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, Madness it self, hold thy Peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikest thou without a Warrant? Take thou that.

Bus. We are delivered by Miracle; Fellow in Fetters, let us not refuse the means; this Madness was of the Spirit: The Malice of the Enemy hath mock'd it self.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the World is mad in Error, but he is mad in Truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning Man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a Man to be mad in Truth! O, that I might be his Yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to Madness in Truth with us?

Bri. How now! all 'scap'd? where's the *Woman*? is it Witchcraft! Her Velvet Hat is a Witch; o' my Conscience, or my Key! t'one. The Mad-man was a Devil; and I am an Ass; so bless me, my Place, and mine Office.

[The Watch missing them, are affrighted.]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwell.

Lan. **W**ELL, Luck and Saint *Bartholomew*; out with the Sign of our Invention, in the Name of Wit, and do you beat the Drum the while; all the Fowl i' the Fair, I mean all the Dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Little-wit's* *Carwhitchet's* now) will be thrown at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the People. O the Motions that I *Lanthorn Leatherhead* have given Light to, i' my Time, since my Master * *Pod* died! *Jerusalem* was a stately Thing, and so was *Ninive*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*; with the rising o' the Prentices, and pulling down the Bawdy-houses there upon *Shrove-Tuesday*; but the *Gun-powder-Pot*, there was a Get-penny! I have presented that to an Eighteen or Twenty Pence Audience, Nine times in an Afternoon. Your home-born Projects prove ever the best, they are so easie and familiar; they put too much Learning i' their things now o' days: And that I fear will be the Spoil o' this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! Look to your Gathering there, Goodman *Filcher*.

Fil. I warrant you, Sir.

Lan. As there come any Gent'efolks, take Two-pence a-piece, *Sharkwell*.

Sha. I warrant you, Sir, Three-pence an' we can.

Justice, Win-wit, Grace, Quarlous, Pure-craft.

The Justice comes in like a Porter.

Just. This latter Disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good Ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: Neither is the Hour of my Severity yet come to reveal my self, wherein, Cloud-like, I will break out in Rain and Hail, Lightning and Thunder, upon the Head of Enormity. Two main Works I have to prosecute: First, one is to invent some Satisfaction for the poor kind Wretch, who is

* *Pod was a Master of Motions before him.*

out

out of his Wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our Mad-man again.

Qua. I have made my self as like him, as his Gown and Cap will give me Leave.

[*Quarlous in the Habit of the Mad-man is mistaken by Mrs. Pure-craze.*]

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Win-w. How! my Widow in Love with a Mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in Spirit as you.

Qua. By whose Warrant? leave your Canting, Gentlewoman, have I found you? (save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your Book? 'twas a sufficient Name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

[*He desires to see the Book of Mistress Grace.*]

Gra. What would you with it, Sir?

Qua. Mark it again and again at your Service.

Gra. Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Qua. *Palemon*? Fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, *Palemon*!

Gra. Yes faith, he has discover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the Benefit of your Fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, Mistress, believe it, that shall never give you Cause to repent her Benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this Choice she had both her Eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no Danger of Protestation.

Qua. *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. Good Sir, vouchsafe a Yoke-fellow in your Mad-ness, shun not one of the sanctified Sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Qua. Away, you are a Herd of hypocritical proud Ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for Woods, and the Society of Beasts, than Houses, and the Congregation of Men. You are the Second Part of the Society of Canters, Out-laws to Order and Discipline, and the only privileg'd Church-Robbers of Christendom, Let me alone, *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man! Pur.

Pur. I must uncover my self unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the *Cunning Mens* Promises. Good Sir, hear me, I am worth Six Thousand Pound, my Love to you is become my Rack, I'll tell you all and the Truth, since you hate the Hypocrisie of the party-colour'd Brotherhood. These Seven Years I have been a wilful holy Widow, only to draw Feasts and Gifts from my intangled Suitors: I am also by Office an assisting *Sister* of the *Deacons*, and a Devourer, instead of a Distributer of the Alms. I am a special Maker of Marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *Widows*, for a third part of their Wealth, when they are married, for the Relief of the poor *Elect*: As also our poor handsome young Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widowers; to make them steal from their Husbands, when I have confirmed them in the Faith, and got all put into their Custodies. And if I ha' not my Bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding Drab into a silent *Minister*, than make me leave pronouncing *Reprobation* and *Damnation* unto them. Our Elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the Capital Knave of the Land, making himself rich, by being made a *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coz'ning their *Heirs*, by swearing the absolute Gift of their Inheritance. And thus having eas'd my Conscience, and utter'd my Heart with the Tongue of my Love: Enjoy all my Deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, Sir?

Qua. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He considers with himself of it.*] Why should not I marry this Six Thousand Pound, now I think on't? and a good Trade too that she has beside, ha? The t'other Wench *Win-wife* is sure of; there's no Expectation for me there! Here I may make my self some Saver, yet, if she continue mad, there's the Question. It is Money that I want, why should not I marry the Money when 'tis offer'd me? I have a *Licence* and all, it is but razing out one Name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a Man's Fortune! I am resolv'd; I were truly mad an' I would not! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a Warrant!

[*He takes her along with him.*]

Pur.

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Just. Sir, let me speak with you. [*The Justice calls him.*]

Qua. By whose Warrant?

Just. The Warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice *Overdo's*! I am the Man, Friend *Trouble-all*, tho' thus disguis'd (as the careful *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republick in the *Fair*, and the weeding out of Enormity. Do you want a House, or Meat, or Drink, or Clothes? Speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Qua. Nothing but your Warrant.

Just. My Warrant? for what?

Qua. To be gone, Sir.

Just. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Qua. Your Hand and Seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole *Fair* that I know.

Just. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Qua. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an' you will not give it me, let me go.

Just. Alas! thou shalt have it presently; I'll but step into the Scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away.

[*The Justice goes out.*]

Qua. Why, this mad Man's Shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a ragged Robe produce these Effects? if this be the wise Justice. and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already!

[*And returns.*]

Just. Look thee! here is my Hand and Seal, *Adam Overdo*; if there be any thing to be written above in that Paper that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my Deed, I deliver it so; can your Friend write?

Qua. Her Hand for a Witness; and all is well.

Just. With all my Heart. [*Heurgeth Mrs. Purecraft.*]

Qua. Why should not I have the Conscience to make this a Bond of a Thousand Pound now, or what I would else?

Just. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my Deed again.

Qua.

Qua. Let us now proceed in Madneſs.

[*He takes her in with him.*]

Juſ. Well, my Conſcience is much eaſ'd; I have done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd Satisfaction! The Sting is remov'd from hence! Poor Man, he is much alter'd with his Affliction, it has brought him low! Now for my other Work, reducing the young Man (I have follow'd ſo long in Love) from the Brink of his Bane to the Center of Safety. Here, or in ſome ſuch like vain Place, I ſhall be ſure to find him. I will wait the good time.

Cokes, Sharkwell, Juſtice, Filcher, John, Lanterne.

Cok. How now? what's here to do, Friend? art thou the Maſter of the Monuments?

Sha. 'Tis a Motion, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Juſ. My fantaſtical Brother-in-Law, Maſter Bartholomew Cokes!

Cok. A Motion, what's that? [*He reads the Bill.*] The ancient modern Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, otherwiſe called *The Touchſtone of true Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias*, two faithful Friends o' the *Bankſide*? Pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? iſt an *Enterlude*? or what iſt?

Fil. Yes, Sir, pleaſe you come near, we'll take your Money within.

Cok. Back with theſe Children; they do ſo follow me up and down. [*The Boys o' the Fair follow him.*]

Joh. By your leave, Friend.

Fil. You muſt pay, Sir, an' you go in.

Joh. Who, I? I perceive thou know'ſt not me; call the Maſter of the Motion.

Sha. What, do you not know the Author; Fellow Filcher? You muſt take no Money of him; he muſt come in gratis: Maſter Little-wit iſt a Voluntary; he iſt the Author.

Joh. Peace, ſpeak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the Author, till we ſee how it paſſes.

Cok. Maſter Little-wit, how doſt thou?

Joh. Maſter Cokes! you are exceeding well met: What, in your Doublet and Hoſe, without a Cloak or a Hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest Man, and by that Fire; I have lost all i' the Fair, and all my Acquaintance too; didst thou meet any body that I know, Master *Little-wit*? my Man *Numps*, or my Sister *Overdoo*, or Mistress *Grace*? Pray thee, Master *Little-wit*, lend me some Money to see the *Enterlude* here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have Money enough there.

Joh. O, Sir, you shall commandit; what, will a Crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, Fellows?

Fil. Two Pence, Sir.

Cok. Two Pence? There's Twelve Pence, Friend: Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my Man about me, and my *Artillery* again.

Joh. Your Man was i' the Stocks e'en now, Sir.

Cok. Who, *Numps*?

Joh. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith? I am glad of that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What Manner of Matter is this, Mr. *Little-wit*? What kind of *Actors* have you? Are they good *Actors*?

Joh. Pretty Youths, Sir, all Children both old and young; here's the Master of 'em—

(*Lan.* Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

[*Leatherhead* whispers to *Litt'e-wit*.]

Joh. Master *Lanterne*, that gives Light to the Business.

Cok. In good time, Sir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad to drink with the young Company; which is the Tiring-house?

Lan. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but Beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No, not now my Hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me Feather and all, as I was once to Day? Have you none of your pretty impudent Boys now, to bring Stools, fill Tobacco, fetch Ale, and beg Money, as they have at other Houses? let me see some of your *Actors*.

Joh. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman that is a Favourer of the Quality.

Jus.

Jus. I, the favouring of this licentious Quality is the Consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious Enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in Baskets?

[*He brings them out in a Basket.*]

Lan. They do lie in a Basket, Sir, they are of the small Players.

Cok. These be *Players minors* indeed. Do you call these Players?

Lan. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb Shows: Indeed I am the Mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy Mouth will hold 'em all. I think one *Taylor* would go near to beat all this Company, with a Hand bound behind him.

Joh. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in Cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, Master *Little-wit*, a good Jest! which is your *Burbage* now?

Lan. What mean you by that, Sir?

Cok. Your best *Actor*, your *Field*?

Joh. Good i' faith! you are even with me, Sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belov'd of the Womenkind, they do so affect his Action, the green Gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the Beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the Ghost of King *Dionysius* in the Habit of a *Scrivener*; as you shall see anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a civil Company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break Jest, as the great *Players* do: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of their Littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, Sir, I thank my Industry and Policy for it; they are as well govern'd a Company, though I say it — And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor*, of his Inches, and shakes his Head like an Hostler.

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed Book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, Sir.

Cok.

Cok. No? how then?

Lan. A better way, Sir, that is too learned and poetical for our Audience: What, do they know what *Hellepont* is? guilty of true Love's Blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* Height?

Cok. Th'art i' the right, I do not know myself.

Lan. No, I have entreated Master *Little-wit* to take a little Pains to reduce it to a more familiar Strain for our People.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good Master *Little-wit*?

Joh. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easie, and *modern* for the Times, Sir, that's all. As for the *Hellepont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander* I make a Dyer's Son about *Puddle Warf*; and *Hero* a Wench o' the *Bank-side*, who going over one Morning to *Old-Fishstreet*, *Leander* spies her land at *Trigs-Stairs*, and falls in Love with her. Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having *metamorphos'd* himself into a Drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in love with a Pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty Passages there are of the Friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Judgment.

Cok. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in Love with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect Gentlemen, these Fellows:) *Hero* shall be my Fairing: But which of my Fairings? (Let me see) i' faith, my *Fiddle*! and *Leander* my *Fiddle-Stick*: Then *Damon* my *Drum*; and *Pythias* my *Pipe*, and the Ghost of *Dionysius* my *Hobby-horse*. All fitted.

To them *Win-wife*, *Grace*, *Knockhum*, *Whitt*, *Edgworth*, *Win*, *Mistress Overdo*. And to them *Wasp*.

Win-w. Look yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his Play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Lan. Nay, good Sir.

Cok. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, Fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a Wife.

[*Cokes* is handling the Puppets.]

Joh.

Joh. Well, good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my Wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else i' my Reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, Sir, do not you breed too great an Expectation of it among your Friends; that's the only Hurter of these Things.

Joh. No, no, no.

Cok. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Gra. The Place becomes him, methinks.

Just. My Ward, Mistress *Grace*, in the Company of a Stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself before my Time.

Fil. Two-pence apiece, Gentlemen, an excellent Motion. [The Door-keepers speak.]

Kno. Shall we have fine Fire-works, and good Vapours;

Sha. Yes, Captain, and Water-works too.

Whi. I pree dee take a Care o' dy shmall Lady there,

Edgworth: I will look to dish tall Lady myself.

Lan. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

Whi. Pree dee Mashter o' de *Monshtersh*, help a very sick Lady here to a Chair to shitt in.

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Whi. Good fait now, *Ursla's* Ale and *Aqua-vita* ish to blame for't; Shit down, Shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little. [They bring Mistress Overdoo a Chair.]

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Kno. Yes, and you shall see very good Vapours.

Just. Here is my Care come! I like to see him in so good Company; and yet I wonder that Persons of such Fashion should resort hither! [By Edgworth.]

Edg. There is a very private House, Madam.

[The Cut-purse courts Mistress Little-wit:]

Lan. Will it please your Ladyship sit, Madam.

Win. Yes, Goodman. They do so all to be Madam me, I think they think me a very Lady!

Edg. What else, Madam?

Win. Must I put off my Mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How should my Husband know me then?

Kno.

Kno. Husband? an idle Vapour, he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true Vapour.

Just. Yea, I will observe more of this: Is this a *Lady*, Friend?

Whi. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, Shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me Twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have edder-oder on 'em.

Just. I? This will prove my chieftest Enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer Life, *Lady*, than to be clogg'd with a Husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow? in the Name o' the *Motion*?

Edg. By and by, *Madam*; they stay but for Company.

Kno. Do you hear, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious Vapours; when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for Master *Little-wit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his W.ife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poor thing.

Kno. Hang the *Author's* Wife, a running Vapour! here be Ladies will stay for ne'er a *Delia* o' 'em all.

Whi. But hear me now, here ish one o' de *Ladish* ashleep, stay till shee but wake, Man.

Waf. How now, Friends? what's here to do?

Fil. Two-pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion* in the Fair.

[*The Door-keepers* again.]

Waf. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my Money again, and beat you.

Win. *Numps* is come!

Waf. Did you see a Master of mine come in here, a tall young 'Squire of *Harrow o' the Hill*, Master *Bartholomew Cokes*?

Fil. I think there be such a one within.

Waf. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have been at the *Eagle*, and the *Black-Wolf*, and the *Bull* with the Five Legs and Two Pizzles: (He was a Calt at *Uxbridge-Fair* Two Years ago:;) And at the *Degs* that dance the *Morrice*, and the *Hair o' the Taber*; and mist him at all these!

Sure

Sure this must needs be some fine Sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Waf. Hoyday, he's at Work in his Doublet and Hose; Do you hear, Sir? Are you imploy'd, that you are bare-headed and so busy?

Cok. Hold your Peace, *Numps*; you have been in the Stocks, I hear.

Waf. Do's he know that? Nay, then the Date of my *Authority* is out; I must think no longer to reign, my Government is at an End. He that will correct another must want Fault in himself.

Win-w. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure Master *Little-wit* will not come; please you take your Place, Sir; we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine Ears long to be at it, and my Eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps*? Where's your Sword, *Numps*?

Waf. I pray you intend your Game, Sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: Did you see Mistress *Grace*? It's no matter neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of Love and Care he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were Tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. Gentiles, that no longer your Expectations may wander,

Behold our chief Actor, amorous *Leander*,
With a great deal of Cloth, lapp'd about him like a Scarf,
For he yet serves his Father, a *Dyer* at *Puddle-Warf*;
Which Place we'll make bold with, to call it our *Abidus*,
As the *Bank-side* is our *Sestos*; and let it not be deny'd us.
Now as he is beating, to make the Dye take the Fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair *Hero* in a Sculler;
And seeing *Leander's* naked Leg and goodly Catf,
Cast at him from the Loat a Sheep's Eye and an half.

Now

Now she is landed, and the Sculler come back,
By and by you shall see what *Leander* doth lack.

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

Lan. That is the Sculler's Name, without controul.

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. We do hear you.

Pup. L. Old Cole.

Lan. Old *Cole*? Is the *Dyer* turn'd *Collier*? how do you sell?

Pup. L. A Pox o' your Manners, kifs my Hole here, and smell.

Lan. Kifs your Hole and smell? there's Manners indeed.

Pup. L. Why, *Cole*, I say, *Cole*.

Lan. It's the Sculler you need.

Pup. L. I, and be hang'd.

Lan. Be hang'd; look you yonder.

Old *Cole*, you must go hang with Master *Leander*.

Pup. C. Where is he?

Pup. L. Here, *Cole*: What Fairest of Fairs,

Was that Fare that thou landest but now at *Trigs-Stairs*?

Cok. What was that Fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.

Lan. *Leander* do's ask, Sir, what Fairest of Fairs,

Was the Fare he landed but now at *Trigs-Stairs*?

Pup. C. It is lovely *Hero*.

Pup. L. *Nero*?

Pup. C. No, *Hero*.

Lan. It is *Hero*

Of the *Bank-side*, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,

Is come over into *Fish-street* to eat some fresh Herring.

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,

Gets on all his best Clothes, and will after to the *Swan*.

Cok. Most admirable good, is't not?

Lan. Stay, Sculler.

Pup. C. What say you?

Lan. You must stay for *Leander*,

And carry him to the Wench.

Pup. C. You Rogue, I am no *Pandar*.

Cok.

Cok. He says he is no *Pandar*. 'Tis a fine Language; I understand it now.

Lan. Are you no *Pandar*, Goodman *Cole*? Here's no Man says you are:

You'll grow a hot *Cole*, it seems, pray you stay for your Fare.

Pup. C. Will he come away?

Lan. What do you say?

Pup. C. I'd ha' him come away.

Lan. Would you ha' *Leander* come away? why, pray Sir, stay.

You are angry, Goodman *Cole*; I believe the fair Maid Came over with you a' trust: tell us, Sculler, are you paid.

Pup. C. Yes, Goodman *Hogrubber*, o' *Pickt-hatch*.

Lan. How? *Hogrubber* o' *Pickt-hatch*.

Pup. C. I, *Hogrubber* o' *Pickt-hatch*. Take you that.
[The Puppet strikes him over the Pate.]

Lan. O, my Head!

Pup. C. Harm watch, harm catch.

Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he says: Very good i' faith, the Sculler had like to have knock'd you, Sirrah.

Lan. Yes, but that his Fare call'd him away.

Pup. L. Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row, row, row.

Lan. You are knavishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you go.

Pup. C. Knave i' your Face, Goodman Rogue.

Pup. L. Row, row, row, row, row, row.

Cok. He said, Knave i' your Face, Friend.

Lan. I, Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these Water-men, they will have the last Word.

Cok. God's my Life! I am not allied to the Sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin* my Boy. But my Fiddle-stick do's fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my Sight more.

Lan. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.

Now, Genriles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, But that you have heard of a little God of Love call'd *Cupid*;

Who out of Kindness to *Leander*, hearing he but saw her, This present Day and Hour doth turn himself to a *Drawer*.

And

And because he would have their first Meeting to be merry;
He strikes *Hero* in love to him with a Pint of Sherry;
Which he tells her from amorous *Leander* is sent her,
Who after him into the Room of *Hero* doth venture.

[*Pup. Leander goes into Mistress Hero's Room.*]

Pup. Jo. A Pint of Sack, score a Pint of Sack i' the
Conney.

Cok. Sack? you said but e'en now it should be Sherry.

Pup. Jo. Why so it is; Sherry, Sherry, Sherry.

Cok. Sherry, Sherry, Sherry. By my Troth he makes
me merry. I must have a Name for *Cupid* too. Let me
see, thou might'st help me now; an' thou wouldest,
Numps, at a dead list; but thou art dreaming o' the Stocks
still. Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a Nine-
Day's Wonder, Man; let it not trouble thee.

Waf. I would the Stocks were about your Neck, Sir;
condition I hung by the Heels in them till the Wonder were
off from you, with all my Heart.

Cok. Well said, resolute *Numps*: But hark you, Friend,
where is the Friendship all this while between my Drum *Damon*,
and my Pipe *Pythias*?

Lan. You shall see by and by, Sir.

Cok. You think my Hobby-horse is forgotten too; no,
I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not know which to
love best else.

Kno. This Gallant has interrupting Vapours, trouble-
some Vapours; *Whit*, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, Captain, let him alone; he is a
Child i' faith, la.

Lan. Now Gentiles, to the Friends, who in Number
are Two,

And lodg'd in that Ale-house in which fair *Hero* do's do.

Damon (for some Kindness done him the last Week)
Is come, fair *Hero*, in *Fish-street*, this Morning to seek:
Pythias do's smell the Knavery of the Meeting,
And now you shall see their true friendly Greeting.

Pup. Pi. You Whore-masterly Slave, you.

Cok. Whore-masterly Slave you? very friendly and fa-
miliar, that.

Pup. Da. Whore-master i' thy Face,
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove't i' this Place.

Cok.

Cok. *Damon* says *Pythias* has lain with her himself, he'll prove't in this Place.

Lan. They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plain Case.

Pup. Pi. You lie like a Rogue.

Lan. Do I lie like a Rogue?

Pup. Pi. A Pimp and a Scab.

Lan. A Pimp and a Scab?

I say, between you, you have both but one Drab.

Pup. Da. You lie again.

Lan. Do I lie again?

Pup. Da. Like a Rogue again.

Lan. Like a Rogue again?

Pup. Pi. And you are a Pimp again.

Cok. And you are a Pimp again, he says.

Pup. Da. And a Scab again.

Cok. And a Scab again, he says.

Lan. And I say again, you are both Whore-masters again,

And you have both but one Drab again. [They fight.

Pup. Da. Pi. Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

Lan. What, both at once?

Pup. P. Down with him, *Damon*.

Pup. D. Pink his Guts, *Pythias*.

Lan. What, so malicious?

Will ye murder me, Masters both, in my own House?

Cok. Ho! well acted, my *Drum*, well acted, my *Pipe*, well acted still.

Waf. Well acted, with all my Heart.

Lan. Hold, hold your Hands.

Cok. I, both your Hands, for my Sake! for you have both done well.

Pup. D. Gramercy, pure *Pythias*.

Pup. P. Gramercy, dear *Damon*.

Cok. Gramercy to you both, my *Pipe* and my *Drum*.

Pup. P. D. Come, now we'll together to Breakfast to Hero.

Lan. 'Tis well you can now go to Breakfast to Hero.

You have given me my Breakfast, with a *hone* and *honero*.

Cok. How is't, Friend, ha' they hurt thee?

Lan. O no!

Between you and I, Sir, we do but make show.
Thus, Gentiles, you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt *Damon* and *Pythias* here, Friendship's true tryal.
Tho' hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,
They fight you no more than do's Brother with Brother.
But friendly together, at the next Man they meet,
They let fly their Anger, as here you might see't.

Cok. Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, what-soever thou seest. What's next? what's next?

Lan. This while young *Leander* with fair *Hero* is drinking,

And *Hero* grown drunk, to any Man's thinking!
Yet was it not three Pints of Sherry could flaw her,
Till *Cupid* distinguish'd like *Jonas* the *Drawer*,
From under his Apron, where his Lechery lurks,
Put Love in her Sack. Now mark how it works.

Pup. H. O *Leander*, *Leander*, my dear, my dear *Leander*,

I'll for ever be thy Goose, so thou'lt be my Gander.

Cok. Excellently well said, *Fiddle*, she'll ever be his Goose, so he'll be her Gander; was't not so?

Lan. Yes, Sir, but mark his answer now.

Pup. L. And sweetest of Geese, before I go to Bed,
I'll swim o'er the *Thames*, my Goose, thee to tread.

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the *Thames*, and tread his Goose to Night, he says.

Lan. I, peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their Match.

Pup. L. But lest the *Thames* should be dark, my Goose, my dear Friend,

Let thy Window be provided of a Candle's End.

Pup. H. Fear not, my Gander, I protest I should handle My Matters very ill, if I had not a whole Candle.

Pup. L. Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.

Lan. Now here come the Friends again, *Pythias* and *Damon*,

[*Damon and Pythias enter.*]

And under their Cloaks they have of Bacon a Gammon.

Pup. P. *Drawer*, fill some Wine here.

Lan. How, some Wine there?

There's Company already, Sir, pray forbear!

Pup.

Pup. D. 'Tis *Hero*.

Lan. Yes, but she will not be taken,
After Sack and Fresh-herring, with your *Dunmow*-bacoſi.

Pup. P. You lie, it's *Westſabian*.

Lan. *Westphalian* you ſhould ſay.

Pup. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcomb
I would ſay. [*Leander and Hero are kiſſing.*]

Pup. What's here, what's here? kiſs, kiſs, upon kiſs?

Lan. I, wherefore ſhould they not? what harm is in
this? 'tis Miſtreſs *Hero*.

Pup. D. Miſtreſs *Hero*'s a Whore.

Lan. Is ſhe a Whore? keep you quiet, or, Sir Knave,
out of Door.

Pup. D. Knave out of Door?

Pup. H. Yes, Knave out of Door.

Pup. D. Whore out of Door.

[*Here the Puppets
quarrel and fall
together by the
Ears.*]

Pup. H. I ſay, Knave out of Door.

Pup. D. I ſay, Whore out of Door.

Pup. P. Yea, ſo ſay I too.

Pup. H. Kiſs the Whore o' the Arſe.

Lan. Now you ha' ſomething to do:
You muſt kiſs her o' the Arſe, ſhe ſays.

Pup. D. P. So we will, ſo we will.

Pup. H. O my Haunches, O my Haunches, hold, hold.

Lan. Stand'ſt thou ſtill?

Leander, Where art thou? ſtand'ſt thou ſtill like a Sot,
And not offer'ſt to break both their Heads with a Pot?
See who's at thine Elbow there! Puppet *Jonas* and *Cu-*
pid;

Pup. I. Upon 'em; *Leander*, be not ſo ſtupid. [*They fight.*]

Pup. L. You Goat-bearded Slave!

Pup. D. You Whore-maſter Knave.

Pup. L. Thou art a Whore-maſter.

Pup. I. Whore-maſters all.

Lan. See, *Cupid* with a Word has taylor'd up the brawl.

Kno. Theſe be fine Vapours!

Cok. By this good Day they fight bravely! do they not;
Numps?

Waf. Yes, they lack'd but you to their Second all this
while.

Lan. This tragical Encounter falling out thus to busie
us,

It raises up the Ghost of their Friend *Dionysius*;
Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a School,
In a Scrivener's furr'd Gown, which shews he is no Fool.
For therein he hath Wit enough to keep himself warm.
O *Damon*, he cries, and *Pythias*, what harm
Hath poor *Dionysius* done you in his Grave,
That after his Death you shall fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous *Leander* Whore-master Knave?

Pup. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.

To them, Busy.

Bus. Down with *Dagon*, down with *Dagon*; 'tis I,
will no longer endure your Profanations.

Lan. What mean you, Sir?

Bus. I will remove *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idol*, that heathenish *Idol*, that remains (as I may say) a Beam, a very Beam, not a Beam of the *Sun*, nor a Beam of the *Moon*, nor a Beam of a Ballance, neither a House-Beam, nor a Weaver's Beam, but a Beam in the Eye, in the Eye of the Brethren; a very great Beam, an exceeding great Beam; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morrice-Dancers*, who have walked Hand in Hand, in contempt of the Brethren, and the Cause; and been born out by Instruments of no mean Countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is licens'd by Authority.

Bus. Thou art all *License*, even *Licentiousness* itself, *Shimei*!

Lan. I have the Master of the *Revell's* Hand for't, Sir.

Bus. The Master of *Rebells* Hand, thou hast *Satan's*! hold thy Peace, thy Scurrillity, shut up thy Mouth, thy Profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my Mouth wide and gaped, I have gaped as the Oyster for the Tide, after thy Destruction: but cannot compass it by Suit or Dispute; so that I look for a Bickering, ere long, and then a Battel.

Kno. Good *Banbury Vapours*,

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill Match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no Man o' the Fist, he has Friends that will go to Cuffs for him. *Numps*, will not you take our Side?

Edg.

Edg. Sir, it shall not need, in my Mind he offers him a fairer Course, to end it by Disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of thy Quality?

Lan. Faith Sir, I am not well studied in these Controversies, between the Hypocrites and us. But here's one of my Motion, *Puppet Dionysius*, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the Cause on't.

Cok. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

Lan. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-As of him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best Scholar of 'em all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your Word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my Spirit and Gifts known! assist me Zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a desperate, profane Wretch is this! is there any Ignorance or Impudence like his? to call his Zeal to fill him against a *Puppet*?

Qua. I know no fitter Match than a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

Bus. First, I say unto thee Idol, thou hast no *Calling*.

Pup. D. You lie, I am call'd *Dionysius*.

Lan. The *Motion* says, you lie, he is call'd *Dionysius* if the matter, and to that *Calling* he answers.

Bus. I mean no *Vocation*, *Idol*, no present lawful *Calling*.

Pup. D. Is yours a lawful *Calling*?

Lan. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawful *Calling*?

Bus. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

Pup. D. Then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*.

Lan. He says, then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*; for you call'd him *Idol*, and your *Calling* is of the Spirit.

Cok. Well disputed, Hobby-horse.

Bus. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant: He neigheth and hinnieth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idol* again; yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idol*.

Pup. D. It is not prophane.

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. It is not prophane.

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. It is not prophane.

Lan. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base Noise, Sir.

Bus. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the Chariot Wheels of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

Lan. As a Dog for a Bone.

Bus. And I say it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the Waiting-woman of *Vanity*.

Pup. D. Yea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?

Lan. Good.

Pup. Or Feather-makers iⁿ the *Fryers*, that are o' your Faction of Faith? Are not they, with their Perukes, and their Puffs, their Fans, and their Huffs, as much Pages of *Pride*, and Waiters upon *Vanity*? What say you? what say you? what say you?

Bus. I will not answer for them.

Pup. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a *Buggle-maker* a lawful *Calling*? or the *Confect-makers*? such you have there; or your *French Fashioner*? you'd have all the Sin within yourselves, would you not? would you not?

Bus. No, *Dagon*.

Pup. What then, *Dagonet*? is a Puppet worse than these?

Bus. Yes, and my main Argument against you is, that you are an *Abomination*; for the Male, among you, putteth on the Apparel of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the Male.

Pup. You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.

Cor. Good, by my Troth, he has given him the Lye thrice.

Pup. It is your old stale Argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we have neither *Male* nor *Female* amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind Zeal as thou art!

[The Puppet takes up his Garment.

Edg.

Edg. By my Faith, there he has answer'd you, Friend, by plain Demonstration.

Pup. Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a *Rabbin* of 'em all, that my Standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by Inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with Learning as he; and do scorn her Helps as much as he.

Bus. I am confuted, the *Cause* hath fail'd me.

Pup. Then be converted, be converted.

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play go on!

Bus. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a Beholder with you!

Cok. That's brave i' faith, thou hast carried it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

Just. Stay, now do I forbid; I am *Adam Overdo*! sit still, I charge you. [*The Justice discovers himself.*]

Cok. What, my Brother i' Law!

Gra. My wise Guardian!

Edg. Justice *Overdo*!

Just. It is time to take Enormity by the Forehead, and brand it; for I have discover'd enough.

To them, *Quarlous*, (like the Madman;) *Purecraft*; (a while after) *John*: To them, *Trouble-all*, *Ursla*, *Night-ingle*.

Quar. Nay come, Mistress Bride, you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in Truth, I have here *Justice Overdo* for it.

Just. Peace, good *Trouble-all*, come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your Friend too; you also, young Man, shall be my care; stand there. [*To the Cut-purse, and Mrs. Little-wit.*]

Edg. Now, Mercy upon me.

Kno. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous Vapours, best fall off with our Birds for fear o' the Cage.

[*The rest are stealing away.*]

Just. Stay, is not my Name your Terror?

Whi. Yesh faith Man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, Man.

Joh. O Gentlemen! did you not see a Wife of mine? I ha' lost my little Wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*. I left her at the great Woman's House in trust yonder, the Pig-woman's, with Captain *Jordan*, and Cap-

Captain *Whit*, very good Men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor Fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*.

Just. If this grave Matron be your Mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito, compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a Wife for you, anon. Brother *Bartholomew*, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a *Disciple* of Enormity, with your grave Governor *Humphrey*: But stand you both there; in the middle Place; I will reprehend you in your Course. Mistress *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the Hands of the Stranger.

Win-w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a Kinsman of hers.

Just. Are you so? of what Name, Sir?

Win-w. *Win-wife*, Sir.

Just. Master *Win-wife*? I hope you have won no Wife of her, Sir: If you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my Enormities: Look upon me, O *London*! and see me, O *Smithfield*! the Example of *Justice*, and *Mirrou* of *Magistrates*; the true top of Formality, and Scourge of Enormity. Harken unto my *Labours*, and but observe my *Discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or our Country-man *Drake* of later Times: Stand forth you Weeds of Enormity, and spread. [To *Busy*.] First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunatical* Hypocrite: [To *Lantern*.] Next, thou other Extremity, thou prophane Professor of *Puppetry*, little better than *Poetry*: [To the *Horse-courser*, and *Cut-purse*.] Then thou strong Debaucher and Seducer of Youth, witness this easie and honest young Man: [To *Captain Whit*, and *Mistress Littlewit*.] Now thou *Esquire* of *Dames*, *Madams*, and *Twelve-penny Ladies*: Now my green *Madam* herself, of the Price; let me unmask your *Ladyship*.

Job. O my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!

Just. Is she your Wife? *Reddite Harpocartem!*

Enter Trouble-all.

Trou. By your leave, stand by my Masters, be uncovered.

Urf. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, *Nightingale*; my Pan, my Pan.

Just. What's the matter?

Nig.

Nig. He has stoln Gammar *Ursla*'s Pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no Man but *Justice Overdo*.

Just. *Ursla*? where is she? O the Sow ot Enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, Songster, there.

[*To Ursla and Nightingale.*

Urf. An' please your Worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his Gown, and his Hat; and he ran away with my Goods here for it.

Just. Then this is the true Mad-man, and you are the Enormity! [*To Quarlous.*

Qua. You are i' the right; I am mad, but from the Gown outward.

Just. Stand you there.

Qua. Where you please, Sir.

Over. O lend me a Bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's Mr. *Overdo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

[*Mrs. Overdo is sick, and her Husband is silenc'd.*

Just. How?

Whi. Dy very own Wife, i' fait, worshipful *Adam*.

Over. Will not my *Adam* come at me? Shall I see him no more then?

Qua. Sir, why do you not go on with the Enormity? Are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: Hark you, Sir, i' your Ear; your *Innocent Young Man*, you have ta'en such care of all this Day, is a *Cut-purse*, that hath got all your Brother *Cokes*'s Things, and help'd you to your Beating, and the Stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* Wit, you may: But I should think it were better recovering the Goods, and to save your Estimation in him. I thank you, Sir, for the Gift of your *Ward*, *Mrs. Grace*: Look you, here is your Hand and Seal, by the way. Mr. *Win-wife* give you Joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possesst o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me Value, here's Warrant for it. And, honest Mad-man, there's thy Gown and Cap again; I thank thee for my Wife. [*To the Widow.*] Nay, I can be mad, Sweet-heart, when I please still; never fear me: And careful *Numps*, where's he? I thank him for my Licence.

Waf. How!

[*Wafpe misseth the Licence.*

Qua. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

Waf. I'll be hang'd then.

Qua.

Qua. Look i' your Box, *Numps*; nay, Sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a Stake in *Finsbury*, to be shot at, or the Whipping-Post i' the *Fair*, but get your Wife out o' the Air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh and Blood! you have your frailty, forget your other Name of *Overdo*, and invite us all to Supper. There you and I will compare our *Discoveries*; and drown the Memory of all Enormity in your biggest Bowl at home.

Cok. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the Stocks: Why dost not speak?

Was. I will never speak while I live again, for ought I know.

Just. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant-conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my Judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick Friend, Mistress *Alice*, and my good Friends all——

Qua. And no Enormities.

Just. I invite you home with me to my House to Supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my Intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad edificandum, non ad diruendum*: So lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, we'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.



T H E

EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seen the Play, and you
Can best allow it from your Ear and View.
You know the Scope of Writers, and what Store
Of Leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into Licence: You can tell
If we have us'd that Leave you gave us, well:
Or whether we to Rage or Licence break,
Or be prophane, or make prophane Men speak:
This is your Power to judge (Great Sir) and not
The Envy of a few, which if we have got,
We value less what their Dislike can bring,
If it so happy bet' have pleas'd the King.

S E J A N U S

H I S

F A L L

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S.

*Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque
Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit. Mart.*

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T H E

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T O T H E
No less Noble by V I R T U E than
B L O O D.

Esme Lord Aubigny.

My L O R D,

I F ever any Ruin were so great as to
Survive, I think this to be one I
send you, *The FALL of SEJANUS*.
It is a Poem, that (if I well remember)
in Your Lordship's Sight suffered no less
Violence from our People here, than the
Subject of it did from the Rage of the
People of *Rome*; but with a different Fate,
as (I hope) Merit: For this hath out-liv'd
their Malice, and begot it self a greater
Favour than he lost, the Love of Good
Men. Amongst whom, if I make Your
Lordship the first it thanks, it is not with-
out a just Confession of the Bond Your Be-
nefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

Your Lordship's most Faithful Honourer,



THE ARGUMENT.



ÆLIUS Sejanus, Son to Seius Strabo, a Gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulturnum, after his long Service in Court, first, under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that Favour with the latter, and won him by those Arts, as there wanted nothing but the Name to make him a Co-partner of the Empire. Which Greatness of his, Drusus, the Emperor's Son, not brooking, after many smother'd Dislikes (it one Day breaking out) the Prince struck him pullickly on the Face. To revenge which Disgrace, Livia, the Wife of Drusus, (being before corrupted by him to her Dishonour, and the Discovery of her Husband's Counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her Physician called Eudemus, and one Lygdus an Eunuch, to poyson Drusus. This their inhuman Act having successful and unsuspected Passage, it emboldneth Sejanus to further and more insolent Projects, even the Ambition of the Empire; where finding the Lets he must Encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the Issue of Germanicus, (who were next in hope for the Succession) he deviseth to make Tiberius self, his Means, and instils into his Ears many Doubts and Suspicions, both against the Princes, and their Mother Agrippina; which Cæsar jealousy hearkning to, as covetously consenteth to their Ruin, and their Friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his

The Argument.

his Design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh (with all his Inigne) to remove Tiberius from the Knowledge of publick Business, with Allurements of a quiet and retired Life; the latter of which, Tiberius (out of a Proneness to Lust, and a Desire to hide those unnatural Pleasures, which he could not so publickly Practise) embraceth: The former enkindleth his Fears, and there gives him first Cause of Doubt or Suspect towards Sejanus: Against whom he raiseth (in Private) a new Instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's Counsels, his Means, his Ends, sounds the Affections of the Senators, divides, distracts them: At last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure, (with Pretext of doing him an unwonted Honour in the Senate) betrays him from his Guards, and with a long doubtful Letter, in one Day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in Pieces, by the Rage of the People.



The PERSONS of the PLAY.

TIBERIUS.

Drusus, *Senior.*
Nero.
Drusus, *Junior.*
Caligula.
Arruntius.
Silius.
Sabinus.
Lepidus.
Cordus.
Gallus.
Regulus.
Terentius.
Laco.
Eudemus.
Rufus.

Sejanus.
Latianis.
Varro.
Macro.
Cotta.
Afer.
Haterius.
Samquinius.
Pomponius.
Posthumus.
Trio.
Minutius.
Satrius.
Natta.
Opfius.

TRIBUNI.

Aggrippina. { Livia.
Sofia.

Præcones.
Flamen.
Tubicines.
Nuntius.

Lictores.
Ministri.
Tibicines.
Servus.

The SCENE, ROME.

The Principal TRAGÆDIANS were

Rich. Burbadge.
Aug. Philips.
Will. Sly.
Joh. Lowin.

Will. Shakespear.
Joh. Hemings.
Hen. Condel.
Alex. Cooke.

SEJANUS.



SEJANUS.

ACT I.

*Sabinus, Silius, Natta, Latiaris, Cordus, Satrius, Ar-
runtius, Eudemus, Haterius, &c.*

HAIL, Caius Silius.
Sil. Titus, Sabinus, Hail.
You're rarely met in Court!

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true : Indeed, this place is not our Sphere.

Sab. No Silius, we are no good Ingeniers.

We want their fine Arts, and their thriving use,
Should make us grac'd, or favour'd of the times :
We have no shift of Faces, no cleft Tongues,
No soft and glutinous Bodies, that can stick,
Like Snails, or painted Walls ; or, on our Breasts,
Creep up, to fall, from that proud height, to which
We did by Slavery, not by Service climb.
We are no guilty Men, and then no Great ;
We have no Place in Court, Office in State,
That we can say, we owe unto our Crimes :
We burn with no black Secrets, which can make
Us dear to the pale Authors ; or live fear'd
Of their still waking Jealousies, to raise
Our selves a Fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the Lines, that do advance

To that so courted Point. *Sil.* But yonder lean
A Pair that do. (*Sab.* Good Cousin *Latiaris.*)

Sil. *Satrius Secundus*, and *Pinnarius Natta*,

The great *Sejanus* Clients: There be two,
Know more than honest Counsels: Whose close Breasts;
Were they ript up to Light, it would be found
A poor and idle Sin, to which their Trunks
Had not been made fit Organs. These can lye,
Flatter, and swear, forswear, deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray; make guilty Men; then beg
The forfeit Lives, to get their Livings; cut
Mens Throats with Whisperings; sell to gaping Sutors
The empty Smoke, that flies about the Palace;
Laugh when their Patron laughs; sweat when he sweats;
Be hot and cold with him; change every Mood,
Habit, and Garb, as often as he varies;
Observe him, as his Watch observes his Clock;
And true, as Turkile in the dear Lord's Rings,
Look well, or ill with him: Ready to praise
His Lorship, if he spit, or but piss fair,
Have an indifferent Stool, or break Wind well;
Nothing can 'scape their Catch. *Sab.* Alas! These things
Deserve no note, confer'd with other vile,
And filthier Flatterers, that Corrupt the Times:
When, not alone our Gentries chief are fain
To make their Safety from such sordid Acts,
But all our *Consuls*, and no little part
Of such as have been *Prætors*, yea, the most
Of *Senators* (that else not use their Voices) *Pedarii*.
Start up in publick *Senate*. and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and base;
So much, as oft *Tiberius* hath been heard,
Leaving the Court, to cry, O race of Men,
Prepar'd for Servitude! which shew'd, that he,
Who least the publick Liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat Servility.

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our Riots, Pride, and civil Hate,
Have so provok'd the Justice of the Gods.
We, that (within these four score Years) were born
Free: equal Lords of the triumphed World,

And

And knew no Masters, but Affections;
To which betraying first our Liberties,
We since became the Slaves to one Man's Lusts;
And now to many: Every ministring Spy
That will accuse, and swear, is Lord of you,
Of me, of all our Fortunes, and our Lives.
Our Looks are call'd to Question, and our Words;
How innocent soever, are made Crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our Dreams,
Or think, but 'twill be Treason. *Sab.* " Tyrants Arts
" Are to give Flatterers, grace; Accusers, power;
" That those may seem to kill whom they devour,
Now good *Cremutius Cordus*.

Cor. Hail to your Lordship.

Nat. Who's that salutes your Cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one *Cordus*.

[*They whisper.*]

A Gentleman of *Rome*: one, that has writ
Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals? of what Times? *Lat.* I think of *Pompey's*.

And *Caius Caesar's*; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands h' affected to the present State?

Is he or *Drusian*? or *Germanican*?

Or ours? or Neutral? *Lat.* I know him not so far.

Nat. Those Times are somewhat queasie to be toucht,
Have you or seen or heard part of his Work?

Lat. Not I; he means they shall be publick shortly.

Nat. O, *Cordus* do you call him?

Lat. I *Sab.* But these our Times

Are not the same, *Arruntius*. *Arr.* Times? the Men,

The Men are not the same: 'tis we are base,

Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain

Of our great Fathers. Where is now the Soul

Of God-like *Caro*? he, that durst be good,

When *Caesar* durst be evil; and had Power,

As not to live his Slave, to die his Master.

Or where's the constant *Brutus*? that (being Proof

Against all Charm of Benefits) did strike

So brave a Blow into the Monster's Heart

That sought unkindly to captive his Country?

O, they are fled the Light. Those mighty Spirits

Lie rak'd up, with their Ashes in their Urns,
 And not a Spark of their eternal Fire
 Glows in a present Bosom. All's but Blaze,
 Flashes, and Smoke, wherewith we labour so,
 There's nothing *Roman* in us; nothing Good,
 Gallant, or Great: 'Tis true, that *Cordus* says,
Brave Cassius was the last of all that Race.

[*Drusus passeth by.*]

Sab. Stand by, Lord *Drusus*.

Hat. Th' Emperor's Son, give Place.

Sil. I like the Prince well. *Arr.* A riotous Youth.
 There's little Hope of him. *Sab.* That Fault his Age
 Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
 Himself, each Day, more nobly than other:
 And wins no lets on Mens Affections,
 Than doth his Father lose. Believe me, I love him;
 And chiefly for opposing to *Sejanus*.

Sil. And I, for gracing his young Kinsmen so,
 The Sons of Prince *Germanicus*: It shews
 A gallant Cleerness in him, a straight Mind,
 That envies not, in them, their Father's Name.

Arr. His Name was while he liv'd, above all Envy;
 And being dead, without it. O, that Man!
 If there were Seeds of the old Virtue left,
 They liv'd in him. *Sil.* He had the Fruits, *Arruntius*,
 More than the Seeds: *Sabinus*, and my self
 Had means to know him, within; and can report him,
 We were his Followers, (he would call us Friends.)
 He was a Man most like to Virtue; in all,
 And every Action, nearer to the Gods,
 Than Men, in Nature; of a Body as fair
 As was his Mind; and no less reverend
 In Face, than Fame: He could so use his State,
 Temp'ring his Greatness, with his Gravity,
 As it avoided all self-love in him,
 And spight in others. What his Funerals lack'd
 In Imag's, and Pomp, they had supply'd
 With honourable Sorrow, Soldiers Sadness,
 A kind of silent Mourning, such, as Men
 (Who know no Tears, but from their Captives) use
 To shew in so great Losses. *Cor.* I thought once,

Con.

Considering their Forms, Age, manner of Deaths,
The nearness of the Places, where they fell,
T' have parallel'd him with great *Alexander*:
For both were of best Feature, of high Race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign Lands,
By their own People, alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his Death, how you might wrest it:
But, for his Life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken *Macedon's*, as mine
Doth with my Bond-man's. All the Good, in him,
(His Valour, and his Fortune) he made his;
But he had other Touches of late *Romans*,
That more did speak him: *Pompey's* Dignity,
The Innocence of *Cato*, *Cesar's* Spirit,
Wife *Brutus* Temp'rance; and every Virtue,
Which parted unto others, gave them Name,
Flow'd mix'd in him. He was the Soul of Goodness:
And all our Praises of him are like Streams
Drawn from a Spring, that still rise full, and leave
The Part remaining greatest. *Arr.* I am sure
He was too great for us, and that they knew
Who did remove him hence. *Sab.* When Men grow fast
Honour'd, and lov'd, there is a Trick in State
(Which jealous Princes never fail to use)
How to decline that Growth, with fair Pretext,
And honourable Colours of Employment,
Either by Embassy, the War, or such,
To shift them forth into another Air,
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he:
And had his Seconds there, sent by *Tiberius*,
And his more subtle Dam, to discontent him;
To breed and cherish Mutinies; detract
His greatest Actions; give au lacious Check
To his Commands; and work to put him out
In open Act of Treason. All which Snares
When his wise Cares prevented, a fine Poyson
Was thought on, to mature their Practices.

Cor. Here comes *Sejanus*. *Sil.* Now observe the Stoops,
The Bendings, and the Falls. *Arr.* Most creeping base!

Sejanus,

Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c. [They pass over the Stage.]

I note 'em well: No more. Say you. *Sat.* My Lord, There is a Gentleman of *Rome* would buy—

Sej. How call you him you talk'd with?

Sat. 'Please your Lordship, it is *Eudemus*, the Physician To *Livia*, *Drusus's* Wife. *Sej.* On with your Sure.

Would buy, you said—*Sat.* A *Tribune's* Place, my Lord.

Sej. What will he give? *Sat.* Fifty *Sestertia*.

Sej. *Livia's* Physician, say you, is that Fellow?

Sat. It is, my Lord, your Lordship's Answer,

Sej. To what?

Sat. The Place, my Lord. 'Tis for a Gentleman, Your Lordship will well like of, when you see him;

And one, you make yours, by the Grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring Money, and his Name.

Sat. 'Thank your Lordship. He shall, my Lord.

Sej. Come hither.

Know you this same *Eudemus*? Is he learn'd?

Sat. Reputed so, my Lord, and of deep Practice.

Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the Gallery;

And take you Cause to leave us there together:

I would confer with him, about a Grief.—On.

Arr. So, yet! another? yet? O desperate State—

Of grov'ling Honour! See'st thou this, O Son,

And do we see thee after? Methinks, Day

Should lose his Light, when Men do lose their Shames,

And for the empty Circumstance of Life,

Betray their Cause of Living. *Sil.* Nothing so.

Sejanus can repair, if *Jove* should ruin.

He is the now Court-god; and well applied

With Sacrifice of Knees, of Crooks and Cringe;

He will do more than all the House of Heav'n

Can, for a thousand *Hecatombs*. 'Tis he

Makes us our Day, or Night; Hell, and *Elysium*

Are in his Look: We talk of *Rhadamanth*,

Furies, and Firebrands; but 'tis his Frown

That is all these; where, on the adverse Part,

His Smile is more, than e'er (yet) *Poets* feign'd

Of Bliss, and Shades *Nectar*—*Arr.* A serving Boy;

I knew him, at *Caius Trencher*, when for Hire,

He

He prostituted his abused Body
To that great Gormond, fat *Apicius* :
And was the noted *Pathick* of the Time.

Sab. And, now, the second Face of the whole World,
The Partner of the Empire, hath his Image
Rear'd equal with *Tiberius*, born in Ensigns,
Commands, disposes every Dignity,
Centurions, *Tribunes*, Heads of *Provinces*,
Prators, and *Consuls*; all that heretofore
Rome's general Suffrage gave, is now his Sale.
The Gain, or rather Spoil, of all the Earth,
One, and his House, receives. *Sil.* He hath of late
Made him a Strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the *Pratorian* Bands into one Camp,
Which he commands: pretending that the Soldier
By living loose, and scattered, fell to Riot;
And that if any sudden Enterprize
Should be attempted, their united Strength
Would be far more than sever'd; and their Life
More strict, if from the City more remov'd.

Sab. Where, now, he builds, what kind of Forts he
please,
Is hard to court the Soldier, by his Name,
Wooes, feasts the chiefest Men of Action,
Whose Wants, not Loves, compel them to be his,
And tho' he ne'er were liberal by Kind,
Yet, to his own dark Ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his Ambition. *Arr.* Yet, hath he Ambition?
Is there that Step in State can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but Emp'ror. *Arr.* The Name *Tiberius*
I hope, will keep; how e'er he hath foregone
The Dignity and Power. *Sil.* Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to *Drusus*. Should he fail,
To the brave Issue of *Germanicus*;
And they are three: Too many (ha?) for him
To have a Plot upon? *Sab.* I do not know
The Heart of his Designs; but, sure, their Face
Looks farther than the present. *Arr.* By the Gods,
If I could guess he had but such a Thought.

My

My Sword should cleave him down from Head to Heart;
 But I would find it out: and with my Hand
 I'd hurl his panting Brain about the Air,
 In Mites; as small as *Atomes*, to undo
 The knotted Bed — *Sab.* You're observ'd *Arruntius*.

Arr. Death! I dare to tell him so; and all his Spies:

[*He turns to Sejanus' Clyents.*]

You, Sir, I would, do you look? and you.

Sab. Forbear.

Satrius, Eudemus, Sejanus.

Here he will instant be: Let's walk a Turn;
 You're in a Muse, *Eudemus*? *End.* Not I, Sir.
 I wonder he should mark me out so! Well,
Jove and *Apollo* form it for the best.

Sat. Your Fortune's made unto you now, *Eudemus*;
 If you can but lay hold upon the Means;
 Do but observe his Humour, and — believe it —
 He's the noblest *Roman*, where he takes —

Here comes his Lordship. *Sej.* Now, good *Satrius*.

Sat. This is the Gentleman, my Lord. *Sej.* Is this?
 Give me your Hand, we must be more acquainted.
 Report, Sir, hath spoken out your Art and Learning;
 And I am glad I have so needful Cause;
 (However in it self painful and hard)

To make me known to so great Virtue. Look,
 Who's that? *Satrius* — I have a Grief, Sir,

That will desire your help. Your Name's *Eudemus*?

End. Yes. *Sej.* Sir? *End.* It is, my Lord. *Sej.* I hear
 you are

Physician to *Livia*, the Princess?

End. I Minister unto her, my good Lord.

Sej. You Minister to a Royal Lady then.

End. She is, my Lord, and Fair. *Sej.* That's understood

Of all their Sex, who are or would be so;
 And those that would be, Physick soon can make 'em:
 For those that are, their Beauties fear no Colours.

End. Your Lordship is conceited. *Sej.* Sir, you know it.
 And can (if need be) read a learned Lecture,
 On this, and other Secrets. Pray you tell me,
 What more of Ladies, besides *Livia*,

Have

Have you your Patients? *End.* Many, my good Lord.
The great *Augusta*, *Urgulania*,
Mutilia Prisca, and *Plancina*; divers—

Sej. And, all these tell you the Particulars
Of every several Grief? How first it grew,
And then increas'd, what Action caused that;
What Passion that: And answer to each Point
That you will put 'em. *End.* Else, my Lord, we know
not

How to Prescribe the Remedies. *Sej.* Go to,
You're a subtle Nation, you Physicians!
And grown the only Cabinets in Court,
To Ladies Privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant Lady in her Physick?
Come, you are Modest now. *End.* 'Tis fit, my Lord.

Sej. Why, Sir, I do not ask you of their Urines,
Whose Smells most Violet? or whose Seige is best?
Or who makes hardest Faces on her Stool?
Which Lady sleeps with her own Face a Nights?
Which puts her Teeth-off, with her Clothes in Court?
Or, which her Hair? Which her Complexion?
And, in which Box she puts it? These were Questions
That might, perhaps, have put your Gravity
To some Defence of Blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the Wittiest? Merriest? Wantonest?
Harmless Interrogatories, but Conceits.

Methinks, *Augusta* should be most perverse,
And forward in her Fit? *End.* She's so, my Lord.

Sej. I knew it. And *Mutilia* the most jocund.

End. 'Tis very true, my Lord. *Sej.* And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what's *Livia*?
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange Thoughts, when she's at Leisure?
She tells 'em all to you. *End.* My nob'est Lord,
He breathes not in the Empire, or on Earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
(In any Act, that may preserve mine Honour)
Before your Lordship. *Sej.* Sir, you can lose no Honour,
By trusting ought to me. The coursest Act
Done to my Service, I can so requite,
As all the World shall stile it Honourable:

" Your

" Your idle Virtuous Definitions

" Keep Honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain:

" Those Deeds breath Honour that do suck in Gain.

End. But, good my Lord, if I should thus betray
The Counsels of my Patient, and a Lady
Of her high Place and Worth; what might your Lord-
ship,

(Who presently are to trust me with your own)

Judge of my Faith? *Sej.* Only the best I swear.

Say now that I should utter you my Grief?

And with it the true Cause; that it were Love,

And Love to *Livia*; you should tell her this?

Should she suspect your Faith? I would you could

Tell me as much from her; see if my Brain

Could be turn'd jealous. *End.* Happily, my Lord,

I could, in time, tell you as much and more;

So I might safely promise but the first

To her, from you. *Sej.* As safely, my *Eudemus*,

(I now dare call thee so) as I have put

The Secret into thee. *End.* My Lord — *Sej.* Protest not.

Thy Looks are Vows to me, use only Speed,

And but affect her with *Sejanus's* Love,

Thou art a Man, made to make *Consuls*. Go.

End. My Lord, I'll promise you a private Meeting

This Day together. *Sej.* Canst thou? *End.* Yes. *Sej.*
The Place?

End. My Gardens, whither I shall fetch your Lordship.

Sej. Let me adore my *Æsculapius*.

Why, this indeed is Physick! And out-speaks

The Knowledge of cheap Drugs, or any use

Can be made out of it! More comforting

Than all your *Opiates*, *Fuleps*, *Apozemes*,

Magistral *Syrups*, or — Be gone my Friend

Not barely stiled, but created so;

Expect things greater than thy largest Hopes,

To overtake thee: Fortune shall be taught

To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus long,

To come behind thy Wishes. Go, and speed.

" Ambition makes more trusty Slaves than Need.

These Fellows, by the Favour of their Art,

Have still the Means to tempt; oft-times the Power.

If *Livia* will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the Way, *Sejanus*, to work out
His Secrets, who (thou know'st) endures thee not,
Her Husband *Drusus*: And to work against them,
Prosper it, *Pallas*, thou that betterest Wit;
For *Venus* hath the smallest Share in it.

Tiberius, Sejanus, Drusus.

[One kneels to him.]

We not endure these Flatteries let him stand;
Our Empire, Ensigns, Axes, Rods and State
Take not away our human Nature from us:
Look up, on us, and fall before the Gods,

Sej. How like a God speaks *Cesar*! *Arr.* There ob-
serve!

He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud Slime will not believe
Of his own Worth, to hear it equal prais'd
Thus with the Gods? *Cor.* He did not hear it, Sir?

Arr. He did not. Tut, he must not, we think meanly.
'Tis your most courtly known Confederacy,
To have your private Parasite redeem:
What he in publick Subtily will lose
To making him a Name. *Hat.* Right Mighty Lord—

Tib. We must make up our Ears 'gainst these Assaults
Of charming Tongues; we pray you use no more
These Contumelies to us; stile not us
Or Lord, or Mighty, who profess our self
The Servant of the Senate, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring Lords.

Cor. Rarely dissembled. *Arr.* Prince-like to the Life.

Sab. When Power, that may command, so much de-
scends.

' Their Bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

Tib. Whence are these Letters? *Hat.* From the Senate.

Tib. So.

Whence these? *Lat.* From thence too. *Tib.* Are they
sitting now?

Lat. They stay thy Answer, *Cesar.* *Sil.* If this Man
Had but a Mind allied unto his Words,
How blest a Fate were it to us, and *Rome*?
We could not think that State for which to change,

Although.

Although the Aim were our old Liberty :
 The Ghosts of those that tell for that, would grieve
 Their Bodies liv'd not, now, again to serve.
 " Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall-
 " Beneath a virtuous Prince. Wish'd Liberty
 " Ne're lovelier Looks, than under such a Crown;
 But, when his Grace is meerly but Lip-good,
 And that no longer than he Aïrs himself
 Abroad in publick, there, to seem to shun
 The Stroakes and Stripes of Flaterers, which within
 Are Léchery unto him, and so feed
 His brutish Sense with their afflicting Sound,
 As (dead to Virtue) he permits himself
 Be carried like a Pitcher by the Ears,
 To every Act of Vice: This is a Case
 Deserves our Fear, and doth presage the night
 And close approach of Blood and Tyranny.
 " Flattery is Mid-wife unto Princes rage:
 " And nothing sooner, doth help forth a Tyrant,
 " Then that, and Whisperers grace, who have the Time;
 " The Place, the Power, to make all Men Offenders.
Arr. He should be told this; and be bid dissemble
 With Fools and blind Men: We that know the Evil,
 Should hunt the Palace-rats, or give them Eane;
 Fright hence these worse than Ravens, that devour
 The quick, where they but prey upon the Dead:
 He shall be told it. *Sab.* Stay *Arruntius*,
 We must abide our Opportunity:
 And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
 " It is not safe t' enforce a Sovereign's Ear:
 " Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.
Arr. Ha? Say you so, well. In the mean time, *Jove*,
 (Say not, but I do call upon thee now,)
 Of all wild Beasts preserve me from a Tyrant;
 And of all tame, a Flatterer. *Sib.* 'Tis well pray'd.
Tib. Return the Lords this Voice, we are their Crea-
 ture,
 And it is fit, a good and honest Prince,
 Whom they out of their Bounty have instructed
 With so dilate and absolute a Power,
 Should owe the Office of it to their Service,

And

And good of all and every Citizen.
 Nor shall it e're repent us to have wish'd
 The Senate just, and fav'ring Lords unto us;
 " Since their free loves do yield no less Defence
 " T' a Princes State, than his own Innocence.
 Say then, there can be nothing in their Thought
 Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;
 Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay
 Behind their Wills: 'Tis Empire, to obey,
 Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.
 Yet, for the Suit of *Spain*, t' erect a Temple
 In honour of our Mother and our self,
 We must (with Pardon of the Senate) not
 Assent thereto. Their Lordships may object
 Our not denying the same late Request
 Unto the *Asian* Cities; We desire
 That our Defence for suffering that be known
 In these brief Reasons; with our after purpose.
 Since deified *Augustus* hindred not
 A Temple to be built at *Pergamum*.
 In honour of himself and sacred *Rome*;
 We, that have all his Deeds and Words observ'd
 Ever, in Place of Laws, the rather follow'd
 That pleasing President, because with ours,
 The Senates reverence also, there, was join'd.
 But, as t' have once receiv'd it, may deserve
 The gain of Pardon: so, to be ador'd
 With the continued stile, and note of Gods,
 Through all the *Provinces*, were wild Ambition;
 And no less Pride: Yea even *Augustus's* Name
 Wo uld early vanish, should it be prophan'd
 With such promiscuous Flatteries. For our Part,
 We here protest it, and are covetous
 Posterity should know it, we are mortal:
 And can but Deeds of Men: 'Twere Glory enough;
 Could we be truly a Prince. And, they shall add
 Abounding Grace unto our Memory,
 That shall report us worthy our Fore-fathers,
 Careful of your Affairs, constant in Dangers,
 And not afraid of any private Frown
 For publick good. These things shall be to us
 Temples, and Statues, reared in our Minds,

The

The fairest, and most during Imag'ry:
 For those of Stone, or Brasse, if they become
 Odious in Judgment of Posterity,
 Are more contemn'd as dying Sepulchres,
 Than tane for living Monuments. We then
 Make here our sute, alike to Gods and Men,
 The one, until the Period of our Race,
 T' inspire us with a free and quiet Mind,
 Discerning both divine and human Laws;
 The other, to vouchsafe us after Death,
 An honourable Mention, and fair Praise,
 T' accompany our Actions and our Name:
 The rest of greatness Princes may command;
 And (therefore) may neglect; only, a long,
 A lasting, high, and happy Memory
 They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
 Contempt of Fame, begets contempt of Virtue.

Nat. Rare! *Sat.* Most divine: *Sej.* The Cracles are
 ceas'd,

That only *Cesar*, with their Tongue might speak.

Arr. Let me be gone, most felt, and open this!

Cor. Stay. *Arr.* What, to hear more cunning, and fine
 Words,

With their Sound flatter'd, e're their Sense be meant?

Tib. Their choice of *Antium*, there to place the Gift
 Vow'd to the Goddess for our Mothers Health,

We will the *Senate* know, we fairly like;

Fortuna
equestris.

As also of their Grant to *Lepidus*,

For his repairing the *Æmilian* Place,

And restauration of those Monuments:

Their grace too in confining of *Silanus*,

To th' other Isle *Cithera*; and the sute

Of his Religious Sister, much commends

Their Policy, so temp'red with their Mercy.

But for the Honours which they have decreed:

To our *Sejanus*, to advance his Statue

In *Pompey's* Theatre (whose ruining Fire

His Vigilance, and Labour kept restrain'd

In that one Loss) they have therein out-gone

Their own great Wisdoms, by their skilful Choic e,

And placing of their Bounties on a Man,

Whose Merit more adorns the Dignity,

That

Than that can him : And gives a Benefit,
 In taking, greater than it can receive.
 Blush not, *Sejanus*, thou great Aid of *Rome*,
 Associate of our Labours, our chief Helper;
 Let us not force thy simple Modesty
 With offering at thy Praise, for more we cannot;
 Since there's no Voice can take it. No Man here,
 Receive our Speeches as *Hyberboles* :
 For we are far from flattering our Friend,
 (Let Envy know) as from the need to flatter.
 Nor let them ask the Causes of our Praise;
 Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves;
 Above the poor low flats of common Men;
 And, who will search the Reasons of their Acts,
 Must stand on equal Bases. Lead away.
 Our Loves unto the Senate. *Arr. Caesar. Sab. Peace.*

Cor. Great *Pompey's* Theatre was never ruin'd
 Till now, that proud *Sejanus* hath a Statue
 Reard on his Ashes. *Arr.* Place the Shame of *Soldiers*
 Above the best of *Generals*? crack the World!
 And bruise the Name of *Romans* into Dust,
 E're we behold it! *Sil.* Check your Passion;
 Lord *Drusus* tarries. *Dru.* Is my Father mad?
 Weary of Life, and Rule, Lords? thus to heave
 An Idol up with Praise! Make him his Mate!
 His Rival in the Empire! *Arr.* O, good Prince.

Dru. Allow him Statues, Titles, Honours, such,
 As he himself refuseth? *Arr.* Brave, brave *Drusus*!

Dru. The first ascents to Sovereignty are hard;
 But entred once there never Wants or Means,
 Or Ministers, to help th' Aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant *Drusus*. *Dru.* We must shortly
 pray

To Modesty, that he will rest contented——

Arr. I. where he is, and not write Emperor.

Sejanus, Drusus, Arruntius, &c.

*He enters, fol-
 low'd with
 Clients.*

There is your Bill, and yours; Bring you your Man:
 I have mov'd for you, too, *Latiaris*. *Dru.* What?
 Is your vast Greatness grown so blindly bold,
 That you will over us? *Sej.* Why, then give way. *Dru.*

Drus. Give way, *Colossus*? Do you list? Advance you?
Take that. *Arr.* Good! Brave! Excellent brave Prince!

[*Drusus strikes him.*

Drus. Nay, come, approach. What, stand you off? at gaze?

It looks too full of Death for thy cold Spirits.
Avoid mine Eye, dull Camel, or my Sword
Shall make thy Brav'ry fitter for a Grave,
Than for a Triumph. I'll advance a Statue,
O' your own Bulk; But't shall be on the Cross:
Where I will nail your Pride at breadth and length,
And crack those Sinews; which are yet but stretch'd
With your swollen Fortunes rage. *Arr.* A noble Prince?
All. A *Castor*, a *Castor*, a *Castor*, a *Castor*!

Sejanus.

He that, with such wrong mov'd, can bear it through
With Patience, and an even Mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries Fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my Hate.
What was my practice late, I'll now pursue
As my fell Justice. This hath stil'd it new.

C H O R U S ——— Of *Musicians.*

A C T II.

Sejanus, Livia, Eudemus.

Physician, thou art worthy of a Province;
For the great Favours done unto our Loves;
And, but that greatest *Livia* bears a Part
In the requital of thy Services,
I should alone despair of ought like Means,
To give them worthy Satisfaction,

Liv. *Eudemus* (I will see it) shall receive
A fit and full Reward for his large Merit.
But for this Potion, we intend to *Drusus*,
(No more our Husband, now) whom shall we chuse
As the most apt and blest Instrument,
To Minister it to him? *End.* I say, *Lygdus.*

Sej

Sej. *Lygdus*? what's he? *Liv.* An Eunuch *Drusus* loves.

Eud. I, and his Cup-Bearer. *Sej.* Name not a second If *Drusus* love him, and he have that place, We cannot think a fitter. *Eud.* True, my Lord. For free Access, and Trust, are two main Aids.

Sej. Skilful Physician! *Liv.* But he must be wrought To th' Undertaking, with some labour'd Art.

Sej. Is he ambitious? *Liv.* No, *Sej.* Or covetous?

Liv. Neither. *Eud.* Yet, Gold is a good general Charm:

Sej. What is he then? *Liv.* Faith, only wanton Light;

Sej. How! is he young, and fair? *Eud.*

A delicate Youth.

Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. Royal Lady!

Tho' I have lov'd you long, and with that height

Of Zeal and Duty, (like the Fire, which more

It mounts it trembles) thinking nought could add

Unto the Fervour, which your Eye had kindled;

Yet, now I see your wisdom, Judgment, strength!

Quickness, and Will, to apprehend the Means

To your own Good, and Greatness, I protest

My self through rarified, and turn'd all Flame

In your Affection: Such a Spirit as yours,

Was not created for the idle Second,

To a poor Flash, as *Drusus*? but to shine

Bright as the Moon among the lesser Lights;

And share the Sov'reignty of all the World.

Then *Livia* triumphs in her proper Sphere,

When she, and her *Sejanus* shall divide,

The Name of *Caesar* and *Augusta's* Star

Be dimm'd with Glory of a brighter Beam:

When *Agrippina's* Fires are quite extinct,

And the scarce seen *Tiberius* borrows all

His little Light from us, whose tolded Arms

Shall make one perfect Orb, Who's that? *Eudemus*,

Look, 'tis not *Drusus*? Lady, do not fear.

Liv. Not I, my Lord: My Fear and Love of him Left me at once. *Sei.* Illustrious Lady! stay——

Eud. I'll tell his Lordship. *Sei.* Who's that, *Eudemus*?

Eud

End. One of your Lordship's Servants bring you Word
The Emp'rour hath sent for you. *Sei.* O: Where is he?
With your Fair Leave, Dear princeſs, I'll But ask
A Queſtion, and return. *End.* Fortunate Princeſs!
How are you bleſs'd in the Fruition [*He goes out,*
Of this unequal'd Man, this Soul of Rome,
The Empire's Life, and Voice of Caſar's World!

Liv. So bleſſed, my *Eudemus*, as to know
The Blifs I have, with what I ought to owe
The Means that wrought it. How do I look to day?

End. Excellent clear, believe it. This ſame *Fucus*
Was well laid on. *Liv.* Methinks 'tis here not white.

End. Lend me your Scarlet, Lady. 'Tis the ſun
Hath giv'n ſome little taint to the *Ceruſe*,
You ſhould have us'd of the white Oil I gave you,
Sejanus, for your Love! his very Name
Commandeth above *Cupid* or his ſhafts—

(*Liv.* Nay, now yo've made it worſe.

End. I'll help it ſtraight.)

And, but pronounc'd, is a ſufficient Charm
Againſt all Rumour; and of abſolute Power
To ſatisfy for any Lady's Honour.

(*Liv.* What do you now, *Eudemus*? *End.* Make
a light *Fucus*,

To touch you o'er withall.) Honour'd *Sejanus*!

What act (tho ne'er ſo ſtrange and inſolent)

But that Addition will at leaſt bear out,

It's do not expiate? *Liv.* Here, good Phyſician,

End. I like this Study to preſerve the Love
Of ſuch a Man, that comes not every Hour
To greet the World. ('Tis now well, Lady, you ſhould
Uſe of the *Dentifrice* I preſcrib'd you too,
To clear you Teeth; and the prepar'd *Pomatum*,
To ſmooth the Skin :) A Lady cannot be
Too curious of her Form, that ſtill would hold
The Heart of ſuch a Perſon, made her Captive,
As you have his: who, to endear him more
In your clear Eye, hath put away his Wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your Delights,
Fair *Apicata*, and made ſpacious Room
To your new Pleaſures. *Liv.* Have not we return'd

That

That with our Hate of *Drusus*, and Discovery
 Of all his Counsels? *End.* Yes, and wisely, Lady,
 The Ages that succeed, and stand far off
 To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
 And reckon it an Act, without your Sex:
 It hath that rare Appearance. Some will think
 Your Fortune could not yield a deeper Sound,
 Than mix'd with *Drusus*: But, when they shall hear
 That, and the Thunder of *Sejanus* meet,
Sejanus, whose high Name doth strike the Stars,
 And rings about the Concave, great *Sejanus*,
 Whose Glories, State and Titles are himself,
 The often Iterating of *Sejanus*:
 They then will lose their Thoughts, and be ashamed
 To take Acquaintance of them. *Sej.* I must make
 A rude Departure, Lady: *Cæsar* sends
 With all his Hatte both of Command and Prayer.
 Be resolute in our Plot; you have my Soul,
 As certain yours as it is my Body's.
 And, wise Physician, so prepare the Poyson,
 As you may lay the subtil Operation
 Upon some natural Disease of his.
 Your Eunuch send to me. I kiss your Hands,
 Glory of Ladies, and commend my Love
 To your best Faith and Memory. *Liv.* My Lord,
 I shall but change your Words. Farewel. Yet, this
 Remember for your Heed, he loves you not;
 You know what I have told you, his Designs
 Are full of Grudge and Danger: We must use
 More than a common Speed. *Sej.* Excellent Lady,
 How you do fire my Blood. *Liv.* Well, you must go?
 The Thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.

End. When will you take some Physick, Lady?

Liv. When I shall, *Eudemus*: But let *Drusus* Drug
 Be first prepar'd. *End.* Were *Lygdus* made, that's done;
 I have it ready. And to morrow Morning
 I'll send you a Perfume, first to resolve
 And procure Sweat, then prepare a Bath
 To cleanse and clear the Cutis; against when
 I'll have an excellent new *Fucus* made,

Q

Ref.

Resist've against the Sun, the Rain or Wind,
Which you shall lay on with a Breath or Oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen Hours.
This change came timely, Lady, for your Health,
And the restoring your Complexion,
Which *Drusus* Choler had almost burnt up:
Wherein your Fortune hath prescrib'd you better
Than Art could do. *Liv.* Thanks good Physician,
I'll use my Fortune (you shall see) with Reverence.
Is my Coach ready? *End.* It attends your Highness.

Sejanus.

If this be not Revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let the *Egyptian* Slaves,
Parthians, and Barc-foot *Hebrews* brand my Face,
And print my Body full of Injuries.
Thou lost thy self, Child *Drusus*, when thou thought'st
Thou could'st out-skip my Vengeance; or out-stand
The Power I had to crush thee into Air.
Thy Follies now shall taste what kind of Man
They have provok'd, and this thy Father's House
Crack in the Flame of my incensed Rage,
Whose Fury shall admit no Shame or mean
Adultery! it is the lightest Ill
I will commit. A Race of wicked Acts
Shall flow out of my Anger, and o'er-spread
The World's wide Face, which no Posterity
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent: Things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel Mark,
Thy Father would wish his; and shall (perhaps)
Carry the empty Name, but we the Prize.
On then my Soul, and start not in thy Course;
Though Heav'n drop Sulphur, and Hell belch out Fire;
Laugh at the idle Terrors: Tell proud *Jove*,
Between his Power and thine there is no Odds:
'Twas only Fear first in the World made Gods.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

Is yet *Sejanus* come? *Sej.* He's here, dread *Caesar*.

Tib. Let all depart that Chamber, and the next:
Sit down, my Comfort. When the Master Prince
Of all the World, *Sejanus*, saith he fears;

Is

Is it not fatal? *Sej.* Yes, to those are fear'd.

Tib. And not to him? *Sej.* Not, if he wisely turn
That part of Fate he holdeth, first on them.

Tib. That Nature, Blood, and Laws of kind forbid.

Sej. Do Policy and State forbid it? *Tib.* No.

Sej. The rest of poor Respects, then, let go by
State is enough to make th' Act just, them guilty:

Tib. Long Hate pursues such Acts.

Sej. Whom Hatred frights,

Let him not dream of Sovereignty. *Tib.* Are Rites

Of Faith, Love, Piety, to be trod down,

Forgotten, and made vain? *Sej.* All for a Crown.

The Prince who shames a Tyrant's Name to bear,

Shall never dare do any thing, but fear;

All the Commands of Scepters quite doth perish,

If it begin religious Thoughts to cherish:

Whole Empires fall, sway'd by those nice Respects;

It is the License of dark Deeds protects

Ev'n States most hated: When no Laws resist

The Sword, but that it acteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all Things cruelly,

Not safely. *Sej.* Yes, and do them throughly.

Tib. Knows yet *Sejanus* whom we point at? *Sej.* I,

Or else my Thought, my Sense, or both do err:

'Tis *Agrippina*? *Tib.* She, and her proud Race.

Sej. Proud! dangerous, *Cesar*. For in them apace

The Father's Spirit shoots up, *Germanicus*

Lives in their Looks, their Gate, their Form, to up-
braid us

With this close Death, if not revenge the same.

Tib. The Act's not known.

Sej. Not prov'd: But whispering Fame

Knowledge and Proof doth to the Jealous give,

Who, then to fail, would their own Thought believe;

It is not safe, the Children draw long Breath,

That are provoked by a Parent's Death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,

If nothing but their Birth be their Offence:

Sej. Stay, till they strike at *Cesar*; then their Crime

Will be enough, but late and out of time

For him to punish. *Tib.* Do they purpose it?

Sej. You know, Sir, Thunder speaks not till it hit,
 Be not secure; none swifter are oppress,
 Than they whom Confidence betrays to Rest.
 Let not your Daring make your Danger such:
 All Power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
 The Youths are (of themselves) hot, violent,
 Full of great thought; and that Male-spirited Dame
 Their Mother, slack no Means to put them on.
 By large Allowance, popular Presentings,
 Increase of Train, and State, suing for Titles;
 Hath them commended with like Prayers, like Vows,
 To the same Gods, with *Cesar*: Days and Nights
 She spends in Banquets and ambitious Feasts
 For the Nobility? where *Caius Silius*,
Titus, *Sabinus*, old *Aruntius*,
Asinius Gallus, *Furnius*, *Regulus*,
 And others of that discontented List,
 Are the prime Guests. There, and to these, she tells
 Whose Niece she was, whose Daughter, and whose Wife?
 And then must they compare her with *Augusta*;
 I, and prefer her too, commend her Form,
 Extol her Fruitfulness; at which a Shower
 Falls for the Memory of *Germanicus*,
 Which they blow over strait with windy Praise,
 And puffing Hopes of her aspiring Sons,
 Who, with these hourly Ticklings grow so pleas'd,
 And wantonly conceited of themselves,
 As now, they stick not to believe they're such,
 As these do give 'em out; and would be thought
 (More than Competitors) immediate Heirs.
 Whilst to their Thirst of Rule they win the Rout
 (That's still the Friend of novelty) with hope
 Of future Freedom, which on every Change,
 That greedily, though empty expects.
Cesar, 'tis Age in all things breeds Neglects,
 And Princes that will keep old Dignity,
 Must not admit too youthful Heirs stand by;
 Not their own Issue; but so darkly set
 As shadows are in picture, to give Height
 And Lustre to themselves. *Tib.* We will command
 Their rank Thoughts down, and with a stricter Hand
 Than

Than we have yet put forth, their Trains must bate,
Their Titles, Feasts and Factions. *Sej.* Or your State.
But how, Sir, will you work?

Tib. Confine 'em. *Sej.* No.

They are too Great, and that too faint a Blow
To give them now? it would have serv'd at first,
When with the weakest touch, their Knot had burst.
But, now, your Care must be, not to detect
The smallest Cord, or Line of your Suspect?
For such, who know the weight of princes Fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd, rear
Their Forces, like seen Snakes, that else would lie
Roul'd in their Circles, Close: Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, than Offenders found?
Were Guilt is, Rage and Courage doth abound;
The Course must be to let 'em still swell up,
Riot, and surfeit on blind Fortune's Cup;
Give 'em more Place, more Dignities, more Stile,
Call 'em to Court, to Senate; in the while,
Take from their Strength some one or twain, or more
Of the main Fautors; (it will fright the Store)
And, by some by Occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarm first; and they (in Night
Of their Ambition) not perceive the Train,
Till, in the Engine, they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save;
Yet, than a Throne, 'tis cheaper give a Grave.
Is there no way to bind them by Deserts?

Sej. Sir Wolves do change their Hair, but not their
Hearts.

While thus your Thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All Modesty is fond; and chiefly where
The Subject is no less compell'd to bear,
Than praise his Sov'reign's Acts.

Tib. We can no longer

Keep on our Mask to thee, our dear *Sejanus*;
Thy Thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prov'd
Their Voice, in our Designs, which by assenting
Hath more confirm'd us, than if heartning *Jove*
Had, from his hundred Statues, bid us strike,

And at the Stroke clickt all his marble Thumbs.
 But who shall first be struck? *Sej.* First, *Caius Silius*;
 He is the most of Mark, and most of Danger:
 In Power and Reputation equal strong,
 Having commanded an Imperial Army
 Seven Years together, vanquish'd *Sacrovis*
 In *Germany*, and thence obtain'd to wear
 The Ornaments triumphal. His steep Fall,
 By how much it doth give the weightier Crack,
 Will send more wounding Terror to the rest,
 Command them stand a-loot, and give more way
 To our surprising of the principal.

Tib. But what, *Sabinus*? *Sej.* Let him grow a while,
 His Fate is not yet ripe: We must not pluck
 At all together, lest we catch our selves.
 And there's *Arruntius* too, he only talks.
 But *Sofia*, *Silius's* Wife, would be wound in
 Now, for she hath a Fury in her Breast,
 More, than Hell ever knew; and would be sent
 Thither in time. Then, is there one *Cremutius*
Cordius, a writing Fellow, they have got
 To gather Notes of the precedent Times,
 And make them into Annals; a most tart
 And bitter Spirit (I hear); who, under colour
 Of praising those, doth tax the present State,
 Censures the Men, the Actions, leaves no Trick,
 No Practice un-examin'd, parallels
 The Times, the Governments; a profest Champion
 For the old Liberty — *Tib.* A perishing wretch,
 As if there were that *Chaos* bred in things,
 That Laws and Liberty would not rather chuse
 To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
 Than have the Stain to be preserv'd by such.
 Have we the means to make these guilty first?

Sej. Trust that to me: let *Cesar*, by his Power,
 But cause a formal meeting of the *Senate*,
 I will have Matter, and Accusers ready.

Tib. But how? let us consult. *Sej.* We shall mispend
 The time of Action. Counsels are unfit
 In Business, where all rest is more pernicious
 Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind

Thrive

Thrive more by execution than Advice.
There is no lingring in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our Edict shall, forthwith, command a Court:
While I can live, I will prevent Earth's Fury:

Εμὲ θυνόντος γὰρ μυχθῆται πυρί.

Posthumus, Sejanus.

My Lord *Sejanus* ——— *Sej.* *Julius Posthumus.*
Come with my wish! what news from *Agrippina's*?

Pos. Faith none. They all lock up themselves a-late;
Or talk in Character; I have not seen
A Company so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by Augury of our Practice.

Sej. When were you there?

Pos. Last night. *Sej.* And what Guests found you?

Pos. *Sabinus*, *Silius*, (The old Lift) *Arruntius*,
Furnius and *Gallus*. *Sej.* Would not these talk?

Pos. Little.

And yet we offer'd choice of Argument.

Satrius was with me. *Sej.* Well: 'Tis Guilt enough

Their often meeting. You forgot t' extol

The hospitable Lady? *Pos.* No, that trick

Was well put home, and had succeeded too,

But that *Sabinus* caught a Caution out;

For she began to swell: *Sej.* And may she burst.

Julius, I would have you go instantly,

Unto the Palace of the great *Augusta*,

Mutilla

And (by your kindest Friend) get swift Access;

Prisca

Acquaint her with these Meetings: Tell the Words

You brought me, (th' other day) of *Silius*,

And somewhat to 'em. Make her understand

The danger of *Sabinus*, and the times,

Out of his closeness. Give *Arruntius* words

Of Malice against *Caesar*; so, to *Gallus*:

But (above all) to *Agrippina*. Say,

(As you may truly) that her infinite Pride,

Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful Womb,

With popular Studies gapes for Sovereignty,

And threatens *Caesar*. Pray *Augusta* then,

That for her own, great *Caesars*, and the Publick

Safety, she be pleas'd to urge these Dangers.

Caesar is too leure (he must be told,
 And best he'll take it from a Mothers Tongue.);
 Alas! what is't for us to sound, t'explore,
 To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent,
 If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
 Shall, out of greatness, and free Spirit, be
 Supinely negligent? our City's now
 Divided as in time o' th' civil War,
 And Men forbear not to declare themselves
 Of *Agrippina's* Party. Every Day,
 The Faction multiplies; and will do more,
 If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,
 As you find Audience. Noble *Posthumus*,
 Commend me to your *Prisca*: And pray her,
 She will solicit this great business,
 To earnest and most present Execution,
 With all her utmost Credit with *Augusta*.

Pos. I shall not fail in my Instructions.

Sej. This second (from his Mother) will well urge
 Our late Design, and spur on *Caesar's* rage:
 Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
 A Prince in Blood, is to present the Shapes
 Of Dangers, greater than they are (like late,
 Or early Shadows) and, sometimes, to fain
 Where there are none, only, to make him fear;
 His Fear will make him cruel: and once entred,
 He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
 Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
 To thrust *Tiberius* into Tyranny,
 And make him toil, to turn aside those Blocks,
 Which I alone could not remove with safety.
Drusus once gone, *Germanicus* three Sons
 Would clog my Way; whose Guards have too much faith
 To be corrupted: and their Mother known
 Of too-too unreprou'd a Chastity,
 To be attempted, aslight *Livia* was.
 Work then, my Art, on *Caesar's* Fears, as they
 On those they fear till all my Bets be clear'd:
 And he in Ruin of his House and hate
 Of all his Subjects, bury his own State.
 When, with my peace, and Safety, I will rise,
 By making him the publick Sacrifice.

Saturnus

Satrius, Natta.

They're grown exceeding circumspect and wary.

Nat. They have us in the Wind: And yet *Arruntius* Cannot contain himself. *Sat.* Tut, he's not yet Look'd after, there are others more desir'd, That are more silent. *Nat.* Here he comes. Away.

Sabinus, Arruntius, Cordus.

How is it, that these Beagles haunt the House Of *Agrippina*? *Arr.* O, they hunt, they hunt. There is some Game here lodg'd, which they must rouse, To make the great ones sport. *Cor.* Did you observe How they inveigh'd 'gainst *Cesar*? *Arr.* I, baits, baits, For us to bite at: Would I have my Flesh Torn by the publick hook, these qualified Hangmen Should be my Company. *Cor.* Here comes another.

Arr. I, there's a Man, After the Orator! One that bath Phrases, Figures, and fine Flowers. To strew his *Rhetorick* with, and doth make haste To get him note, or name, by any offer Where Blood, or Gain be Objects; steeps his Words, When he would kill, in artificial tears: The Crocodile of *Tyber*! him I love, That Man is mine; he hath my Heart and Voice, When I would curse! he, he. *Sab.* Contemn the Slaves, Their present Lives will be their future Graves.

Silius, Agrippina, Nero, Sosia.

May't please your highness not forget your self, I dare not, with my Manners, to attempt Your trouble farther. *Agr.* Farewel, noble *Silius*.

Sil. Most royal Princess. *Agr.* *Sosia* stays with us?

Sil. She is your Servant, and doth owe your Grace An honest, but unprofitable Love.

Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain, but vertuous?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politick Sense.

I meant, as she is bold, and free of Speech, Earnest to utter what her zealous thought Travels withal, in honour of your House; Which act, as it is simply born in her, Partakes of Love and Honesty; but may, By th' over often, and unseason'd use, Turn to your Loss and Danger: For your State

Is

Is waited on by Envies, as by Eyes;
 And every second Guest your Tables take;
 Is a fee'd Spy, t' observe who goes, who comes.
 What conference you have, with whom, where, when;
 What the Discourse is, what the Looks, the Thoughts:
 Of ev'ry Person there, they do extract,
 And make into a Substance. *Agr.* Hear me, *Silius*.
 Were all *Tiberius* Body stuck with Eyes,
 And ev'ry Wall and Hanging in my House
 Transparent; as this Lawn I wear, or air;
 Yea, had *Sejanus* both his Ears as long
 As to my in-most Closet, I would hate
 To whisper any Thought, or change an Act,
 To be made *Juno's* Rival. Vertues Forces
 Shew ever noblest in conspicuous Courses.

Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like the Spirit
 Of *Agrippina*: yet your Highnets knows,
 There is not Loss; nor Shame in providence:
 Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
 You may perceive with what officious Face,
Satrius, and *Natta*, *Afer*, and the rest
 Visit your House, of late, t' enquire the Secrets;
 And with that bold, and privileg'd Art, they rail
 Against *Augusta*: yea, and at *Tiberius*;
 Tell tricks of *Livia*, and *Sejanus*; all
 T' excite, and call your Indignation on,
 That they might hear it at more Liberty.

Agr. Yo' are too suspicious; *Silius*. *Sil.* Pray the Gods:
 I be so *Agrippina*: But I fear
 Some subtil practice. They, that durst to strike
 At so exampleless, and unblam'd a Life,
 As, that of the renown'd *Germanicus*,
 Will not sit down with that Exploit alone:
 "He threatens many, that hath injur'd one.

Ner. 'Twere best rip forth their Tongues, fear out their
 Eyes,
 When next they come. *Sof.* A fit reward for Spies.

Drusus ju. *Agrippina*, *Nero*, *Silius*,
 Hear you the rumour?

Agr. What? *Drus.* *Drusus* is dying.

Agr. Dying! *Ner.* That's strange!

Agr. Yo' were with him yesternight.
Dru. One met *Eudemus*, the Physician,
 Sent for, but now: Who thinks he cannot live.
Sil. Thinks! if't be arriv'd at that, he knows,
 Or none. *Agr.* This's quick! what should be his Disease?
Sil. Poyson, Poyson——
Agr. How, *Silius*! *Ner.* What's that?
Sil. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certain Blow
 Giv'n o' the Face. *Ner.* I, to *Sejanus*? *Sil.* True.
Dru. And what of that? *Sil.* I'm glad I gave it not.
Ner. But, there is somewhat else?
Sil. Yes, private Meetings,
 With a great Lady, at a Physicians,
 And a Wife turn'd away—— *Ner.* Ha!
Sil. Toys, meer toys:
 What Wisdom's now i' th' Streets, i' th' common Mouth?
Dru. Fears, whisp'rings, tumults, noise, I know not
 what:
 They say the *Senate* sits.
Sil. I'll thither straight;
 And see what's in the Forge. *Agr.* Good *Silius* do;
Sofia, and I will in. *Sil.* Haste you, my Lords,
 To visit the sick Prince; tender your loves,
 And sorrows to the People. This *Sejanus*
 (Trust my divining Soul) hath Plots on all!
 No tree, that stops his Prospect, but must fall.
 C H O R U S —— *Of Musicians.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The S E N A T E,

Sejanus, Varro, Latiaris, Cotta, Afer.

Gallus, Lepidus, Arruntius. Pracones, Lictores.

TIS only you must urge against him, *Varro*;
 Nor I, nor *Caesar* may appear therein,

Ex-

Except in your Defence, who are the *Consul*:
 And, under Colour of late Enmity
 Between your Father, and his, may better do it,
 As free from all Suspicion of a Practice.
 Here be your Notes, what Points to touch at; read:
 Be cunning in them. *Afer* has them too.

Var. But is he summon'd? *Sej.* No. It was debated
 By *Caesar*, and concluded as most fit.

To take him unprepar'd. *Afer.* And prosecute
 All under name of Treason. *Var.* I conceive.

Sab. *Drusus* being dead, *Caesar* will not be here.

Gal. What should the Business of this *Senate* be?

Arr. That can my subtil Whisperers tell you: We
 That are the good-dull-noble Lookers on,
 Are only call'd to keep the Marble warm,
 What should we do with those deep Mysteries,
 Proper to these fine Heads? let them alone.

Our Ignorance may, perchance, help us be sav'd
 From Whips and *Furies*. *Gal.* See, see, see their Action!

Arr. I, now their Heads do travel, now they work;
 Their Faces run like Shittles, they are weaving
 Some curious Cobweb to catch Flies. *Sab.* Observe,
 They take their Places.

Arr. What, so low? *Gal.* O yes,
 They must be seen to flatter *Caesar*'s Grief,
 Though but in sitting. *Var.* Bid us silence. *Pra.* Silence.

Var. *Fathers* Conscript, may this our present meeting turn
 fair, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

Silius, Senate.

See, *Silius* enters. *Sil.* Hail grave *Fathers*. *Lic.* Stand.
Silius, forbear thy Place. *Sen.* How! *Pra.* *Silius* stand
 forth,

The *Consul* hath to charge thee. *Lic.* Room for *Caesar*.

Arr. Is he come too? nay then expect a trick.

Sab. *Silius* accus'd? sure he will answer nobly.

Tiberius, Senate.

We stand amazed, *Fathers*, to behold
 This general dejection. Wherefore sit.
Rome's *Consuls* thus dissolv'd, as they had lost
 All the remembrance both of Stile and Place?
 It not becomes. No woe is of fit weight,

To make the honour of the Empire stoop :
 Though I, in my peculiar self, may meet
 Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
 And, in so fresh a Grief would greet the Senate,
 When private Tongues of Kinsmen and Allies,
 (Inspir'd with comforts) lothly are endur'd,
 The Face of Men not seen, and scarce the Day,
 To thousands that communicate our Loss.
 Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
 They take but natural ways; yet I must seek
 For stronger Aids, and those fair helps draw out
 From warm Embraces of the Common-wealth.
 Our Mother, great *Augusta*, is struck with time,
 Our self imprest with aged Characters,
Drusus is gone, his Children young and Babes;
 Our aims must now reflect on those that may
 Give timely succour to these present ills,
 And are our only glad-surviving Hopes,
 The noble Issue of *Germanicus*,
Nero and *Drusus*: Might it please the Consul
 Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
 I would present them to the *Senates* care,
 And raise those Sums of joy that should drink up
 These Floods of Sorrow in your drowned Eyes.

Arr. By *Jove*, I am not *Oedipus* enough,
 To understand this *Sphynx*. *Sab.* The Princes come,
Tiberius, *Nero*, *Drusus* junior.

Approach you noble *Nero*, noble *Drusus*.
 These Princes, Fathers, when their Parent died,
 I gave unto their Uncle, with this Prayer,
 That though h' had proper Issue of his own,
 He would no less bring up, and foster these,
 Than that self-blood; and by that act confirm
 Their worths to him, and to posterity:
Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
 And 'fore our Country, and our Gods, beseech
 You take, and rule *Augustus* Nephews Sons,
 Sprung of the noblest Ancestors; and so
 Accomplish both my Duty, and your own.
Nero, and *Drusus*, these shall be to you
 In place of Parents, these your Fathers, these;

And

And not unfildy : For you are so born,
 As all your good, or ill's the Common-wealth's.
 Receive them, you strong Guardians; and blest Gods;
 Make all their Actions answer to their Bloods:
 Let their great Titles find increase by them,
 Not they by Titles. Set them, as in place,
 So in example, above all the *Romans*:
 And may they know no Rivals but themselves.
 Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend
 Upon their Virtue: and that still come forth
 Greater than Hope, and better than their Fame.
 Relieve me, Fathers, with your general Voice.

Sen. May all the Gods consent to Caesar's wish, *A form of*
 And add to any Honours, that may crown *speaking*
 The hopeful Issue of Germanicus. *they had.*

Tib. We thank you reverend Fathers, in their right.

Arr. If this were true now! but the space, the space
 Between the Breast and Lips ——— *Tiberius* Heart
 Lies a thought farther than another Man's.

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my Joys,
 As, in them, all my Streams of Grief are lost,
 No less than are Land waters in the Sea,
 Or Showers in Rivers; though their Cause was such,
 As might have sprinkled ev'n the Gods with Tears:
 Yet since the greater doth embrace the less,
 We covetously obey: (*Arr.* Well acted, *Caesar.*)

Tib. And now I am the happy witness made
 Of your so much desir'd affections,
 To this great Issue, I could wish, the Fates.
 Would here set peaceful period to my Days;
 However, to my Labours, I intreat
 (And beg it of this *Senate*) some fit ease.

Arr. Laugh, Fathers, laugh: Ha' you no spleens about
 you?)

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
 On my unwilling Shoulders; and I pray
 It may be taken off, and re-conferr'd
 Upon the *Consuls*, or some other *Roman*;
 More able, and more worthy. (*Arr.* Laugh on still.)

Sab. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!

Gal. It poysons all. *Arr.* O, do you taste it then?

Sab.

Sab. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speak. *Arr.* I, to pray that,
Which would be to his Head as hot as thunder,
(Gainst which he wears that Charm) should *A Wreath*
but the Court *of Lawrel.*
Receive him at his word.

Gal. Hear. *Tib.* For my self,
I know my weakness, and so little cover
(Like some gone past) the weight that will oppress me;
As my Ambition is the Counter-point.

(*Arr.* Finely maintain'd; good still.)

Sej. But Rome, whose Blood,
Whose Nerves, whose Life, whose very Frame relies
On *Cesar's* strength, no less than Heav'n on *Atlas*,
Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

(*Arr.* Ah! are you there to bring him off?)

Sej. Let *Cesar*

No more than urge a Point so contrary
To *Cesar's* Greatness, the griev'd *Senate's* Vows;
Or Rome's Necessity. (*Gal.* He comes about.

Arr. More nimbly than *Vertumnus*.)

Tib. For the publick,

I may be drawn, to shew, I can neglect
All private aims; though I affect my rest:
But, if the *Senate* still command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my Obedience.

Arr. You must and will, Sir. We do know it.

Sen. *Cesar*,

Livelong and happy, great and royal *Cesar*; *Another Form*.
The Gods preserve thee and thy Modesty,
Thy Wisdom and thy Innocence. (*Arr.* Where is't?
The Prayer's made before the Subject.) *Sen.* Guard
His Meekness, *Jove*, his Piety, his Care,
His Bounty — *Arr.* And his Subtilty, I'll put in:
Yet he'll keep that himself, without the Gods:
All Prayers are vain for him. *Tib.* We will not hold
Your Patience, Fathers, with long answer; but
Shall still contend to be what you desire,
And work to satisfy so great a hope:
Proceed to your affairs. *Arr.* Now, *Silins* guard thee;
The Curtain's drawing — *Afer* advanceth. *Fra.* *Silenec*.

Afer.

Ase. Cite *Caius Silius*. *Præ.* *Caius Silius*. *Sil.* Here;

Ase. The triumph that thou hadst in *Germany*;

For thy late Victory on *Sacrovir*,

Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, *Caius Silius*,

As no Man it envy'd thee; nor would *Caesar*,

Or *Rome* admit, that thou wert then defrauded

Of any Honours thy Deserts could claim,

In the fair Service of the Common-wealth:

But now, if, after all their Loves and Graces,

(Thy Actions and their Courses being discover'd)

It shall appear to *Caesar*, and this *Senate*,

Thou hast defil'd those Glories with thy Crimes——

Sil. Crimes? *Ase.* Patience, *Silius*.

Sil. Tell thy Moil of Patience,

I am a *Roman*. What are my Crimes? Proclaim them,

Am I too rich? too honest for the times?

Have I Treasure, Jewels, Land, or Houses

That some Informer gapes for? Is my strength

Too much to be admitted? Or my Knowledge?

These now are Crimes. *Ase.* Nay, *Silius*, if the Name

Of Crime so touch thee, with what impotence

Wilt thou endure the Matter to be search'd?

Sil. I tell thee, *Ase*, with more scorn than fear,

Employ your mercenary Tongue and Art.

Where's my accuser? *Var.* Here.

Arr. *Varro* the Consul,

Is he thrust in? *Varr.* 'Tis I accuse thee, *Silius*.

Against the Majesty of *Rome*, and *Caesar*,

I do pronounce thee here a guilty Cause,

First, of beginning and occasioning,

Next, drawing out the War in *Gallia*,

For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long

That *Sacrovir* to be an Enemy,

Only to make thy Entertainment more;

Whilst thou, and thy Wife *Osia* poll'd the Province;

Wherein, with sordid base desire of Gain,

Thou hast discredited thy Actions worth,

And been a Traitor to the State. *Sil.* Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, *Silius*, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, *Caesar*, but unjustly

Have call'd him into trial; here I bind

My self to suffer, what I claim 'gainst him;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By Judgment of the Court, and all good Men.

Sil. Caesar, I crave to have my Cause deferr'd,
Till this Man's Consulship be out. *Tib.* We cannot,
Nor may we grant it. *Sil.* Why? shall he design
My day of trial? is he my Accuser?
And must he be my Judge? *Tib.* It hath been usual,
And is a right that Custom hath allow'd
The Magistrate, to call forth private Men;
And to appoint their Day: Which privilege
We may not in the *Consul* see intring'd,
By whose deep Watches, and industrious Care
It is so labour'd, as the Common-wealth
Receive no Loss, by any oblique Course.

Sil. Caesar, thy Fraud is worse than Violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The Credit of the *Consul*, to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his Place and Power,
So far as it concerns the Dignity
And Honour of the State. *Arr.* Believe him, *Silius*.

Cot. Why, so he may, *Arruntius*. *Arr.* I say so.
And he may chuse too. *Tib.* By the *Capitol*,
And all our Gods, but that the dear Republick,
Our sacred Laws, and just Authority
Are interress'd therein, I should be silent.

Ase. Please, *Caesar*, to give way unto his Trial.
He shall have Justice. *Sil.* Nay, I shall have Law;
Shall I not *Ase*? Speak. *Ase.* Would you have more?

Sil. No, my well-spoken Man, I would no more;
Nor less: Might I enjoy it natural,
Nor taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Ase. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not *Caesar's* warrant. I can see
Whose Power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his Spirit.

This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An Enemy to the State.

Sil. Because I am an Enemy to thee,
And such corrupted Ministers o' the State,
That here art made a present Instrument
To gratifie it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This, to the *Consul*, is most insolent?
And impious! *Sil.* I, take part. Reveal your selves,
Alas! I scent not your Confed'racies,
Your Plots and Combinations! I not know
Minion *Sejanus* hates me; and that all
This boast of Law, and Law is but a form,
A Net of *Vulcan's* filing, a meer Ingine,
To take that Life by a Pretext of Justice,
Which you pursue in Malice? I want Brain,
Or Nostril to perswade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer? O, you equal Gods,
Whose Justice not a world of Wolf-turn'd Men
Shall make me to accuse (how e'er provoke;)
Have I for this so oft engag'd my self?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a Fight,
When *Phœbus* sooner hath forsok the Day
Than I the Field, against the blue-ey'd *Gauls*,
And crisped *Germans*? when our *Roman* Eagles
Have fann'd the Fire, with their labouring Wings,
And no Blow dealt, that left not Death behind it?
When I have charg'd, alone, into the Troops
Of curi'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward Ensigns of a Slave;
But forward Marks, Wounds on my Breast and Face,
Were meant to thee, O *Cesar*, and thy *Rome*?
And have I this return'd? Did I, for this,
Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
On *Sacrovir*? (O *Jove*, let it become me
To boast my Deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.) *Ase. Silius, Silius*,
These are the common Customs of thy Blood,
When it is high with Wine, as now with Rage:

This

This well agrees with that intemperate Vaunt;
 Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's Table,
 That when all other of the Troops were prone
 To fall into Rebellion, only yours
 Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
 That sav'd the Empire, which had then been lost,
 Had but your Legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd,
 Your Virtue met, and fronted every Peril.
 You gave to *Cesar*, and to *Rome* their Surety,
 Their Name, their Strength, their Spirit, and their State;
 Their being was a Donative from you.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an Orator.

Tib. Is this true, *Silins*?

Sil. Save thy Question, *Cesar*,
 Thy Spy, of famous Credit, hath affirm'd it.

Arr. Excellent *Roman*! *Sab.* He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther Cause
 Of Crime against him. *Var.* What can more impeach
 The Royal Dignity, and State of *Cesar*,
 Than to be urg'd with a benefit
 He cannot pay? *Cot.* In this, all *Cesar's* fortune
 Is made unequal to the Courtesie.

Lat. His means are clear destroy'd that should requite;

Gal. Nothing is great enough for *Silins's* Merit.

Arr. *Gallus* on that side too?

Sil. Come, do not hunt,
 And labour so about for Circumstance,
 To make him guilty, whom you have fore-doom'd:
 Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes,
 The words were mine, and more I now will say:
 Since I have done thee that great Service, *Cesar*,
 Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of Grace,
 Return'd me Hatred: so soon all best turns,
 With doubtful Frowns, turn deep injuries
 In estimation, when they greater rise,
 Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
 Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
 With ease restore them? that transcended once,
 Your Studies are not how to thank, but kill.
 It is your Nature, to have all Men Slaves
 To you, but you acknowledging to none.

The

The means that makes your greatness, must not come
In mention of it ? if it do, it takes
So much away, you think ! and that which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in Eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the High.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his Spirit.

Ase. This shews him in the rest.

Lat. Let him be censur'd.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him *Caesar's* Foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words

Sej. A Censure. *Sil.* Stay.)

Stay, most officious *Senate*, I shall straight
Delude thy Fury. *Silius* hath not plac'd
His Guards within him, against *Fortunes* Sp'ight,
So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
That are but Hands of Fortune : She her self
When Virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in Humanity,
The Frown of *Caesar*, Proud *Sejanus's* Hatred,
Base *Varro's* spleen, and *Ase's* bloodying tongue,
The *Senate's* servile flattery, and these
Mustred to kill, I am fortified against ?
And can look down upon : they are beneath me,
It is not Life whereof I stand enamour'd :
Nor shall my end make me accuse my Fate :
The Coward, and the valiant Man must fall,
Only the Cause, and Manner how, discerns them :
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest,
Romans, if any here be in this *Senate*,
Would know to mock *Tiberius* tyranny,
Look upon *Silius*, and so learn to die.

Stabs himself.

Varr. O, desperate act !

Arr. An honourable hand !

Tib. Look, is he dead ?

Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewel, *Silius*.
Be famous ever for thy great Example.

Tib. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our Mercy,
Intended to preserve thee, Noble *Roman* :

And

And to prevent thy hopes. *Arr.* Excellent Wolfe?
Now he is full he howls. *Sej.* *Caesar* doth wrong
His Dignity and Safety, thus to mourn
The deserv'd End of to protest a Traitor,
And doth, by this his Lenity, instruct
Others as factious, to the like Offence.

Tib. The Confiscation meerly of his State,
Had been enough. *Arr.* O, that was gap'd for then?

Var. Remove the body. *Sej.* Let C. station
Go out for *Sofia*. *Gal.* Let her be proscrib'd.
And for the Goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the Treasure, half unto the Children.

Lep. With leave of *Caesar*, I would think, that fourth
Part, which the Law doth cast on the Informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the Children:

Wherein the Prince shall shew Humanity,
And Bounty, not to force them by their want
(Which in their Parents trespass they deserv'd)
To take ill courses. *Tib.* It shall please us. *Arr.* I,
Out of necessity. This *Lepidus*

Is grave and honest, and I have observ'd
A Moderation still in all his Censures.

Sab. And bending to the better — Stay, who's this;
Cremutius Cordus? What! is he brought in?

Arr. More Blood unto the Banquet? Noble *Cordus*,
I wish thee good: Be, as thy Writings, free,
And honest. *Tib.* What is he? *Sej.* For th' Annals, *Caesar*.

Praco, *Cordus*, *Satrius*, *Natta*.

Cremutius Cordus. *Cor.* Here. *Pra.* *Satrius Secundus*,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his Accusers.

Arr. Two of *Sejanus*'s Blood-hounds, whom he breeds
With human Flesh, to bay at Citizens.

Ase. Stand forth before the Senate, and confront him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, *Cremutius Cordus*,
To be a Man factious and dangerous,
A Sower of Sedition in the State,
A turbulent, and discontented Spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own Writings here,
The Annals thou hast publish'd? where thou bit'st
The present Age, and with a Viper's tooth,
Being a Member of it, dar'st that ill

Which

Which never yet dangerous Bastard did
Upon his parent. *Nat.* To this, I subscribe?
And, forth a World of more Particulars,
Instance in only one: Comparing Men,
And Times, thou praisest *Brutus*, and affirm'st
That *Cassius* was the last of all the *Romans*.

Cot. How! what are we then?

Var. What is *Caesar*, nothing?

Ase. My Lords, this strikes at every *Roman's* private,
In whom reigns Gentry, and Estate of Spirit,
To have a *Brutus* brought in Parallel,
A Parricide, an Enemy of his Country,
Rank'd, and prefer'd to any real worth
That *Rome* now holds. This is most strangely invective;
Most full of Spight, and insolent upbrading.
Nor is't the time alone is here dispris'd,
But the whole man of Time, yea, *Caesar's* self
Brought in disvalue; and he aim'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious Pen.

Caesar, if *Cassius* were the last of *Romans*,

Thou hast no Name. *Tib.* Let's hear him answer. *Silence*;

Cor So innocent I am of Fact, my Lords,
As but my words are argu'd? yet those words
Not reaching either Prince, or Prince's Parent:
The which your Law of Treason comprehends.
Brutus and *Cassius*, I am charg'd t' have prais'd:
Whose deeds, when many more, besides my self,
Have writ, not one hath mention'd without Honour.
Great *Titus Livius*, great for Eloquence,
And Faith, amongst us, in his History,
With so great Praises *Pompey* did extol,
As oft *Augustus* call'd him a *Pompeian*:
Yet this not hurt their Friendship. In his Book
He often names *Scipio*, *Afranius*,
Yea, the same *Cassius*, and this *Erutus* too,
As worthi'st Men; not Thieves and Parricides,
Which Notes, upon their Fames, are now impos'd,
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble Memory? So *Messalla*
Renown'd his general *Cassius*: yet both these

Liv'd with *Augustus*, full of wealth and honours
 To *Cicero's* Book, where *Cato* was heav'd up
 Equal with Heav'n, what else did *Caesar* answer,
 Being then *Dictator*, but with a penn'd Oration,
 As it before the Judges? Do but see
Antonius's Letters; read but *Brutus's* Pleadings:
 What vile reproach they hold against *Augustus*,
 False I confess, but with much bitterness.
 The *Epigrams* of *Bibaculus*, and *Catullus*,
 Are read, full stuff'd with Spight of both the *Caesar's*;
 Yet Deified *Julius*, and no less *Augustus*:
 Both bore them, and contemn'd them: (I not know
 Promptly to speak it, whether done with more
 Temper or wisdom) for such Obloquies
 If they despis'd be, they die surprest;
 But, if with Rage acknowledg'd, they are confest;
 The *Greeks* I slip, whose Licence not alone,
 But also Lust did 'scape unpunished:
 Or where some one (by chance) Exception took,
 He words, with words reveng'd. But, in my work,
 What could be aim'd more free, or farther off
 From the Times Scandal, than to write of those,
 Whom Death from Grace, or Hatred had exempted?
 Did I, with *Brutus*, and with *Cassius*,
 Arm'd, and possess'd of the *Philippi* Fields,
 Incense the people in the Civil Cause,
 With dangerous Speeches? Or do they, being slain
 Sev'nty years since, as by their Images
 (Which not the Conqueror hath defac'd) appears,
 Retain that guilty Memory with writers?
 Posterity pays every Man his Honour.
 Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
 That will not only *Cassius* well approve,
 And of great *Brutus's* Honour mindful be,
 But that will, also, mention make of me.

Arr. Freely, and nobly spoken.

Sab. With good Temper,

I like him, that he is not mov'd with Passion.

Arr. He puts 'em to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence,

We shall determine of him at next sitting.

Cot. Meantime, give order, that his Books be burnt.
To the *Ædiles*. *Sej.* You have well advis'd.

As. It fits not such licentious Things should live
T' upbraid the age.

Arr. If th' Age were good, they might.

Lat. Let 'em be burnt.

Gal. All sought, and burnt to Day.

Pre. The Court is up; *Lictors*, resume the *Faces*.

Arruntius, Sabinus, Lepidus.

Let 'em be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appears the *Senate's* brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present Power, extinguish
The Memory of all succeeding Times!

Sab. 'Tis true when (contrary) the Punishment
Of Wit, doth make th' Authority increase.
Nor do they ought, that use this Cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the Writers an eternal Name.

Lep. It is an Argument the times are sore,
When Virtue cannot safely be advanc'd;
Nor Vice reprov'd. *Arr.* I, noble *Lepidus*,
Augustus well foresaw, what we should suffer,
Under *Tiberius*, when he did pronounce
The Roman Race most wretched, that should live
Between so slow Jaws, and so long a bruising.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

This Business hath succeeded well, *Sejanus*:
And quite remov'd all Jealousie of Practice
'Gainst *Agrippina* and our Nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our Engines
For th' other Pair, *Sabinus* and *Arruntius*,
And *Gallus* too (how e'er he flatter us.)

His Heart we know. *Sej.* Give it some respite, *Caesar*.
Time shall Mature, and bring to perfect Crown,
What we, with so good Vultures, have begun:
Sabinus shall be next. *Tib.* Rather *Arruntius*.

Sej. By any Means, preserve him. His frank Tongue,
Being lent the Reins, will take away all thought

Of

Of Malice, in your Course against the rest.
We must keep him to stalk with. *Tib.* Dearest Head,
To thy most fortunate Design I yield it.

Sej. Sir — I have been so long train'd up in Grace,
First with your Father, great *Augustus*, since,
With your most happy Bounties so familiar,
As I not sooner would commit my Hopes
Or Wishes to the Gods, than to your Ears.

Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazling Honours: rather
To watch, and travail in great *Cesar's* Safety,
With the most common Soldier. *Tib.* 'Tis confess.

Sej. The only Gain, and which I count most fair
Of all my Fortunes, is, that mighty *Cesar* His Daughter
Hath thought me worthy his Alliance, was betroth'd
Hence to *Claudius*

Begin my Hopes. *Tib.* H'mh? his Son.

Sej. I have heard *Augustus*
In the bestowing of his Daughter, thought
But even of Gentlemen of *Rome*: If so,
(I know not how to hope so great a Favour)
But if a Husband should be sought for *Livia*,
And I be had in Mind, as *Cesar's* Friend,
I would but use the Glory of the Kindred.
It should not make me Slothful, or less caring,
For *Cesar's* State; it were enough to me
It did confirm and strengthen my weak House,
Against the now-unequal Opposition
Of *Agrippina*; and for dear regard
Unto my Children, this I wish: my self
Have no ambition farther than to end
My Days in service of so dear a Master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy Piety,
Most lov'd *Sejanus*, in acknowledging
Those Pounties; which we, faintly, such remember.
But to thy suit. The rest of Mortal Men,
In all their Drifts, and Counsels, pursue Profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different Sort,
Directing their main Actions still to Fame.
We therefore will take time to think, and answer.

R

For

For *Livia*, she can best, her self, resolve
 If she will marry, after *Drusus*, or
 Continue in the Family; besides,
 She hath a Mother, and a Grandame yet,
 Whose nearer Counsels she may guide her by:
 But I will simply deal. That Enmity
 Thou fear'st in *Agrippina*, would burn more,
 If *Livia's* Marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
 Divide th' Imperial House; an Emulation
 Between the Women might break forth: and Discord
 Ruin the Sons, and Nephews on both Hands.
 What it it cause some present difference?
 Thou art not safe, *Sejanus*, if thou prove it.
 Canst thou believe, that *Livia*, first the Wife
 To *Caius Caesar*, then my *Drusus*, now
 Will be contented to grow Old with thee,
 Born but a private Gentleman of *Rome*?
 And raise thee with her Loss, if not her Shame?
 Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou think
 The *Senate*, or the People (who have seen
 Her Brother, Father, and our Ancestors,
 In highest place of Empire) will endure it?
 The State thou hold'st already, is in talk;
 Men murmur at thy Greatness; and the Nobles
 Strick not, in publick, to upbraid thy climbing
 Above our Fathers Favours, or thy Scale:
 And dare accuse me, from their Hate to thee.
 Be wise, dear Friend. We would not hide these Things
 For Friendships dear respect. Nor will we stand
 Adverse to thine, or *Livia's* Designments.
 What we had purpos'd to thee, in our Thought
 And with what near Degrees of Love to bind thee,
 And make thee equal to us: for the present,
 We will forbear to speak. Only thus much
 Believe, our lov'd *Sejanus*, we not know
 That height in Blood, or Honour, which thy Virtue,
 And Mind to us, may not aspire with Merit,
 And this we'll publish, on all watcht occasion
 The *Senate*, or the People shall present.
Sej. I am restor'd, and to my Sense again,
 Which I had lost in this so blinding Suit.

Caesar

Caesar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth *Caesar*
T' imbrace my late advice, for leaving *Rome*?

Tib. We are resolv'd.

Sej. Here are some Motives more
Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful *Sejanus*! we will straight peruse them:
Go forward in our main Design and prosper.

Sejanus.

If those but take, I shall: dull, heavy *Caesar*!
Wouldst thou tell me, thy Favours were made Crimes?
And that my Fortunes were esteem'd thy Faults?
That thou for me wert hated? and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that Change,
When thou might'st win all to thy self again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond Words
Fly swifter from thy Lips, than this my Brain,
This sparkling Forge, created me an Armour
T' encounter Chance and thee? Well, read my Charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy Senses,
As thou hadst snuff up Hemlock, or ta'en down
The Juice of Poppy and of Mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous *Caesar*, and Security
Seize on thy stupid Powers, and leave them dead
To publick Cares; awake but to thy Lusts,
The Strength of which makes thy libidinous Soul
Itch to leave *Rome*; and I have thrust it on:
With blaming of the City business,
The Multitude of Suits, the confluence
Of Suitors, then their importunities,
The manifold Distraction he must suffer,
Besides ill Rumours, Envies, and Reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired Life,
(Larded with Ease and Pleasure) did avoid;
And yet, for my weighty and great Affair,
The fittest Place to give the soundest Counsels.
By this shall I remove him both from Thought
And Knowledge of his own most dear Affairs;
Draw all Dispatches through my private Hands;
Know his Designments, and pursue mine own;
Make mine own Strengths, by giving Sums and Places;

R. 2

Confe-

Conferring Dignities and Offices:

And these that hate me now, wanting access
To him, will make their Envy none or less:
For when they see me Arbiter of all,
They must observe: or else with *Cæsar* fall.

Tiberius, Servus.

To marry *Livia*? will no less, *Sejanus*,
Content thy aims? no lower Object? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our Trust:
Woven in our design; and think'st we must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with Caution and fit Care,
And, now we better think——— who's there within?

Ser. Cæsar? Tib. To leave our Journey off, were Sin
'Gainst our decreed Delights; and would appear
Doubt: or (what less becomes a Prince) low fear,
Yet Doubts hath Law, and Fears have their Excuse,
Where Princes States plead necessary use;
As ours doth now: More in *Sejanus*' Pride,
Than in all *Agrippina*'s Hates beside.
Those are the dreadful Enemies, we raise
With Favours, and made dangerous with Praise;
The injur'd by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the Favourite hath the Power to Strike,
And Fury ever boils more high and strong,
Hate with Ambition, than Revenge of Wrong.
'Tis then a part of supream Skill, to grace
No Man too much; but hold a certain Space
Between the ascenders rise, and thine own Flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
'Tis thought——— Is *Macro* in the Palace? See:
It not, go seek him, to come to us——— He
Must be the Organ we must work by now;
Though none less apt for Trust: Need doth allow
What choice would not. I have heard, that *Aconite*
Being timely taken, hath a healing Might
Against the Scorpion's Stroke; the Proof we'll give:
That, while two Poisons wrestle we may live.
He hath a Spirit too working to be us'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiser Sov'raigns then, that raise one ill

Against

Against another, and both safely kill:
The Prince that feeds great Natures they will sway him;
Who nourisheth a Lion must obey him.

Tiberius, Macro.

Macro, we sent for you. *Mac.* I heard so, *Cesar*.

Tib. (Leave us a while!) when you shall know; good

Macro,

The causes of your sending, and the ends;
You then will hearken nearer; and be pleas'd
You stand so high both in our Choice and Trust.

Mac. The humblest Place in *Cesar's* Choice or Trust
May make glad *Macro* proud; without Ambition,
Save to do *Cesar's* Service. *Tib.* Leave your Courtings.
We are in purpose, *Macro*, to depart
The City for a Time, and see *Campania*;
Not for our Pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of Temples, one to *Jupiter*
At *Capua*; th' other at *Nola*, to *Augustus*:
In which great Work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produc'd. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what Danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a State
So subject unto envy, and embroil'd
With Hate and Faction; we have thought on thee,
(Amongst a Field of *Romans*.) worthiest *Macro*,
To be our Eye and Ear: to keep strict Watch
On *Agrippina*, *Nero*, *Drusus*; I,
And on *Sejanus*: Not that we distrust
His Loyalty, or do repent one Grace,
Of all that Heap we have conferr'd on him:
(For that were to disparage our Election,
And call that Judgment now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unquestion'd as an Oracle.)
But, greatness hath his Cankers. Worms and Moths
Breed out of too much Honour, in the thing;
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The Substance of their Makers int' themselves.
Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,
I know him subtil, close, wise, and well-read
In Man, and his large Nature; he hath studied
Affections Passions, knows their Springs, their Ends,

R. 3.

Which

Which way, and whether they will work: 'tis Proof
 Enough of his great Merit, that we trust him.
 Then, to a Point; (because our Conference
 Cannot be long without Suspicion)
 Here, *Macro*, we assign thee, both to spy,
 Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy Means;
 Thy Ministers, what, where, or whom thou wilt;
 Explore, Plot, Practise: All thou dost in this,
 Shall be, as if the *Senate*, or the *Laws*
 Had giv'n it Privilege, and thou thence stil'd
 The Saviour both of *Cesar* and of *Rome*.
 We will not take thy answer but in act:
 Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
 By trusted Messengers. It's be enquir'd,
 Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in Charge
 To see our Chariots ready, and our Horse.
 Be still our lov'd and (shortly) honour'd *Macro*.

Macro.

I will not ask, why *Cesar* bids do this:
 But Joy, that he bids me. It is the Bliss
 Of Courts, to be employ'd, no matter, how;
 A Prince's Power makes all his Actions Virtue.
 We, whom he works by, are dumb Instruments,
 To do, but not enquire: His great Intents
 Are to be serv'd, not search'd. Yet, as that Bow
 Is most in Hand, whose owner best doth know
 To affect his Aims; so let that States-man hope
 Most use, most price, can hit his Princes scope.
 Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,
 But lose at all; each mark must be alike.
 Were it to plot against the Fame, the Life
 Of one, with whom I twin'd: remove a Wife
 From my warm side, as lov'd, as is the Air;
 Practise away each Parent, draw mine Heir
 In compass, though but one; work all my Kin
 To swift Perdition; leave no untrain'd Engine,
 For Friendship, or for Innocence; nay make
 The Gods all guilty: I would undertake
 This, being impos'd me, both with gain and ease.
 The way to rise is to obey and please.

Ha-

He that will thrive in State, he must neglect
 The trodden Paths that Truth and Right respect;
 And prove new, wilder ways: for Virtue there
 Is not that narrow Thing, she is elsewhere;
 Mens Fortune there is Virtue; reason their Will:
 Their Licence, Law; and their observance Skill.
 Occasion is their Foil; Conscience their Stain;
 Profit their Lustre: and what else is vain.
 If then it be the Lust of *Cesar's* Power,
 T' have rais'd *Sejanus* up, and in an Hour
 O'return him, tumbling down, from height of all;
 We are his ready Engine: and his Fall
 May be our Rise. It is no uncouth thing
 To see fresh Buildings from old Ruins spring.

CHORUS ——— Of Musicians.

A C T IV.

Gallus, Agrippina, Nero, Drusus, Caligula.

YOU must have Patience, Royal *Agrippina*.
Agr I must have Vengeance, first: And that were
Nectar

Unto my famish'd Spirits. O, my Fortune,
 Let it be sudden thou prepar'd against me;
 Strike all my Powers of Understanding blind,
 And ignorant of Destiny to come:
 Let me not fear, that cannot hope. *Gal.* Dear Princess,
 These Tyrannies on your self, are worse than *Cesar's*.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born Great?
 Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
 To live the Subject of all Jealousies?
 At least the Colour made, if not the Ground
 To every painted Danger? who would not
 Choose once to Fall, than thus to Hang for ever?

Gall. You might be safe if you would ———

Agr. What, my *Gallus*?
 Be lewd *Sejanus* Strumpet? Or the Bawd
 To *Cesar's* Luks, he now is gone to Practise?

R. 4.

Not.

Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your self
 While thus you stand but by me are not safe.
 Was *Silius* safe? or the good *Sofia* safe?
 Or was my Niece dear *Claudia Pulchra* safe?
 Or innocent *Furius*? They that latest have
 (By being made guilty) added Reputation
 To *Afer's* Eloquence? O, foolish Friends,
 Could not so fresh Example warn your Loves;
 But you must buy my Favours with that Loss
 Unto your selves: and when you might perceive
 That *Caesar's* Cause of raging must forsake him,
 Before his Will: Away, good *Gallus* leave me,
 Here to be seen, is Danger; to speak, Treason:
 To do me least Observance, is call'd Faction.
 You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
 Where are my Sons, *Nero*, and *Drusus*? We
 Are they be shot at; Let us fall apart:
 Not in our Ruins, Sepulchre our Friends.
 Or shall we do some Action like Offence,
 To mock their Studies that would make us Faulty?
 And frustrate Practice by preventing it?
 The danger's like: For what they can contrive,
 They will make good. No Innocence is safe,
 When Power contests. Nor can they trespass more,
 Whose only Being was all Crime before.

Ner. You hear *Sejanus* is come back from *Caesar*?

Gal. No. How? Disgrac'd?

Dru. More grac'd now than ever.

Gal. By what Mischance?

Cal. A Fortune like enough

Once to be bad. *Dru.* But turn'd too good, to both.

Gal. What was't? *Ner.* *Tiberius* sitting at his Meat,
 In a Farm-house, they call *Spelunca*, sited
 By the Sea-side, among the *Fundane* Hills,
 Within a natural Cave, part of the Grot
 (About the entry) fell and overwhelm'd
 Some of the Waiters; others ran away:
 Only *Sejanus* with his Knees, Hands, Face,
 O're hanging *Caesar*, did oppose himself
 To the remaining Ruins, and was found
 In that so labouring Posture by the Soldiers

That

That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath so fix'd himself in *Caesar's* Trust,
As Thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of *Caesar's* praise to Rome.

Agr. And Power, to turn those Ruins all on us;
And bury whole Posterities beneath them.
Nero, and *Drusus*, and *Caligula*,
Your Places are the next, and therefore most
In their Offence. Think on your Birth and Blood,
Awake your Spirits, meet their Violence,
'Tis Princely when a Tyrant doth oppose;
And is a Fortune sent to exercise
Your Virtue, as the Wind doth try strong Trees,
Who by Vexation grow more sound and firm:
After your Fathers Fall, and Uncles Fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or slight can give: then stand upright:
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly:
Be worthy of my Womb, and take strong chear;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.

Macro.

Return'd so soon? renew'd in Trust and Grace?
Is *Caesar* then so weak? or hath the Place
But wrought this Alteration with the Air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art ingag'd: and what before
Was Publick, now, must be thy Private, more
The weal of *Caesar*, fitness did imply;
But thine own Fate confers necessity
On thy Employment: and the Thoughts born nearest
Unto our selves, move swiftest still, and dearest
If he recover, thou art lost: Yea, all
The weight of Preparation to his Fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee. Therefore strike
Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thy self. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it Home, and gives the foremost Blow.

Latianis, Rufus, Opius.

It is a Service, great *Sejanus* will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.

R. 5

H. e.

Here place your selves, between the Roof and Ceiling;
And when I bring him to his Words of danger,
Reveal your selves, and take him. *Ruf.* Is he come?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him. *Opf.* With good speed. I long
To merit from the State in such an Action.

Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the Consulship
For one of us. *Opf.* We cannot think of less,
To bring in one, so dangerous as *Sabinus*.

Ruf. He was a follower of *Germanicus*,
And still is an Observer of his Wife
And Children, though they be declin'd in Grace;
A daily visitant, keeps them Company
In Private and in Publick, and is noted
To be the only Client of the House:
Pray *Jove*, he will be free to *Latiaris*.

Opf. He is ally'd to him, and doth trust him well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his Trust? *Opf.* To do an Office
So grateful to the State, I know no Man
But would strain nearer Bands, than Kindred

Ruf. List,

I hear them come. *Opf.* Shift to our Holes with Silence,
Latiaris, Sabinus.

It is a noble Constancy you shew
To this afflicted House: that not like others,
(The Friends of Season) you do follow Fortune,
And in the Winter of their Fate, forsake
The Place, whose Glories warm'd you, You are just;
And worthy such a princely Patrons love.
As was the Worlds renown'd *Germanicus*:
Whose ample Merit when I call to thought,
And see his Wife, and Issue, Objects made
To so much Envy, Jealousie, and Hate;
It makes me ready to accuse the Gods
Of Negligence, as Men of Tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we. *Lat.* O *Jove*!
What will become of us or of the Times,
When to be High or Noble, are made Crimes?
When Land and Treasure are most dangerous Faults?

Sab. Nay, when our Table, yea our Bed assaults
Our Peace and Satety? when our Writings are,
By any envious Instruments (that dare

Apply

Apply them to the guilty) made to speak
 What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak?
 When Ignorance is scarcely Innocence;
 And Knowledge made a capital Offence?
 When not so much, but the bare empty shade
 Of Liberty is left us? and we made
 The Prey to greedy Vultures and vile Spies,
 That first transfix us with their murdering Eyes?

Lat. Methinks the *Genius* of the *Roman Race*
 Should not be so extinct, but that bright Flame
 Of Liberty might be reviv'd again,
 (Which no good Man but with his Life should lose)
 And we not sit like spent and patient Fools,
 Still puffing in the Dark at one poor Coal,
 Held on by Hope till the last Spark is out.
 The Cause is Publick, and the Honour, Name,
 The immortality of every Soul
 That is not Bastard or a Slave in *Rome*,
 Therein concern'd: whereto, if Men would change
 The wearied Arm, and for the weighty Shield
 So long sustain'd, employ the ready Sword,
 We might have soon Assurance of our Vows,
 This Asses fortitude doth tire us all.
 It must be active Valour must redeem
 Our loss, or none. The Rock and our hard Steel
 Should meet, t'enforce those glorious Fires again,
 Whose Splendor cheer'd the World; and Heat gave Life
 No less than doth the Sun's. *Sab.* 'Twere better stay
 In lasting Darknes, and despair of Day.
 No ill should force the Subject undertake
 Against the Sovereign, more than Heil should make
 The Gods do wrong. A good Man should and must
 Sit rather down with Loss, than rise Unjust.
 Though, when the *Romans* first did yield themselves
 To one Man's Power, they did not mean their Lives,
 Their Fortunes and their Liberties should be
 His absolute Spoil as purchas'd by the Sword.

Lat. Why we are worse, if to be Slaves, and bond
 To *Cæsar's* Slave be such, the proud *Sejanus*!
 He that is all, does all, gives *Cæsar* leave
 To hide his ulcerous and anointed Face

With

With his bald Crown at *Rhodes*, while he here stalks
 Upon the heads of *Romans*, and their Princes,
 Familiarly to Empire. *Sab.* Now you touch
 A Point indeed, wherein he shews his Art,
 As well as Power. *Lat.* And villany in both.
 Do you observe where *Livia* lodges? How
Drusus came dead? what Men have been cut off?

Sab. Yes, those are things remov'd: I never lookt,
 Into his later Practice, where he stands
 Declar'd a Master in his Mystery.
 First, e're *Tiberius* went, he wrought his fear
 To think that *Agrippina* sought his death.
 Then put those Doubts in her; sent her oft Word,
 Under the show of Friendship, to beware
 Of *Caesar*, for he laid to poison her:
 Drave them to Frowns, to mutual Jealousies,
 Which, now, in visible Hatred are burst out.
 Since, he hath had his hired Instruments
 To work on *Nero*; and to heave him up;
 To tell him *Caesar's* old, that all the People,
 Yea, all the Army have their Eyes on him;
 That both do long to have him undertake
 Something of Worth, to give the World a hope;
 Bids him to court their Grace; the easie Youth
 Perhaps gives ear, which strait he writes to *Caesar*;
 And with this Comment; see yon dangerous Boy;
 Note but the practice of the Mother, there;
 She's tying him for Purposes at hand,
 With Men of Sword. Here's *Caesar* put in fright
 'Gainst Son and Mother. Yet, he leaves not thus.
 The second Brother, *Drusus*, (a fierce Nature,
 And fitter for his Snares, because ambitious
 And full of Envy) him he clasps and hugs,
 Poisons with Praise, tel's him what Hearts he wears,
 How bright he stands in popular Expectance;
 That *Rome* doth suffer with him in the wrong.
 His Mother does him, by preferring *Nero*:
 Thus set he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
 Projects the Court that serves him to condemn;
 Keeps in opinion of a Friend to all,
 And all drives on to ruin. *Lat.* *Caesar* sleeps,

And

And nods at this? *Sab.* Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy Lusts. *Opf.* Treason to *Caesar*.

Ruf. Lay hands upon the Traitor, *Latiaris*,
Or take the Name thy self. *Lat.* I am for *Caesar*.

Sab. Am I then catch'd? *Ruf.* How think you, Sir?
you are.

Sab. Spies of this Head! so white! so full of Years!
Well, my most reverend Monsters, you may live
To see your selves thus snar'd. *Opf.* Away with him.

Lat. Hale him away. *Ruf.* To be a Spy for Traitors,
Is honourable vigilance. *Sab.* You do well,
My most officious Instruments of State;
Men of all uses: Drag me hence, away.
The Year is well begun, and I tall fit
To be an Offering to *Sejanus*. Go.

Opf. Cover him with his Garments, hide his Face.

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude Assault.
The Fault's not shameful; Villany makes a Fault.

Macro, Caligula.

Sir, but observe how thick your Dangers meet
In his clear drifts! Your Mother, and your Brothers,
Now cited to the *Senate*! Their Friend *Gallus*,
Feasted to Day by *Caesar*, since committed!
Sabinus, here we met, hurried to Fetters!
The *Senators*, all strook with Fear and Silence,
Save those whose Hopes depend not on good Means,
But force their private Prey from publick Spoil!
And you must know, if here you stay, your State
Is sure to be the Subject of his Hate,
As now the Object. *Cal.* What would you advise me?

Mac. To go for *Caprea* presently: And there
Give up your self entirely to your Uncle.
Tell *Caesar* (since your Mother is accus'd
To fly for Succours to *Augustus*' Statue,
And to the Army, with your Brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your Aids in him,
Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out by bold *Sejanus*'s Plots:
Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of Peril to the State, and *Caesar*,
As being laid to his peculiar Ends,

And

And not to be let run with common Safety.
All which (upon the second) I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with *Cæsar* gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our Journey:

Arruntius.

Still, dost thou suffer Heav'n? will no Flame,
No heat of Sin, make thy just Wrath to boil
In thy distemper'd Bottom, and o'reflow
The pitchy Blazes of Impiety,
Kindled beneath thy Throne? Still can'st thou sleep
Patient, while Vice doth make an antick Face
At thy dread Power, and blow Dust and Smoke
Into thy Nostrils? *Jove*, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile *Sejanus* pull thee by the Beard,
E're thou wilt open thy Black-lidded Eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on dreaming Gods,
And let this last of that proud Giant-race,
Heave Mount'n upon Mount'ningst your State
Be good unto me, Fortune and you Powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have prophand;
I see (what's equal with a Prodigy)
A Great, a Noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old Man! O, *Marcus Lepidus*,
When is our turn to bleed? Thy self and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left to be honest in these impious Times.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

What we are left to be, we will be, *Lucius*.
Though Tyranny did stare as wide as Death;
To fright us from it. *Arr.* 'T hath so on *Sabinus*.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the *Gemonies*,
And (what increas'd the direness of the Fact)
His faithful Dog (upbraiding all us Romans)
Never forsook the Corps, but, seeing it thrown
Into the Stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.

Arr. O Act! to be envy'd him of us Men!
We are the next, the Hook lays hold on, *Marcus*:
What are thy Arts (good Patriot, teach them me)
That have preserv'd thy Hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a Head,
Safe on his comely Shoulders? *Lep.* Arts, *Arruntius*?
None, but the plain and passive Fortitude,

To

To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These Arms against the Torrent; live at Home,
With my own Thoughts, and Innocence about me
Not tempting the Wolves Jaws; these are my Arts.

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to *Jove*,
In secret, and be safe? I, or aloud?

With open Wishes? so I do not mention

Tiberius or Sejanus? yes I must,

If I speak out, 'Tis hard, that. May I think,
And not be rackt? What danger is't to dream?

Talk in ones Sleep? or Cough? who knows the Law?

May I shake my Head without a Comment? say

It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown

Upon the *Gemonies*? These now are Things,

Whereon Mens Fortune, yea, their Fate depends.

Nothing hath priviledg'd 'gainst the violent Ear.

No Place, no Day, no Hour (we see) is free

(Not our religious and most sacred Times)

From some one kind of Cruelty: all Matter,

Nay all occasion pleaseth. Mad-mens Rage,

The idleness of Drunkards, Womens nothing,

Jesters Simplicity, all, all is good

That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th' event

Of any Person, or for any Crime,

To be expected; for, 'tis always one.

Death, with some little difference of Place,

Or time— what's this? Prince *Nero*, guarded?

Laco, Nero, Lepidus, Arruntius.

On, *Lictors*, keep your way: My Lords, forbear.

On pain of *Caesar's* Wrath, no Man attempt

Speech with the Prisoner. *Ner.* Noble Friends be safe;

To lose your selves for Words, were as vain hazard,

As unto me small comfort: Fare you well.

Would all *Rome's* Sufferings in my Fate did dwell.

Lac. *Lictors*, away. *Lep.* Where goes he *Laco*?

Lac. Sir,

He's banish'd into *Pontia* by the Senate.

Arr. Do I see, and hear, and feel? May I trust Sense?

Or doth my Phant'ie form it? *Lep.* Where's his Brother?

Eac.

Lac. *Drusus* is Prisoner in the Palace. *Arr.* Ha?
I smell it now: 'tis rank. Where's *Agrippina*?

Lac. The Princess is confin'd to *Pandataria*.

Arr. Bolts, *Vulcan*; Bolts, for *Jove*! *Phæbus*, thy
Bow;

Stern *Mars*, thy Sword; and *blue-ey'd Maid*, thy Spear;
Thy Club, *Alcides*: All the Armory

Of Heaven is too little! — Ha? to guard

The Gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This same

Was swiftly born! confin'd, imprison'd, banish'd?

Most tripartite! The cause, Sir? *Lac.* Treason.

Arr. O!

The Complement of all Accusings? that

Will hit, when all else fails. *Lep.* This turn is strange!

But Yesterday the People would not hear

Far less objected but cry'd *as far's Letters*

Were false and forg'd, that all these Plots were Malice:

And that the ruin of the Prince's House

Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now

Their Voices? now, that they behold his Heirs

Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into Exile? *Arr.* Hush'd.

Drown'd in their Bellies. Wild *Sejanus* Breath

Hath, like a Whirl-wind, scatter'd that poor Dust,

With this rude Blast. We'll talk no Treason, Sir,

[*He turns to Laco and the rest.*]

If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.

We have no need of Horse-leeches. Good Spy,

Now you are spy'd, be gone. *Lep.* I fear you wrong
him.

He has the Voice to be an honest Roman.

Arr. And trusted to this Office? *Lepidus*,

I'll sooner trust *Greek Sinon*, than a Man

Our State Employs. He's gone: and being gone,

I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)

That our Night-ey'd *Tiberius* doth not see

His Minions Drifts; or, if he do, he's not

So errant Subtil, as we Fools do take him,

To breed a Mungril up, in his own House,

With his own Blood, and (if the good Gods please)

At his own Throat, flesh him, to take a Leap.

I do not beg it, Heav'n: but, if the Fates

Grant

Grant it these Eyes, they must not wink. *Lep.* They must

Not see it. *Lucius. Arr.* Who shoul'd let 'em? *Lep.* Zeal, And Duty; with the Thought he is our Prince.

Arr. He is our Monster: forfeited to Vice
So far, as no rackt Virtue can redeem him.
His loathed Person fouler than all Crimes:
An Emp'ror, only in his Lusts, Retir'd
(From all regard of his own Fame, or Rome's)
Into an obscure Island; where he lives
(Acting his Tragedies with a Comick Face)
Amidst his rout of *Chaldees*: spending Hours,
Days, Weeks, and Months, in the unkind abuse
Of grave *Astrology*, to the bane of Men,
Casting the scope of Mens Nativities,
And having found ought worthy in their Fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the Sea,
And boast, he can mock Fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are far from Ends of Evil, scarce Degrees.
He hath his Slaughter-house at *Caprea*;
Where he doth study Murder, as an Art:
And they are dearest in his Grace, that can
Devise the deepest Tortures. Thither too,
He hath his Boys, and beauteous Girls tane up
Out of our noblest House, the best form'd,
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good;
Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatned; others (by their Friends detain'd)
Are ravish'd hence, like Captives, and, in sight
Of their most griev'd Parents, dealt away
Unto his *Spintries*, *Sellaries*, and Slaves,
Masters of Strange and new commented Lusts;
For which wise Nature hath not left a Name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding *Rome*.)
He is, with all his Craft, become the Ward
To his own Vassal, a stale *Catamite*:
Whom he (upon our low and suffering Necks)
Hath rais'd, from Excrement, to side the Gods,
And have his proper Sacrifice in *Rome*:
Which *Jove* beholds, and yet will sooner rive

A senseless Oak with Thunder than his Trunk.

Laco, Pomponius, Minatius, Terentius. [To them.]

These Letters make Men doubtful what t' expect,
Whether his coming, or his Death: *Pom.* Troth both:
And which comes soonest, thank the Gods for.

(*Arr.* List,

Their talk is *Cesar*; I would hear all Voices)

Min. One Day, he's well; and will return to *Rome*:
The next Day, sick; and knows not when to hope it.

Lac. True, and to day, one of *Sejanus's* Friends
Honour'd by special Writ; and on the Morrow
Another punish'd — *Pom.* By more special Writ.

Min. This Man receives his Praises of *Sejanus*;
A second but slight mention; a third none.

A fourth rebukes. And thus he leaves the *Senate*
Divided, and Suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked Tricks, I understand 'em not,
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

(*Arr.* Good *Heliotrope*! Is this your honest Man?
Let him be yours so still. He is my Knave.)

Pom. I cannot tell, *Sejanus* still goes on,
And mounts we see: New Statues are advanc'd,
Fresh leaves of Titles, large Inscriptions read,
His Fortune sworn by, himself new gone out
Cesar's Colleague, in the fifth *Consulship*,
More Altars smoke to him than a'l the Gods:
What would we more? (*Arr.* That the dear Smoke would
choak him,

That would I more. *Lep.* Peace, good *Arruntius*.)

Lac. But there are Letters come (they say) ev'n now,
Which do forbid that last. *Min.* Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By *Pollux*, that's the worst. (*Arr.* By *Hercules*,
best.)

Min. I did not like the sign when *Regulus*,
(Whom all we know no Friend unto *Sejanus*)
Did by *Tiberius* so precise Command,
Succeed a Fellow in the *Consulship*:
It boded somewhat. *Pom.* Not a Mote. His Partner,

Fals.

Fulcinus Trio, is his own, and sure.

Here comes *Terentius*. He can give us more.

[*They whisper with Terentius.*]

Lep. I'll ne'er believe, but *Caesar* hath some scent
Of bold *Sejanus* Footing. These cross Points
Of varying Letters, and opposing *Consuls*,
Mingling his Honours and his Punishments,
Faining now ill, now well, raising *Sejanus*,
And then depressing him, (as now of late
In all reports we have it) cannot be
Empty of Practice: 'Tis *Tiberius's* Art.
For (having found his Favourite grown too great,
And with his Greatness strong; that all the Soldiers
Are, with their Leaders, made at his Devotion;
That almost all the *Senate* are his Creatures,
Or hold on him their main Dependances,
Either for Benefit, or Hope, or Fear;
And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him; and by th' Increase
Of his rank Lusts and Rages quite disarm'd
Himself of Love, or rather publick Means,
To dare an open Contestation)
His Subtilty hath chose this doubling Line,
To hold him even in: not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time,
By his Employments, makes him odious.
Unto the staggering Rout, whose Aid (in fine)
He hopes to use, as sure, who (when they sway)
Bear down, o're-turn all Objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a *Lincaus*, *Lepidus*: yet, I,
See no such Cause, but that a politick Tyrant
(Who can so well disguise it) should have tane
A nearer way: fain'd honest, and come home
To cut his Throat, by Law. *Lep.* I, but his fear,
Would ne'r be masqu'd, all be his Vices were.

Pom. His Lordship then is still in Grace? *Ter.* Assure
you,
Never in more, either of Grace or Power.

Pom. The Gods are Wise and Just. (*Arr.* The Friends
they are,

To

To suffer thee bely 'em?) *Ter.* I have here
His last and present Letters, where he writes him-
The Partner of his Cares, and his *Sejanus* —

Lac. But is that true, it is prohibited
To sacrifice unto him? *Ter.* Some such thing
Caesar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;
No more than to himself: says, he could wish
It were forbore to all. *Lac.* Is it no other?

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that Letter too. (*Arr.* How easily
Do wretched Men believe, what they would have!
Looks this like a Plot? *Lep.* Noble *Arruntius* stay.)

Lac. He names him here without his Titles.

(*Lep.* Note.

Arr. Yes, and come off your notable Fool. I will.)

Lac. No other than *Sejanus*. *Pom.* That's but haste
In him that writes. Here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with, his own Hand written? *Pom.* Yes.

Lac. Indeed?

Ter. Believe it, Gentlemen, *Sejanus's* Breast
Never receiv'd more full Contentments in,
Than at this present. *Pom.* Takes he well th' escape
Of young *Caligula*, with *Macro*? *Ter.* Faith,
At the first Air it somewhat troubled him.

(*Lep.* Observe you? *Arr.* Nothing, Riddles. Till I
see

Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me)

Pom. I like it not. I muse h' would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the *Consulship*,
Seeing the People 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it, now; but h' has employ'd
Pagonianus after him: and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about *Caesar*, as no thought can pass
Without his Knowledge, thence in Act to front him.

Pom. I gratulate the News. *Lac.* But how comes

Macro

So in Trust and Favour with *Caligula*?

Pom. O Sir, he has a Wife; and the young Prince
An Appetite: He can look up and spy
Flies in the Roof, when there are Fleas i' Bed:

And

And hath a learned Nose to assure his Sleeps.

Who to be favour'd of the rising Sun,

Would not lend little of his waning Moon?

'Tis the safest Ambition. Noble *Terentius*.

Ter. The Night grows fast upon us. At your Service;

C H O R U S — Of Musicians.

A C T V.

Sejanus.

SWell, swell, my joys: And faint not to declare
Your selves as ample as your Causes are.
I did not live till now; this my first Hour:
Wherein I see my Thoughts reach'd by my Power;
But this, and gripe my Wishes. Great and high,
The World knows only two, that's *Rome* and I,
My Roof receives me not; 'tis Air I tread,
And, at each Step, I feel my advanced Head
Knock out a Star in Heav'n! Rear'd to this height;
All my Desires seem modest, poor and slight,
That did before sound Impudent: 'Tis Place,
Not Blood, discerns the Noble and the Base,
Is there not something more than to be *Caesar*?
Must we rest there? it irks t' have come so far,
To be so near a stay, *Caligula*,
Would thou stoodst stiff, and many in our way.
Winds lose their Strength when they do empty fly,
Unmet of Woods or Buildings; great Fires dye,
That want their Matter to withstand them: so,
It is our Grief and will be our Loss, to know
Our Power shall want Opposites; unless
The Gods by mixing in the Cause would bless
Our Fortune with their Conquest. That were worth
Sejanus Strife; durst Fates but bring it forth.

Terentius, Sejanus.

Safety, to great *Sejanus*. *Sej.* Now, *Terentius*?

Ter. Hears not my Lord the Wonder? *Sej.* Speak it, no.

Ter. I meet it violent in the People's Mouths,

Who

Who run in Routs to *Pompey's* Theatre,
To view your Statue : which they say sends forth
A Smoke as from a Furnace black and dreadful.

Sej. Some Traitor hath put Fire in : (you, go see)
And let the Head be taken off, to look
What 'tis——Some Slave hath practis'd an imposture,
To stir the People. How now ? why return you ?

Satrius, Natta.

[To them]

The Head, my Lord, already is tane off,
I saw it : and at op'ning there leapt out
A great and monstrous Serpent ! *Sej.* Monstrous ! why ?
Had it a Beard, and Horns ? no Heart ? a Tongue
Forked as Flattery ? lookt it of the Hue,
To such as live in great Mens Bosoms ? was
The Spirit of it *Macro's* ? *Nat.* May it please
The most divine *Sejanus*, in my Days,
(And by his sacred Fortune, I affirm it)
I have not seen a more extended grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly——*Sej.* O, the Fates ?
What a wild Muster's here of Attributes,
T' express a Worm a Snake ? *Ter.* But how that should
Come there, my Lord ! *Sej.* What ! and you too, *Ter-*
rentius ?

I think you mean to mak't a Prodigy
In your reporting ? *Ter.* Can the wise *Sejanus*
Think Heav'n hath meant it less ? *Sej.* O, Superstition !
Why, then the falling of our Bed, that brake
This Morning, burd'ned with the populous Weight
Of our expecting Clients, to salute us :
Or running of the Cat, betwixt our Legs,
As we set forth unto the *Capitol*,
Were Prodigies. *Ter.* I think them ominous !
And, would they had not hap'ned. As, to-day,
The Fate of some your Servants ! who, declining
Their way, notable, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the *Gemonies*, and brake their Necks !
Besides, in taking your last Augury,
No prosperous Bird appear'd, but croaking Ravens
Flag'd up and down : and from the Sacrifice
Flew to the Prison, where they sat all Night,
Eating the Air with their obstreperous Beaks !

I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
 That great *Sejanus* would attempt the Gods;
 Once more with Sacrifice. *Sej.* What excellent Fools
 Religion makes of Men? Believes *Terentius*,
 (If these were Dangers, as I shame to think them)
 The Gods could change the certain Course of Fate?
 Or, if they could they would (now in a Moment)
 For a Beeves Fat, or less, be brib'd t' invert
 Those long Decrees? Then think the Gods like Flies,
 Are to be taken with the Steam of Flesh,
 Or Blood, diffus'd about their Altars: think
 Their Power as cheap as I esteem it small.
 Of all the Throng that fill th' *Olympian* Hall,
 And (without pity) lade poor *Atlas* back,
 I know not that one Deity, but *Fortune*;
 To whom I would throw up in begging Smoke,
 One Grane of Incense: or whose Ear I'd buy
 With thus much Oyl. Her, I, indeed, adore;
 And keep her grateful Image in my House,
 Sometimes belonging to a *Roman* King,
 But now call'd mine, as by the better Stile:
 To her I care not, if (for satisfying
 Your scrupulous Phantasies) I go offer. Bid
 Our Priest prepare us Honey, Milk, and Poppy;
 His masculine Odours, and Night-vestments: say,
 Our Rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll see
 How vain and worthy Laughter your Fears be.

Cotta, Pomponius.

Pomponius! whither in such speed? *Pom.* I go
 To give my Lord *Sejanus* Notice——*Cot.* What?
Pom. Of *Macro.* *Cot.* Is he come? *Pom.* Entred but
 now

The House of *Regulus.* *Cot.* The opposite *Consul*?

Pom. Some halt hour since.

Cot. And, by Night too! stay Sir;
 I'll bear you Company. *Pom.* Along then——

Macro, Regulus, Laco.

'Tis *Caesar's* Will to have a frequent *Senate*;
 And therefore must your Edict lay deep mulct
 On such as shall be absent. *Reg.* So it doth.
 Bear it my fellow *Consul* to adscribe.

Mac.

Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd:
The Place *Apollo's* Temple. *Reg.* That's remembered.

Mac. And at what Hour? *Reg.* Yes. *Mac.* You do forget

To send one for the *Provost* of the Watch?

Reg. I have not: here he comes. *Mac.* *Gracinus* *Laco*,

You're a Friend most welcome: by and by,

I'll speak with you. (You must procure this List

Of the *Pratorian* Cohorts, with the Names

Of the *Centurions* and their *Tribunes*. *Reg.* I.)

Mac. I bring you Letters, and a Health from *Caesar*—

Lac. Sir, both come well. (*Mac.* And hear you with
your note,

Which are the eminent Men, and most of Action.

Reg. That shall be done you too.) *Mac.* Most worthy
Laco,

Caesar salutes you. (*Consul!* Death and Furies!

[*The Consul goes out.*]

Gone now? the Argument will please you, Sir,

(Hough! *Regulus*? The anger of the Gods

Follow his diligent Legs, and overtake 'em,

In likeness of the Gout) O, good my Lord,

[*Returns.*]

We lackt you present; I would pray you send

Another to *Fulcinus* *Trio*, straight,

To tell him you will come, and speak with him;

(The matter we'll devise) to stay him there,

While I, with *Laco* do survey the Watch.

What are your Strengths, *Gracinus*? *Lac.* Seven Cohorts.

[*Goes out again.*]

Mac. You see, what *Caesar* writes: and (—gone at
gain?

H' has sure a vein of *Mercury* in his Feet)

Knew you what store of the *Pratorian* Soldiers

Sejanus holds, about him, for his Guard?

Lac. I cannot the just Number: but, I think,

Three *Centurions*. *Mac.* Three? Good. *Lac.* At most
not four.

Mac. And who be those *Centurions*? *Lac.* That the
Consul

Can best deliver you. *Mac.* (When he's away:

Spight

Spight on his nimble Industry.) *Gracinus*,
You find what Place you hold, there, in the trust
Of Royal *Cesar*? *Lac.* I, and I am—*Mac.* Sir,
The Honours there propos'd are but beginnings
Of his great Favours. *Lac.* They are more——*Mac.* I
heard him

When he did study what to add——*Lac.* My Life,
And all I hold——*Mac.* You were his own first Choice;
Which doth confirm as much as you can speak:
And will (if we succeed) make more——Your Guards
Are seven Cohorts, you say? *Lac.* Yes. *Mac.* Those
we must

Hold still in readiness and undischarg'd.

Lac. I understand so much. But how it can——

Mac. Be done without Suspicion, you'll object?

Reg. What's that? *Lac.* The keeping of the Watch
in Arms, [Return.

When Morning comes. *Mac.* The Senate shall be met,
and set

So early in the Temple, as all mark
Of that will be avoided. *Reg.* If we need,
We have Commission, to possess the Palace,
Enlarge Prince *Drusus*, and make him our Chief.

Mac. (That Secret would have burnt his reverend
Mouth,

Had he not spit it out, now :) by the Gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a Man,
Or two, to bear these——That of freeing *Drusus*,
Cesar projected as the last and utmost:
Not else to be remembred. *Reg.* Here are Servants,

Mac. These to *Arruntius*, these to *Lepidus*.

This bear to *Cotta*, this to *Latianis*.

If they demand yo' of me: say, I have tane
Fresh Horse, and am departed. You (my Lord)
To your Colleague, and be you sure to hold him
With long Narration of the new fresh Favours,
Meant to *Sejanus*, his great Patron; I,
With trusted *Laco*, here, are for the Guards:
Then to divide. For, Night hath many Eyes,
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are Spies.

Pracones, Flamen, Ministri, Sejanus, Terentius, Satrius, &c.

Be all Profane far hence; Fly, fly far off:

Be absent far; far hence be all Profane.

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now,
And bring pure *Hands*, pure *Vestments*, and pure *Minds*.

[Tub. Tib. These sound while the Flamen washeth.

Min. Pure Vessels. Min. And pure Offerings. Min. Garlands pure.

Fla. Bestow you *Garlands*: and (with reverence) place
The *Vervin* on the *Altar*. *Præ.* Favour your *Tongues*.

Fla. Great Mother Fortune, Queen of human State,
Rectress of Action, Arbitress of Fate,
To whom all Sway, all Power, all Empire bows,
Be present, and propitious to our Vows.

Præ. Favour it with your *Tongues*.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our Vows.

Accept our Offering, and be pleas'd great Goddess.

Ter. See, see, the Image stirs! *Sat.* And turns away!

[While they sound again, the Flamen takes off the Honey with his Finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest: so of the Milk in an Earthen Vessel, he deals about, which done, he sprinklth upon the Altar, Milk; then imposeth the Honey, and kindleth his Gums, and after censuring about the Altar, placeth his Censer thereon, into which they put several Branches of Poppy, and the Musick ceasing, proceeds.

Nat. Fortune averts her Face! *Fla.* Avert, you Gods,
The Prodigy. Still! still! Some pious Rite
We have neglected. Yet! Heav'n be appeas'd.
And be all Tokens false or void, that speak
Thy present Wrath. *Sej.* Be thou dumb, scrupulous
Priest:

And gather up thy self, with these thy Wares
Which I, in sight of thy blind Mistress, or
Thy juggling Mystery, Religion, throw
Thus scorned on the Earth. Nay, hold thy look
Averted, till I woe thee, turn again;
And thou shalt stand to all Posterity,
Th' eternal Game and Laughter with thy Neck
Writh'd to thy Tail, like a ridiculous Cat,

Avoid

Avoid these Fumes, these superstitious Lights,
 And all these cos'ning Ceremonies: you,
 Your pure and spiced Conscience. I, the Slave;
 And mock of Fools, (scorn on my worthy head)
 That have been titled and ador'd a God,
 Yea sacrific'd unto my self, in Rome,
 No less than *Jove*: and I be brought to do
 A peevish Gigglet, Rites: Perhaps the Thought
 And shame of that, made *Fortune* turn her Face,
 Knowing her self the lesser Deity,
 And but my Servant. Bashful Queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy Modesty. Who's that!

Pomponius, Sejanus, Minutius, &c.

His Fortune suffers, till he hears my News:
 I have waited here too long. *Macro*, my Lord

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

Ter. Are these things true?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the Streets.

Sej. What's that? *Ter.* *Minutius* tells us here, my Lord,
 That, a new Head being set upon your Statue,
 A Rope is since found wreath'd about it! And,
 But now a fiery Meteor in the Form
 Of a great Ball was seen to rowl along
 The troubled Air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
 The amazing Wonder of the Multitude!

Sej. No more. That *Macro's* come, is more than all!

Ter. Is *Macro* come? *Pom.* I saw him. *Ter.* Where?
 with whom?

Pom. With *Regulus*. *Sej.* *Terentius* — *Ter.* My Lord?

Sej. Send for the *Tribunes*, we will straight have up
 More of the Soldiers for our Guard. *Minutius*,

We pray you go for *Cotta*, *Latiaris*,

Trio the *Consul*, or what *Senators*

You know are sure, and ours. You, my good *Natta*,

For *Laco*, *Provost* of the Watch. Now *Satrius*,

The time of Proof comes on, Arm all our Servants,

And without Tumult. You, *Pomponius*,

Hold some good Correspondence with the *Consul*.

Attempt him noble Friend. These things begin

To look like Dangers, now, worthy my Fates.

Fortune I see thy worst: Let doubtful States,

And things uncertain hang upon thy Will:
 Me surest Death shall render certain still.
 Yet, why is now my Thought turn'd toward Death;
 Whom Fates have let go on, so far in Breath,
 Uncheckt or unrepov'd? I, that did help
 To fell the lofty Cedar of the World,
Germanicus; that at one Stroke cut down
Drusus that upright Elm; withered his Vine;
 Laid *Silius* and *Sabinus*, two strong Oaks,
 Flat on the Earth; besides those other Shrubs,
Cordus and *Sofia*, *Claudia*, *Pulchra*,
Furnius and *Gallus*, which I have grub'd up;
 And since, have set my Ax so strong and deep
 Into the Root of spreading *Agrippina*;
 Lopt off, and scatter'd her proud Branches, *Nero*,
Drusus and *Caius* too, although re-planted;
 If you will, Destinies that after all,
 I faint now e're I touch my Period;
 You are but cruel; and I already have done
 Things great enough. All *Rome* hath been my Slave;
 The *Senate* sat an idle looker on,
 And witness of my power; when I have blush'd
 More to command than it to suffer; all
 The Fathers have sat ready and prepar'd,
 To give me Empire, Temples, or their Throats,
 When I would ask 'em; and (what Crowns they top)
Rome, *Senate*, *People*, all the World have seen
Jove, but my equal: *Cesar*, but my second.
 'Tis then your Malice, Fates who (but your own)
 Envy and fear: have any Power long known.

Terentius, Tribunes.

Stay here: I'll give his Lordship, you are come.

Minutius, Cotta, Latianis. [They confer their Letters.]

Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my Lord,

Here's *Cotta*, and *Latianis*. *Ter.* Sir, I shall.

Cot. My Letter is the very same with yours;

Only requires me to be present there,

And give my Voice to strengthen his Design.

Lat. Names he not what it is? *Cot.* No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular and doubtful! *Cot.* so it
 is.

It may beall is left to Lord *Sejanus*.

Natta, Laco.

[*To them.*

Gentlemen, where's my Lord? *Tri.* We wait him here.

Cot. The *Provost Laco*? what's the News? *Lat.* My Lord——

Sejanus.

[*To them.*

Now, my right, dear, noble and trusted Friends;
How much I am a Captive to your kindness!

Most worthy *Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,*

Your valiant Hand; and Gentlemen your loves,

I wish I could divide my self unto you;

Or that it lay within our narrow Powers;

To satisfie for so enlarged Bounty.

Gracius, we must pray you, hold your Guards

Unquit when Morning comes. Saw you the *Consul*?

Min. *Trio* will presently be here, my Lord.

Cot. They are but giving Order for the Edict,

To warn the *Senate*. *Sej.* How! the *Senate*? *Lat.* Yes.

This Morning in *Apollo's* Temple. *Cot.* We

Are charg'd by Letter to be there, my Lord.

Sej. By Letter? pray you let's see! *Lat.* Knows not his Lordship!

Cot. It seems so! *Sej.* A *Senate* warn'd? without my Knowledge?

And on this sudden? *Senators* by Letters

Required to be there! who brought these? *Cot. Macro.*

Sej. Mine Enemy! And when?

Cot. This Mid-night. *Sej.* Time,

With ev'ry other Circumstance, doth give.

It hath some strein of Engin in't! How now?

Satrius, Sejanus, &c.

My Lord, *Sertorius Macro* is without,

Alone, and prays t'have private Conference

In Business of high Nature with your Lordship,

(He says to me) and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here. *Sat.* Better, my Lord, withdraw,

You will betray what store and strength of Friends

Are now about you; which he comes to spy.

Sej. Is he not arm'd? *Sat.* We'll search him. *Sej.* No, but take,

And lead him to some Room, where you conceal'd
 May keep a Guard upon us. Noble *Laco*,
 You are our Trust: and till our own Cohorts
 Can be brought up, your Strengths must be our Guard.
 Now, good *Minutius* honour'd *Latianis*,

[He salutes them humbly.]

Most worthy and my most unwearied Friends:
 I return instantly. *Lat.* Most worthy Lord!

Cot. His Lordship is turn'd instant kind, methinks,
 I have not observ'd it in him, heretofore.

Tri. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. *Min.* I
 Am rapt withal. *Tri.* 2. By *Mars*, he has my Lives,
 (Were they a Million) for this only Grace.

Lac. I, and to name a Man! *Lat.* As he did me!

Min. And me! *Lat.* Who would not spend his Life
 and Fortunes,

To purchase but the Look of such a Lord?

Lac. He that would not be Lords Fool, nor the Worlds.

Sejanus, Macro.

Macro! Most welcome, as most coveted Friend!

Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd you?

Mac. About the Noon of Night. *Sej.* *Satrius*, give
 leave.

Mac. I have been, since I came, with both the *Consuls*,
 On a particular design from *Caesar*.

Sej. How fares it with our Great and Royal Master?

Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a Prince,
 That still holds out the great Proportion
 Of his large Favours, where his Judgment hath
 Made once divine Election: like the God
 That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
 Where Merit meets his Bounty, as it doth
 In you, already the most happy, and e're,
 The Sun shall climb the South, most high *Sejanus*.
 Let not my Lord be amus'd For, to this end
 Was I by *Caesar* sent for to the Isle,
 With special Caution to conceal my Journey;
 And, thence had my Dispatch as privately
 Again to *Rome*; charg'd to come here by Night;
 And only to the *Consuls* make Narration
 Of his great Purpose; that the benefit

Might

Might come more full, and striking by how much
It was less lookt for, or aspir'd by you,
Or least inform'd to the common Thought.

Sej. What may this be? part of my self, dear *Macro*,
If good speak out; and share with your *Sejanus*.

Mac. If bad I should for ever loath my self
To be the Messenger to so good a Lord.
I do exceed m' Instructions to acquaint
Your Lordship with thus much; but 'tis my Venture
On your retentive Wisdom: and because
I would no jealous Scruple should molest
Or rack your Peace of Thought. For I assure
My noble Lord, no *Senator* yet knows
The Business meant: though all by several Letters
Are warn'd to be there, and give their Voices,
Only to add unto the State and Grace
Of what is purpos'd. *Sej.* You take pleasure *Macro*,
Like a coy Wench, in torturing your Lover.
What can be worth this Suffering? *Mac.* That which fol-
lows,

The *Tribunical* Dignity and Power:
Both which *Sejanus* is to have this Day
Conferr'd upon him, and by publick *Senate*.

Sej. Fortune be mine again; thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected Loyalty. *Mac.* My Lord,
I have no longer Time, the Day approacheth,
And I must back to *Cesar*. *Sej.* Where's *Caligula*?

Mac. That I forgot to tell your Lordship. Why
He lingers yonder about *Caprea*,
Disgrac'd; *Tiberius* hath not seen him yet:
He needs would trust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will, but I have quitted
His forward Trouble, with as tardy Note
As my Neglect or Silence could afford him.
Your Lordship cannot now command me ought,
Because I take no Knowledge that I saw you,
But I shall boast to live to serve your Lordship:
And so take leave. *Sej.* Honest and worthy *Macro*,
Your Love and Friendship. Who's there? *Satrius*,
Attend my honourable Friend forth. O!
How vain and vile a Passion is this Fear?

What base uncomely Things it makes Men do
 Suspect their noblest Friends, (as I did this)
 Flatter poor Enemies, intreat their Servants,
 Stoop, court, and catch at the Benevolence
 Of Creatures, unto whom (within this Hour)
 I would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-look,
 Or piece of Face? By you that Fools call Gods,
 Hang all the Sky with your prodigious Signs,
 Fill Earth with Monsters, drop the *Scorpion* down,
 Out of the *Zodiack*, or the fiercer *Lyon*,
 Shake off the loosned Globe from her long Hinge,
 Rowl all the World in Darkness, and let loose
 Th' enraged Winds to turn up Groves and Towns.
 When I do fear again, let me be struck
 With forked Fire, and unpitied dye:
 Who fears is worthy of Calamity.

Pomponius, Regulus, Trio.

[To the rest.]

Is not my Lord here? *Ter.* Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What News, *Fulcinus Trio*?

Tri. Good, good Tidings.

(But keep it to your self) my Lord *Sejanus*
 Is to receive this Day in open *Senate*

The *Tribunical* Dignity. *Cot.* Is't true?

(*Tri.* No Words, not to your Thought: but, Sir, believe it.

Lat. What says the *Consul*? *Cot.* (Speak it not again.)
 He tells me, that to-day my Lord *Sejanus*——

Tri. I must entreat you, *Cotta*, on your Honour
 Not to reveal it. *Cot.* On my Life, Sir. *Lat.* Say.

Cot. Is to receive the *Tribunical* Power.
 But as you are an honourable Man,
 Let me conjure you, not to utter it:
 For it is trusted to me with that Bond.

Lat. I am *Harpocrates*. *Ter.* Can you assure it?

Pom. The *Consul* told it me, but keep it close.

Min. Lord *Latiaris*, what's the News? *Lat.* I'll tell
 you,

But you must swear to keep it Secret——

Sejanus.

[To them.]

I knew the Fates had on their Distaff left
 More of our Thread, than so. *Reg.* Hail great *Sejanus*.

Tri.

Tri. Hail the most Honour'd.

Cot. Happy. Lat. High Sejanus.

Sej. Do you bring Prodigies too? Tri. May all preface
Turn to those fair Effects, whereof we bring
Your Lordship News. Reg. May't please my Lord with-
draw.

Se. Yes (I will speak with you anon.) Ter. My Lord

[To some that stand by.]

What is your Pleasure for the Tribunes? Sej. Why,

Let 'em be thank'd and sent away. Min. My Lord—

Lac. Will't please your Lordship to command me—

Sej. No. You are troublesome.

Min. The Mood is chang'd. Tri. Not speak? Nor look?

Lac. I, he is wise, will make him Friends:

Of such who never love, but for their Ends.

Arruntius, Lepidus.

[Divers other Senators
passing by them.]

I, go, make haste; take heed you be not lost.

To tender your All Hail in the wide Hall—

Of huge Sejanus: run a Lictors pace:

Stay not to put your Robes on; but away,

With the pale troubled Ensigns of great Friendship

Stamp't i' your Face! Now Marcus Lepidus,

You still believe your former Augury?

Sejanus must go downward? You perceive

His Wane approaching fast? Lep. Believe me, Lucius,

I wonder at this rising! Arr. I, and that we

Must give our Suffrage to it? you will say,

It is to make his Fall more steep and grievous?

It may be so. But think it, they that can

With idle Wishes' stay to bring back Time:

In Cases desperate, all hope is Crime.

See, see! what Troops of his officious Friends

Flock to salute my Lord? and start before

My great proud Lord! to get a Lord-like nod!

Attend my Lord unto the Senate-house!

Bring back my Lord! like servile Ushers, make

Way for my Lord! Proclaim his idol Lordship,

More than ten Cryers, or six Noise of Trumpets!

Make Legs, kiss Hands, and take a scatter'd Hair

From my Lord's eminent Shoulder! See, Sanquinus!

S S

With

With his slow Belly, and his Dropsie! look,
 What toying haste he makes! yet, here's another
 Retarded with the Gout, will be afore him!
 Get thee *Liburnian* Porters, thou gross Fool,
 To bear thy obsequious Fatness, like thy Peers.
 They are met! The Gout returns, and his great Carriage.

Lictors, Consuls, Sejanus, &c. [*Pass over the Stage.*]

Give way, make place, room for the *Consul*. *San.* Hail,
 Hail, great *Sejanus*. *Hat.* Hail, my honour'd Lord.

Arr. We shall be markt anon, for our not Hail.

Lep. That is already done. *Arr.* It is a Note
 Of upstart Greatness, to observe and watch
 For these poor Trifles, which the noble Mind
 Neglects and scorns. *Lep.* I, and they think themselves
 Deeply dishonour'd, where they are omitted,
 As if they were Necessities that help
 To the Perfection of their Dignities:

And hate the Men, that but refrain 'em. *Arr.* O!
 There is a farther Cause of Hate. Their Breasts
 Are guilty, that we know their obscure Springs,
 And base Beginnings: thence the Anger grows. On, Fol-
 low.

Macro, Laco.

When all are entred, shut the Temple Doors;
 And bring your Guards up to the Gate. *Lac.* I will.

Mat. If you shall hear Commotion in the *Senate*,
 Present your self: and charge on any Man
 Shall offer to come forth. *Lac.* I am instructed.

THE S E N A T E.

Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta, Regulus, Sejanus,
Pomponius, Latianis, Lepidus, Arruntius, Pracones,
Lictores.

How well his Lordship looks to-day! *Tri.* As if
 He had been born, or made for this Hours State.

Cot. Your fellow *Consul's* come about methinks?

Tri. I, he is wise. *San.* *Sejanus* trusts him well.

Tri. *Sejanus* is a noble bounteous Lord.

Hat. He is so, and most valiant. *Lat.* And most wise.

Sep. He's everything. *Lat.* Worthy of all, and more

Than

Than Bounty can bestow. *Tri.* This Dignity
Will make him worthy. *Pom.* Above *Cæsar*. *San.* Tut,
Cæsar is but the Rector of an Isle,
He of the Empire. *Tri.* Now he will have Power
More to reward than ever. *Cot.* Let us look
We be not slack in giving him our Voices.

Lat. Not I. *San.* Nor I. *Cot.* The readier we seem
To propagate his Honours, will more bind
His Thoughts to ours. *Hat.* I think right, with your
Lordship.

It is the way to have us hold our Places.

San. I, and get more. *Lat.* More Office and more
Titles.

Pom. I will not lose the Part, I hope to share
In these his Fortunes for my Patrimony.

Lat. See, how *Arruntius* sits, and *Lepidus*.

Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt anon.

Sen. I'll do with others. *Sen.* So will I. *Sen.* And I.
Men grow not in the State, but as they are planted
Warm for his Favours. *Cot.* Noble *Sejanus*!

Hat. Honour'd *Sejanus*! *Lat.* Worthy and Great *Se-
janus*!

Arr. Gods! How the Spunges open and take in!
And shut again! look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in Eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in Ear, or Tongue-reach? O but most
Can claw his subtil Elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his Ears. *Præ.* Proclaim the *Senates* Peace,
And give last Summons by the Edict. *Præ.* Silence:
In the Name of *Cæsar*, and the *Senate*, Silence.

“ *Memmius Regulus*, and *Fulcinus Trio*, Consuls, these
• present Kalends of *June*, with the first Light, shall hold
• a Senate, in the Temple of *Apollo Palatine*; all that are
• Fathers, and are registred Fathers, that have right of en-
• tring the Senate, we warn or command you be frequent-
• ly present, take knowledge the Business is the Common-
• wealths; whosoever is absent, his Fine or Mulct will be
• taken, his Excuse will not be taken.

Tri. Note, who are absent and record their Names.

Reg. Fathers Conscript, May, what I am to utter,
Turn good and happy for the Common-wealth.

And

And thou *Apollo*, in whose holy House
 We here are met, inspire us all with Truth,
 And Liberty of Censure to our Thought.
 The Majesty of great *Tiberius Caesar*
 Propounds to this grave *Senate*, the bestowing
 Upon the Man he loves, honour'd *Sejanus*,
 The *Tribunical* Dignity and Power;
 Here are his Letters, signed with his Signet:
What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?

Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publickly, read 'em.

Cot. *Caesar* hath honour'd his own Greatness much.
In thinking of this Act. *Tri.* It was a Thought
 Happy and worthy *Caesar*. *Lat.* And the Lord
 As worthy it on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy! *San.* *Rome* did never boast the
 Virtue

That could give Envy Bounds, but his: *Sejanus* —

Sen. Honour'd and Noble! *Sen.* Good and Great *Sejanus*!

Arr. O, most tame Slavery and fierce Flattery!

Pra. Silence.

T I B E R I U S C Æ S A R

To the S E N A T E Greeting,

The Epistle is read.

IF you, Conscript Fathers, with your Children, be in
 health, it is abundantly well: We wish our Friends
 here are so. The care of the Common-wealth, howsoever
 we are remov'd in Person, cannot be absent to our Thought;
 although, oftentimes, even to Princes most present, the
 Truth of their own Affairs is hid; than which, nothing
 falls out more miserable to a State, or makes the Art of
 governing more difficult. But since it hath been our easie
 Happiness to enjoy both the Aids and Industry of so vigilant
 a Senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our
 Pleasures, not as being careless of our Office, but rather se-
 cure

cure of the Necessity. Neither do these common Rumours of many, and infamous Libels publish'd against our Retirement, as all afflict us; being born more out of Mens Ignorance than their Malice. And will, neglected, find their own Grave quickly; whereas, too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their Authors (though sound) be censur'd, since in a free State (as ours) all Men ought to enjoy both their Minds and Tongues free.

(Arr. The Lapwing, the Lapwing.)

Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the Majesty of a Prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own Fame, as to neglect them. True it is, Conscript Fathers, that we have raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown Gentry, (Sen. How, how!) to the highest and most conspicuous Point of Greatness, and (we hope) deservedly; yet not without Danger: it being a most bold hazard in that Sovereign, who by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other Subjects.

(Arr. This touches, the Blood turns.)

But we assie in your Loves and Understandings, and do no way suspect the Merit of our Sejanus to make our Favours offensive to any.

(Sen. O! good, good.)

Though we could have wished his Zeal had run a calmer Course against Agrippina, and our Nephews, howsoever the openness of their Actions declared them Delinquents; and, that he would have remembered, no Innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of Mercy: The use of which in us, he hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his Loyal Fury, as now our Clemency would be thought but wearied Cruelty, if we should offer to exercise it.

(Arr. I thank him, there I lookt for't. A good Fox!)

Some there be that would interpret this his publick severity to be particular Ambition; and that, under a pretext of Service to us, he doth but remove his own Lets: alledging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the Pratorian Soldiers, by his Faction in Court and Senate, by the Offices he holds

holds himself, and consers on others, his Popularity and Dependents, his urging (and almost driving) us to this our unwilling Retirement, and lastly, his aspiring to be our Son-in-Law:

(Sen. This's strange!)

Arr. I shall anon believe your Vultures, Marcus.) Your Wisdoms, Conscript Fathers, are able to examine, and censure these Suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving Voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious.

(Sen. O, he has restor'd all, list.)

Yet are they offer'd to be averr'd, and on the Lives of the Informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, Lords of the Senate, if this be true, our Gods and Goddesses confound us if we know! Only we must think, we have plac'd our Benefits ill; and conclude, that, in our Choice, either we were wanting to the Gods, or the Gods to us.

(Arr. The Place grows hot, they shift.)

[The Senators shift their Places.

We have not been covetous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now any new Lust that alters our Affections, or old loathing; but those needful Jealousies of State, that warm wiser Princes hourly to provide for their Safety; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest Enemy; much more of those great Ones, whom their own employ'd Favours have made fit for their fears.

(Sen. Away. Sen. Sit farther.)

Cot. Let's remove——

Arr. Gods! how the Leaves drop off, this little Wind!)

We therefore desire, that the Offices he holds be first seized by the Senate; and himself suspended from all Exercise of Place or Power——

(Sen. How! San. By your leave.

Arr. Come, Porapisce, (where's Hiaterius?

His Gout keeps him most miserably constant.)

Your dancing shews a Tempest. Sej. Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the Senate, hold your Seats: Read on.

Sej. These Letters they are forg'd.

Reg.

Reg. A Guard : Sit still.

[Laco enters with the Guards.]

Arr. There's Change.

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Pra. Silence ——— and himself suspended from all Exercise of Place or Power, but till due and mature Trial be made of his Innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the Necessity to doubt. If, Conscript Fathers, to your more searching Wisdoms, there shall appear farther Cause (or of farther Proceeding, either to seizure of Lands, Goods, or more ———) it is not our Power that shall limit your Authority, or our Favour, that must corrupt your Justice: either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to our self. We would willingly be present with your Counsels in this Business, but the danger of so potent a Faction (if it should prove so) forbids our attempting it: Except one of the Consuls would be intreated for our Safety, to undertake the Guard of us home, then we should most readily adventure. In the mean time, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the Innocent, that spare the Guilty: And how grateful a Sacrifice, to the Gods, is the Life of an ingrateful Person. We reflect not, in this, on Sejanus (notwithstanding, if you keep an Eye upon him ——— and there is Latiaris a Senator, and Pinnarius Natta, Two of his most-trusted Ministers, and so profess, whom we desire not to have apprehended) but as the Necessity of the Cause exacts it.

Reg. A Guard on Latiaris. Arr. O, the Spy! The reverend Spy is caught, who pities him? Reward, Sir, for your Service: Now, you ha' done. Your property, you see what use is made? Hang up the Instrument.

Sej. Give leave. Lac. Stand, stand, He comes upon his Death, that doth advance An Inch toward my Point.

Sej. Have we no Friends here?

Arr. Hush! Where now are all the Hails and Acclamations?

Macro,

Macro, Senate.

Hail to the *Consuls*, and this noble *Senate*.

Sej. Is *Macro* here? O, thou art lost, *Sejanus*.

Mac. Sit still, and un-affrighted, *Reverend Fathers*;

Macro, by *Caesar's* Grace, the New-made *Provost*,

And now posselt of the *Pratorian Bands*,

An honour late belong'd to that proud Man,

Bids you be safe : and to your constant Doom :

Of his Deservings, offers you the Surety :

Of all the *Soldiers*, *Tribunes* and *Centurions*,

Receiv'd in our Command. *Reo. Sejanus, Sejanus,*

Stand forth, *Sejanus*. *Sej.* Am I call'd? *Mac.* I, thou;

Thou insolent Monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, *Macro*,

It hath been otherwise between you and I ;

This Court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,

And can (if it be pleas'd to speak) confirm,

Whose Insolence, is most.

Mac. Come down, *Tryphaus*;

If mine be most, lo, thus I make it more;

Kick up thy Heels in Air, tear off thy Robe,

Play with thy Beard and Nostrils. Thus 'tis fit,

(And no Min take Compassion of thy State)

To use th' ingrateful Viper, tread his Brains

Into the Earth. *Reg.* Forbear. *Mac.* If I could lose

All my Humanity now, 'twere well to torture

So meriting a Traitor. Wherefore, *Fathers*,

Sit you amaz'd and silent? and not censure

This Wretch, who in the hour he first rebell'd

'Gainst *Caesar's* Bounty, did condemn himself?

Phlegra, the Field, where all the Sons of Earth,

Must'r'd against the Gods, did ne'er acknowledge

So proud, and huge a Monster.

Reg. Take him hence.

And all the Gods guard *Caesar*.

Tri. Take him hence.

Hot. Hence. *Cot.* To the Dungeon with him.

San. He deserves it.

Sen. Crown all our Doors with Bays.

San. And let an Ox

With gilded Horns and Garlands, straight be led

Unto

Unto the Capitol. *Hat.* And sacrific'd
To *Jove*, for *Caesar's* Safety. *Tri.* All our Gods
Be present still to *Caesar*. *Cot.* *Phœbus.* *San.* *Mars.*
Hat. *Diana.* *San.* *Pallas.* *Sen.* *Juno,* *Mercury,*
All guard him. *Mac.* Forth, thou Prodigy of Men.
Cot. Let all the Traytors Titles be defac'd.
Tri. His Images and Statues be pull'd down.
Hat. His Chariot-Wheels be broken.
Arr. And the Legs

Of the poor Horses, that deserved naught,
Let them be broken too. *Lep.* O, violent Change;
And whirl of Men's Affections! *Arr.* Like, as both
Their Bulks and Souls were bound on Fortune's Wheel,
And must act only with her Motion.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

Who would depend upon the popular Air,
Or Voice of Men, that have to-day beheld
(That, which if all the Gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) *Sejanus's* Fall?
He, that this Morn rose proudly, as the Sun,
And breaking through a Mist of Clients Breath,
Came on, as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
When superstitious *Moors* salute his Light!
That had our servile Nobles waiting him
As common Grooms; and hanging on his Look,
No less than humane Life on Destiny!
That had Mens Knees as frequent as the Gods;
And Sacrifices more than *Rome* had Altars:
And this Man Fall! Fall! I, without a Look,
That durst appear his Friend, or lend so much
Of vain relief, to his chang'd State, as Pity!

Arr. They that before like Gnats plaid in his Beams,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen,
Nor deign to hold a common Seat with him!
Others that waited him unto the Senate,
Now inhumanly ravish him to Prison!
Whom (but this Morn) they follow'd as their Lord.
Guard through the Streets, bound like a Fugitive!
Instead of Wreaths give Fetters, Strokes for Stoops:
Blind Shames for Honours, and black Taunts for Titles!
Who would trust slippery Chance?

Lep.

Lep. They that would make
 Themselves her Spoil, and foolishly forget,
 When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey,
 Fortune, thou hadst no Deity, if Men
 Had Wisdom: we have placed thee so high,
 By fond Belief in thy Felicity.

Sen. The Gods guard *Cæsar*. All the Gods guard *Cæsar*.
 [Shout within.]

Macro, Regulus, Senators.

Now great *Sejanus*, you that aw'd the State,
 And fought to bring the Nobles to your whip,
 That would be *Cæsar*'s Tutor, and dispose
 Of Dignities and Offices! that had
 The publick Head still bare to your Designs,
 And made the general Voice to echo yours!
 That look'd for Salutations twelve score off,
 And would have Pyramids, yea Temples rear'd
 To your huge Greatness! Now you lie as flat,
 As was your Pride advanc't. *Reg.* Thanks to the Gods.

Sen. And Praise to *Macro*, that hath saved *Rome*.
 Liberty, Liberty, Liberty. Lead on,
 And Praise to *Macro*, that hath saved *Rome*.

Arruntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

I prophesy, out of this *Senates* Flattery,
 That this new Fellow, *Macro*, will become
 A greater Prodigy in *Rome*, than he.
 That now is fal'n.

Ter. O you, whose Minds are good,
 And have not forc'd all Mankind from your Breasts;
 That yet have so much stock of Virtue left,
 To pity guilty States, when they are wretched:
 Lend your soft Ears to hear, and Eyes to weep
 Deeds done by Men, beyond the Acts of Furies.
 The eager Multitude, (who never yet
 Knew why to love, or hate, but only pleas'd
 T' express their Rage of Power) no sooner heard
 The Marmur of *Sejanus* in decline,
 But with that Speed and Heat of Appetite,
 With which they greedily devour the way
 To some great Sports. or a new Theatre,
 They fill'd the Capitol and *Pompey's* Cirk,

Where,

Where, like so many Mastives biring Stones;
 As if his Statues now where sensitive
 Of their wild Fury : first, they tear them down ;
 Then fastning Ropes ; drag them along the Streets,
 Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich Head
 Was crown'd with Garlands, and with Odors, this
 That was in *Rome* so revered. Now
 The Furnace and the Bellows shall to work,
 The great *Sejanus* crack, and Piece by Piece,
 Drop i' the Founder's Pit. *Lep.* O, Popular Rage!
Ter. The whilst the *Senate* at the Temple of *Concord*,
 Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
 Let us condemn him, tread him down in Water.
 While he doth lie upon the Bank ; away :
 Where some, more tardy, cry unto their Bearers,
 He will be censur'd e're we come, run Knaves,
 And use that furious Diligence, for fear
 Their Bond-men should inform against their slackness,
 And bring their quaking Flesh unto the Hook :
 The Rout they follow with confused Voice,
 Crying, they're glad, say, they could ne'er abide him ;
 Enquire what Man he was, what kind of Face,
 What Beard he had, what Nose, what Lips ? Protest
 They ever did presage h' would come to this :
 They never thought him wise nor valiant : Ask
 After his Garments, when he dies, what Death ;
 And not a Beast of all the Herd demands,
 What was his Crime ? Or who were his Accusers ?
 Under what Proof, or Testimony he fell ?
 There came (says one) a huge long worded Letter
 From *Caprea* against him. Did there so ?
 O, they are satisfied, no more. *Lep.* Alas !
 They follow Fortune, and hate Men condemn'd,
 Guilty or not. *Arr.* But had *Sejanus* thriv'd
 In his design, and prosperously oppress'd
 The old *Tiberius* then in that same Minute,
 These very Rascals, that now rage like *Furies*,
 Would have proclaim'd *Sejanus* Emperor.
Lep. But what hath follow'd ?
Ter. Sentence by the *Senate*,
 To lose his Head ; which was no sooner off,

But

But that, and th' unfortunate Trunk were seiz'd
 By the rude Multitude; who not content
 With what the forward Justice of the State,
 Officiously had done, with violent Rage
 Have rent it Limb from Limb. A thousand Heads,
 A thousand Hands, ten thousand Tongues and Voices
 Employ'd at once in several Acts of Malice!
 Old Men not staid with Age, Virgins with Shame,
 Late Wives with loss of Husbands, Mothers of Children,
 Losing all grief in joy of his sad Fall,
 Run quite transported with their Cruelty!
 These mounting at his Head, these at his Face,
 These digging out his Eyes, those with his Brains
 Sprinkling themselves, their Houses and their Friends;
 Others are met, have ravish'd thence an Arm,
 And deal small pieces of the Flesh for Favours;
 These with a Thigh, this hath cut off his Hands,
 And this his Feet, these Fingers, and these Toes;
 That hath his Liver, he his Heart: there wants
 Nothing but room for Wrath, and place for Hatred!
 What cannot oft be done, is now o're done.
 The whole, and all of what was great *Sejanus*,
 And next to *Caesar*, did possess the World,
 Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no Grave;
 Each little Dust covers a little Part:
 So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

Arruntius, Nuntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

More of *Sejanus*? *Nun.* Yes.

Lep. What can be added?

We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your Pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev'n *Rome*,
 And *Caesar* into Tears: (since never Slave
 Could yet so highly offend, but Tyranny,
 In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
 A Son and Daughter to the dead *Sejanus*,
 (Of whom there is not now so much remaining
 As would give fastning to the Hang-man's Hook)
 Have they drawn forth for farther Sacrifice;
 Whose tenderness of Knowledge, unripe Years,
 And childish silly Innocence was such,

As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:
 The Girl so simple, as she often askt,
Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragg'd her?
 Cry'd, *She would do no more: That she could take*
Warning with beating. And because our Laws
 Admit no Virgin immature to die,
 The wittily, and strangely cruel *Macro*,
 Deliver'd her to be deflower'd and spoil'd,
 By the rude Lust of the licentious Hangman,
 Then to be strangled with her harmless Brother.

Lep. O, Act most worthy Hell, and lasting Night,
 To hide it from the World! *Nun.* Their Bodies thrown
 Into the *Gemonies*, (I know not how,
 Or by what Accident return'd) the Mother,
 Th' expulst *Apicata*, finds them there;
 Whom when she saw lie spread on the Degrees,
 After a World of Fury on her self,
 Tearing her Hair, defacing of her Face,
 Beating her Breasts and Womb, kneeling amaz'd,
 Crying to Heaven, then to them; at last,
 Her drowned Voice gat up above her Woes,
 And with such black and bitter Execrations,
 (As might affright the Gods, and force the Sun
 Run backward to the *East*; nay, make the old
 Deformed *Chaos* rise again, t' o're-whelm
 Them, us, and all the World) she fills the Air,
 Upbraids the Heavens with their partial Dooms,
 Defies their Tyrannous Powers, and demands,
 What she, and those poor Innocents have transgress'd;
 That they must suffer such a share in Vengeance,
 Whilst *Livia*, *Lygdus*, and *Eudemus* live,
 Who; (as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
 To *Cæsar*, and the *Senate*) poyson'd *Drusus*?

Lep. Confederates with her Husband!

Nun. I. *Lep.* Strange act!

Arr. And strangely open'd: what says now my Mon-
 ster,

The Multitude? they reel now; do they not?

Nun. Their Gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
 The Mischief they have done.

Arr. I thank 'em Rogues.

Nun.

Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him Innocent; all grieve:
And some, whose Hands yet reek with his warm Blood,
And gripe the Part which they did tear of him,
With him collected and created new.

Lep. How *Fortune* plies her *Sports*, when she begins
To practise 'em! pursues, continues, adds!
Confounds, with varying her empassion'd Moods.

Arr. Dost thou hope *Fortune* to redeem thy Crimes?
To make amends for thy ill placed Favours,
With these strange Punishments? Forbear you Things,
That stand upon the Pinnacles of State,
To boast your slippery Height; when you do fall,
You dash your selves in Pieces, ne'er to rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Ter. Let this Example move th' insolent Man;
Not to grow proud, and careless of the Gods:
It is an odious Wildom to blaspheme,
Much more to frighten, or deny their Powers.
For, whom the Morning saw so Great and High,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the Even doth lie.

The End of the First Volume.



